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THE OHIO MAGAZINE

IN THIS NUMBER:

THE HISTORY OF THE STANDARD OIL COMPANY IN OHIO



BY
HON. WADE H. ELLIS,
Attorney General of Ohio

JANUARY, 1908
VOL. IV. ❁ ❁ NO. I.

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Vol. IV

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TYPICAL SCENE IN THE OHIO OIL FIELDS.

The History of the Standard Oil Company in Ohio

By Hon. Wade H. Ellis, Attorney General of Ohio

The present article is not an impassioned arraignment of the Standard Oil Company. It is a simple recital of the basic facts touching the inception of that monopoly in the State of its origin and of the subsequent methods by which its present prestige in the world of industry and business was achieved. It is a plain statement of contemporaneous history with which the people ought to be familiar, related without prejudice, without argument and with a view only to disclose important truths in justice to all interests, past, present and future. It is needless to say that its author is one entirely competent to deal with the subject, and any candid perusal of its treatment at his hands will convince the reader that he has done so with justice to all.



THE editor of THE OHIO MAGAZINE wants to present to his readers a plain, succinct story of the rise of the Standard Oil Trust, of the cause of the present litigation against that company, and of what it has done or is doing, that has occasioned all this agitation.

Despite the publicity that has been given to the many suits of the states and the Federal Government against the Standard Oil Company or some of its subsidiary corporations, it is doubtful whether the people generally know what the matter is all about. Certain it is that they ought to know. These prosecutions, whether civil or criminal, and whether brought by a state or by the Federal Government, are presumably instituted solely in the public interest and for the enforcement of laws

intended to protect the general welfare. If the public interest is not served by such litigation, and if the things complained of do not constitute a violation of law, there is no justification for the present suits.

What is it that this combination has done; what is it that it is now doing; what law is it violating, and what public benefit would result from its dissolution? These are natural and appropriate questions, and I am glad of the opportunity to give them a fair answer.

The original Standard Oil Company was born in Ohio. Its earliest promoters were shrewd, able, far-seeing Ohioans. From the day when petroleum was discovered in the regions about Lake Erie, in the period of the Civil War, down to the present moment, when every branch of the oil industry of the country is in the hands of one

combination, the plans of developing the fields, of improving the methods of transporting, refining and marketing the product and of consolidating rival interests for mutual protection, have been conceived and perfected in this State.

The Standard Oil Trust had an humble beginning. In that respect its marvelous success has been typically American. All great accomplishments in this country owe their origin to the pluck and perseverance

day. It was a wise foresight that brought this man and his early associates to Cleveland. That city had the great trunk railroads, the lake and the canal, and the first problem in the development of the oil industry was transportation.

Thousands of acres of land in Ohio, New York and northwestern Pennsylvania had been acquired following the discovery of petroleum. Wells were going down along the streams, on the hills and in the



JOHN D. ROCKEFELLER IN 1880

Photo by Sarony.

of men whose first endeavors were unaided by the fortuitous agency of wealth or power, and the Standard Oil trust, without regard to the right or the wrong of its existence, is a great accomplishment.

It began with a little partnership at Cleveland for the refining of petroleum, and the young men who started it had probably not twenty-five thousand dollars among them. The master spirit was John D. Rockefeller, dominant in the planning; then, as he is dominant in the harvest to-

valleys throughout the region in which had been found this treasure of the miser Earth. Hundreds of independent enterprises were set on foot. Many companies were formed and individuals without number began the search for wealth. The chief concern of all was to get the crude product to the refinery. First it was hauled to the railroads by teams, while flat-boats loaded with barrels were used wherever the streams were navigable. The geographical advantage of Cleveland,

as well as its transportation facilities, made it easily the most available place for refining and marketing the oil. So the little plant of Rockefeller and his partners grew rapidly. A second refinery was started under the name of William A. Rockefeller; Henry M. Flagler was taken into the business, and an office was opened in New York.

There have been three successive plans pursued by the promoters of the Standard Oil Trust in effecting their monopoly.

made, taking in practically every corporation, firm and individual in this country, including all the chief refineries, tank and pipe lines, operating and selling companies. The second device was far shrewder than the first. There were thirty-nine separate corporations or enterprises under one name or another brought into control. The plan was this: All the stockholders, except enough to maintain a nominal directorate in each of the thirty-nine concerns, transferred their stock to nine trus-



FIVE BARREL STILL USED IN THE FIFTIES IN DISTILLING CRUDE OIL AS A LUMINANT.

First, in 1870, there was the combination of all the companies in which John D. Rockefeller and his associates, under one name or another, were interested. The new company, combining all the others, was called the Standard Oil Company and was chartered by the State of Ohio in June of that year with a capital stock of one million dollars. Two years later this was increased to two and a half millions, and in March, 1873, it was made three and a half millions.

Second, in 1882, a new combination was

tees. The names of these trustees are now familiar to the world. They were John D. Rockefeller, O. H. Payne, William Rockefeller, J. A. Bostwick, H. M. Flagler, W. G. Warden, Charles Pratt, Benjamin Brewster and John D. Archbold. To each of the stockholders in the thirty-nine concerns the trustees issued trust certificates equal in par value to the stock transferred to them. From that time on the individual investors had nothing further to do with the business, except to draw their dividends from the joint operation of

all the various companies by the nine trustees.

Then came the first suit to break up the Standard Oil trust. It was brought by Mr. D. K. Watson, Attorney General of Ohio, and decided by the Supreme Court of this State in 1892, ten years after the second combine had been effected. The suit was against the Standard Oil Company of Ohio, one of the thirty-nine concerns whose stockholders had transferred their stock to the nine trustees, and was designed to have the combination de-

stock and operating the business of the various separate companies through a corporation instead of through themselves as individuals. Thus came about the Standard Oil Company of New Jersey. Its capital stock was made one hundred and ten millions, and the nine trustees became the nine directors. Then the stock which they had obtained from all the stockholders in all the companies was turned over to the New Jersey corporation, and that corporation, instead of issuing trust certificates, as the trustees had done, simply issued its stock



PRIMITIVE WOODEN TANKS FOR STORING OIL.

From Miss Tarbell's "The History of the Standard Oil Company": McClure, Phillips & Co., New York.

clared unlawful and the Ohio company separated from the trust. The court, in effect, ordered the trust dissolved.

But this was never done. The organizers simply shifted their ground and adopted an entirely new plan, of which we will now speak. They were seven years, however, in doing this, and during all that time they were simply delaying obedience to the judgment of the court.

Third, in 1899, the final and present combination was made. These nine trustees, after pursuing various temporary devices, adopted the plan of holding the

to the stockholders of the constituent companies in return for their holdings in such companies. This is the present plan of organization, differing in no particular except in name from the combination which had already been condemned by the Supreme Court of Ohio.

Now is it wrong to prosecute the Standard Oil Trust? Some very sincere and conscientious people believe that all these suits are simply an attack upon wealth and are prompted by envy and prejudice or a demagogic desire for popular favor. This charge must have a brave and honest

answer. It comes from three classes of people; first, those who, in ignorance of the real issue, believe that it is an effort to destroy great riches in this country and that great riches ought to be destroyed; second, those who, understanding that the question is simply one of law enforcement, do not believe the Standard Oil trust is unlawful; and third, those who know the acts complained of are unlawful but who, as beneficiaries of similar wrongs, seek to discredit the enforcement of law by shouting the dangers to the business interests of the country.

Now let us have done with all this confusion. First, as to these prosecutions being an attack upon wealth. Such a charge could be dismissed as unworthy of reply, if it were not for the encouragement which its reiteration gives to the enemies of social order. If there are any people anywhere who believe that the suits instituted by the Federal and state governments against the Standard Oil trust are simply a design to injure rich men or confiscate private property, the sooner they realize their blunder the better it will be for their happiness. If this is the purpose, or one of the purposes, of the civil actions now pending against the oil trust, those actions will fail and they ought to fail. If the only wrong which the Standard Oil Company has committed is the offense of prosperity, then the government at Washington and the people of Ohio and Missouri and Texas will be defeated and they ought to be defeated.

Private property is still inviolate in this country, and it cannot be taken, even by the people themselves or by their government without compensation. The Constitution of the United States was not written just for the poor. It protects the rich as well. And it applies even to the Standard Oil Company of New Jersey. No suit, civil or criminal, can be maintained against that corporation simply because its dividends amount to forty million dollars a year, nor because its assets have increased from two hundred and fifty millions to three hundred and seventy-one millions, nor because its profits have amounted to nearly half a billion during the past seven years. There is no cause of

action in the fact that it is the richest business enterprise in the world, nor that its ships ply every ocean and carry its commodities to every land, nor that it has scores of refineries, hundreds of miles of pipe lines and thousands of employees.

To attack it for this reason would be not only unjust but cowardly. It would not only deny that equal protection of the law which is the one safeguard of us all, but it would be using the advantage of prejudice to help a despicable cause. It is no offense to make money. It is honorable and praiseworthy. It is not unlawful to develop a great industry, to devise improved methods for manufacturing and selling a product of universal need and



OLD WOODEN TANKS ON CARS.

From Miss Tarbell's "The History of the Standard Oil Company": McClure, Phillips & Co., New York.

to take and keep the profits that result. It is a useful and reputable pursuit. The courts cannot equalize money making; they can only equalize opportunity.

The only fair question to be asked is this: Has the Standard Oil Company done, or is it doing, anything unlawful? If it has, it ought to be prosecuted, whatever the consequences. If it has not, it ought to be let alone, whatever the consequences. What is the offense with which it is charged? Its members made an agreement in 1882 by which they could fix and control all the prices to be charged in the production, transportation, refining and sale of one of the chief commodities of the country. The question of the lawfulness of that agreement was tested in

the highest court of the State where it was formed, and in a final judgment, unmodified and unreversed, the acts complained of were found to be contrary to common law. Since that judgment was rendered the Congress of the United States and the legislatures of most of the states, including that one in which the case was tried, have enacted statutes expressly forbidding the very thing that was done; and, notwithstanding this judgment and these suits, the Standard Oil trust has

the common law by the Supreme Court of Ohio in 1892.

The Sherman act of Congress and the anti-trust statutes of the states are little more than declarations of the common law, and yet to disobey them is even a more flagrant wrong than to violate those principles of public policy as declared in the decisions of the courts. Under the anti-trust laws today the device of a holding company, if used to restrain competition, is as much condemned as an agree-



AN OIL REFINERY.

continued the same organization by another method, producing the same result. It ought not to be necessary, in discussing the question as to whether or not the practices of the oil trust are unlawful, to say more than that that question has already been determined. But the present organization of the trust, changed in form only, and the present methods of the organization, though similar to those already condemned by the courts, offend far more obviously against the express statutes today than did those which were held to violate

ment between otherwise independent corporations. No one doubts this since the decision in the Northern Securities case. If it is unlawful for two or more corporations to agree about the price at which they will sell their product, the agreement does not become lawful by taking the form of a transfer of the corporate functions of all the corporations to some one of them, even though this is accomplished by the deposit or transfer of the stock. If it is unlawful for two or more corporations to make an agreement in restraint of trade,

it does not become lawful for one of the corporations to force that agreement by buying a majority of the stock of the others. The truth of the matter is that a combination among corporations, formed by a transfer of their stock, is a more grievous offense against business morality, a more dangerous method of monopolizing the industry and a more manifest violation of the anti-trust statutes than if there were no transfer of stock.

The reason for this is equally plain to the lawyer and the business man. A combination of corporations through stock ownership is more effective than a mere agreement, because an agreement may be broken, while control of the stock insures performance of the contract. Corporations do not die, while individuals do. A combination of corporations manipulated through a stockholding company is cheaper than the organization of one operating company and the purchase of the tangible property of all the corporations whose business is sought to be consolidated. It requires a far smaller investment to secure the control of competing corporations by the acquisition of stock than by the purchase of property. And this is the whole secret of the favoritism which trust promoters show toward the use of the corporate entity in monopolizing industry.

The Standard Oil Trust would never have been able to control the commerce in which it is engaged, if Mr. Rockefeller and his associates had been obliged to operate as individuals, paying cash for every new refinery they bought, the pipe lines they extended or the oil territory they leased, or had been obliged to operate as one corporation, purchasing outright, as they went along, every new piece of property necessary to the development of their business.

There is no inherent right in one corporation to own the stock of another corporation, whether it is engaged in the same business or not. It is an old principle of law, well recognized in the decisions of nearly every American state, that a private corporation has those powers and those only which are granted in its charter. It must keep to the business for which it was created. If it is engaged in

a manufacturing business, its duty is to manufacture the goods it was organized to make. It has no right to run a bank. If it is a railroad company, it must operate a railroad. It has no right to run a coal mine.

So the manufacturing company cannot lawfully buy the stock of a bank, and so the railroad company cannot buy the stock of a coal company. And the reason for this is not alone that the businesses are unrelated, but that the purchase of stock is not one of the powers of a corporation. Wherever the holding of stock in other corporations is made a corporate power, it is done so by express statute. The State of New Jersey has authorized the Stand-



THE DRAKE WELL IN 1859.

From Miss Tarbell's "The History of the Standard Oil Company": McClure, Phillips & Co., New York.

ard Oil Company of New Jersey to own and hold the stock of other corporations, but the State of Ohio, and most of the other states in the Union which have authorized corporations to deal in stock at all, have limited them to the ownership of stock in other kindred but not competing corporations. Thus, whatever its powers in New Jersey may be, if the Standard Oil Company of that state holds the stock of corporations in Ohio or Missouri or Texas, it holds such stock subject to the laws of those states and cannot project into those states the powers it possesses in New Jersey. Further, if the laws of those states forbid one corporation to own the stock of another, such stock, so owned, cannot lawfully be voted, and though the foreign corporation may or may not be

within the jurisdiction of the state courts, the domestic corporation can be restrained from recognizing such unlawful ownership of its stock.

This constitutes briefly the law questions involved in the actions now pending in the state and Federal courts against the Standard Oil trust, in so far as they concern the organization of that monopoly. Its methods and practices I will not stop to discuss. The acceptance of rebates from the railroads; the use of pipe line companies for its own product alone, although such companies enjoy the privilege of eminent domain and are declared by the

acts of injustice, oppression and law-breaking complained of in the management of the Trust, are beyond the scope of this paper.

But it is said that whether the Standard Oil trust is lawful or unlawful, vested rights will be injured and the business interests of the country will be impaired by these attacks in the courts. My answer is that there is no vested right to violate the law, and that no business interest is safe if its security or insecurity is to be determined not by what the law is but by considerations which affect those charged with the duty of its enforcement. A great



THE GREAT SPECTACLE OF A BURNING OIL TANK.

laws to be common carriers; the maintenance of decoy corporations to drive competition from the field; the operation of professedly independent companies, such as the Manhattan in Ohio, for the sole purpose of buying crude oil above the market price and selling it to the Standard at the market price, in order to destroy the Standard's competitors without affecting the Standard's price; the fraud and deceit practiced upon communities by the operation of bogus concerns at the market end of the industry; the system of discrimination by which the Trust controls the sale of lubricating oil to all the transportation companies, and all the various

English newspaper recently said: "A man who is for the law but against its enforcement is a national disgrace and a national danger."

It is not mere folly, it is something far worse, to suggest that the laws of this country ought not to be enforced. If the anti-trust statutes are working a hardship, let us repeal them or modify their terms. But let us never risk the danger of submitting our lives and our property to some authority higher than the law. Among the last of those who would make such a plea ought to be found the man of large wealth or business interests. He has the most to lose, if some other protection is

relied on by the citizen. The safest advice is that of Lincoln, who declared that "reverence for law should be the political religion of the Nation."

What will be the effect on the oil business or the investors in it, if the Standard trust is dissolved? Manifestly, the wells, the tanks, the pipe lines, the stations and the refineries will not be destroyed. There will be as much oil as there was before. There will be as much demand for it. The property will be preserved and business will go on. How will the value of the individual investor's interest be affected? Will it be reduced below that value which it would have had if the trust had not been formed? Of course it is unfortunate that those stockholders who are innocent of any wrong-doing themselves should suffer a pecuniary loss by the unlawful acts of other stockholders who are in control of the business and responsible for its management. But can even the innocent stockholder complain, if he retains all that he would have had if the law had not been broken? Is any one, whether consciously or unconsciously, a party to a forbidden act, seriously aggrieved if all he loses by it is that which he has unlawfully gained?

It would be hard to find any law-breaker, big or little, who, when detected, would not be willing to compromise on these terms. But the Standard Oil stockholders will not even lose this. They will have the benefit of the growth of the industry during all these years of illegal management; and the only loss, aside from the temporary depreciation in the value of their holding during the period of readjustment, will be the power to continue the accumulation of profits earned by unlawful methods. Suppose the Standard Oil trust is again found to be unlawful, and the New Jersey corporation is forbidden to longer control the subsidiary companies, what will happen if the holding company cannot retain its ownership of the stock or interest in all these seventy or more concerns? That stock or interest will have to be sold. If it is sold, who will get the proceeds of the sale? Manifestly, the stockholders of the Standard Oil Company of New Jersey. What will

the proceeds be? It will be cash or a pro rata interest in some of the constituent companies, under some lawful plan to be devised by those who are most concerned. There is no purpose or desire on the part either of the Federal or state authorities to destroy property, or to work any injury whatever beyond that which is absolutely unavoidable in vindicating the supremacy of the law.

There is a battle fairly drawn in this



OIL WELL FLOWING AFTER BEING
TORPEDOED.

country between those who would enslave and those who would free industry. It will have to be fought out to a finish. It need not be attended by business disturbances. It need not alarm any legitimate business interests. Indeed, the result will be the salvation of business.

The people of America may be trusted to neither encourage nor support any envious or vindictive attack upon commercial enterprises. They care nothing about how rich any man may get or how much trade any corporation may acquire. They

are concerned only in securing a fair field and no favor. They want to break up secret agreements in restraint of trade, unlawful combinations among corporations, in order to restore equal opportunity to all.

The union of either capital or labor for legitimate and appropriate purposes must be and will be protected, for experience is teaching us that no other system is in harmony with the trend of human achievement. Men will put their interests together, and no statute can legislate this instinct out of human nature. But corporations which do not come out into the open and run their business in their own name, but seek through combinations with other corporations, either by means of agreements to control prices or by stock ownership of subsidiary companies which

profess independence and make a show of competition where none exists, will never be safe until their practices are abandoned.

This is the whole trouble with the Standard Oil trust. This is its one great offense. It has not been frank or fair; it has always worn a mask; it has never operated openly and bravely in its own name, but has invariably used the device of other corporations, under other names, to make a pretense of competition in order to discourage actual competition while it controlled the industry. In pursuing these ends it has persistently and flagrantly violated the law, and those who would save its vast properties from that destruction which no sincere man really wants to see, must adjust themselves to this fact.

THE SEPARATION

By Claude R. Diegle

Has it come to this — a parting?
I confess with burning shame,
Tear drops to my eyelids starting,
As a moth drawn toward a flame.

All for naught my fond devotion,
Tricked by trust I placed in thee;
Pilf'rer, didst thou have the notion
Thou couldst steal and yet go free?

True it is I once did trust thee,
Felt and loved temptation's sway;
Loved the joys that thou did'st give me,
But all that was yesterday.

Yes, another has stripped from me
The fond scales that marred my sight,
And 'tis now I come to tell thee
That we two must part tonight.

So farewell, thou "*lustspiel tochter*,"
Though I speak with true regret,
I must listen to the doctor —
Good-bye, Turkish Cigarette!

A Counterfeit Coin

By James Bail Naylor

CHAPTER VII.



WEEK passed, and Raymond and Miss Haskins were close companions and friends, indeed. As has been said, no restrictions were thrown about them — no barriers were erected between them; the men were in the fields, from morn till night, and the women were equally busy in kitchen and dairy. So the two boarders amused themselves as they saw fit and spent a great deal of time in each other's company. They boated and fished, rode and drove along the shady lanes and highroads and rambled here and there through the fields and woods.

To be sure, they were not inseparable. Miss Haskins occasionally took a drive by herself, and the detective sometimes played the lone fisherman or solitary hunter. But they managed to spend a few hours together each day.

It was all very pleasant to Claude Raymond. He felt that he had not enjoyed himself so well in years. At first he did not pause to ask himself the reason why but accepted it as due to the care-free life he was leading — and that alone. At last he awoke to a full realization of what had taken place; and then he was rapturously happy and immeasurably miserable, at one and the same time — happy that he loved her, fearful that she did not love him.

Mr. and Mrs. Cassel were kind and indulgent to their boarders; the hired help left little to be desired in the way of services; but Frank Cassel was a thorn in the detective's flesh. The young man treated Raymond with scant courtesy, bordering on downright rudeness. The latter could not understand why this should be so and spent some time puzzling his wits over the matter. As he could explain it by no

hypothesis he could bring to bear, he gave it up in disgust.

However, the two were not thrown much in each others' society, as the younger spent most of his time at hard labor in the fields. But one day young Cassel was indisposed and passed the afternoon lounging about the verandas. It was here that Raymond encountered him, and, desiring to be sociable, said:

"Won't you come out under the maples, Cassel? Miss Haskins is going to read a story aloud, and I'd be glad to have you share the pleasure."

"It wouldn't be any pleasure to me," was the surly reply.

"No?" — in frank surprise.

"No, it wouldn't."

"You're not feeling well, eh?"

"It isn't that."

"You don't like stories, perhaps."

"I like stories better than I like some people's company."

"Ah!" Raymond replied, with lifted brows, somewhat amused at the exhibition of boyish petulance. "And it's *my* company you dislike?"

"If you want to know — yes. Besides, I don't want to hinder you in your love-making. All the good luck I wish you is that she'll make a fool of you, as she did me, and then throw you over."

The brief conversation had brought up a subject Raymond did not care to discuss; so he simply turned upon his heel and walked away. But, as he went, he communed with himself:

"So that's the reason of my young gentleman's marked aversion. He's jealous, eh? I wonder if Myra — Miss Haskins — did encourage his juvenile attentions. I can't believe it. The young greenhorn's simply let his imagination run riot. She has treated him civilly, and he has fallen head-over-ears in love with her.

I can hardly blame him, though; I've done little better myself. I wonder if she cares for me. What *would* Travis say, if he saw me now? I'm ashamed of myself — almost, not quite. I must know my fate; I can't bear this uncertainty very long."

Miss Haskins was half-reclining in her hammock, a magazine in her lap. She looked up at him as he drew near, and said reproachfully:

"You've been a long while in coming; surely you were itching to have me read to you."

"I beg your pardon," he answered humbly; "but I came as soon as I could. I stopped to speak with young Cassel."

"Were you talking of fat shoats or of turnips?" she asked, with a merry laugh. "I can't imagine his talking of anything else."

"We were talking of something far removed from the idea, even, of fat shoats or turnips."

"Indeed. Of what, or whom?"

"Of yourself."

"Of me?"

"Yes."

For a moment she was silent. Her eyelids drooped, she toyed nervously with the magazine in her lap. Presently she looked up and asked:

"Was he telling you I'm a desperate flirt?"

"He intimated as much."

"And what did *you* say?"

"Not a word; I simply refused to discuss the subject."

"Did he tell you that he forced his attentions upon me — mere boy that he is — thus making himself an unbearable nuisance, and became so infatuated that he made me a proposal before I had been here a month? If he didn't tell you that, he didn't tell you the whole truth."

"He told me very little; he simply insinuated."

"What did he insinuate?"

"That you made him love you and then threw him over."

"I had nothing to do with his foolish infatuation — not a thing; but I did have to reject him — to snub him. However, it doesn't matter. Shall we begin the story?"

"If you please."

He seated himself with his back against the trunk of one of the maples and, partly closing his eyes, listened closely to her clear, well-modulated tones, as she read the little story to him. It was the autobiography of a counterfeit bill — how it paid the minister's salary, bought a starving man a Christmas dinner, saved a young girl from shame and ruin and did many other praiseworthy and wonderful things. It was an interesting story well-told.

"How do you like it?" she asked, when she had finished.

"It's all right — in its way. But read me something more."

"No; let's talk of the story I've read. Do you think it overdrawn?"

"No — I think not. But the whole thing rings false."

"Explain."

"A counterfeit's a counterfeit — a sham — a cheat."

"Of course; but —"

"You can make nothing else of it. It *may* work good but it deserves no credit, for its intent is to work evil. If that bill did all that is recorded in its favor, it swindled somebody in the end."

"You don't take kindly to counterfeits," and her eyes danced in the mischievous way that was so becoming to their possessor. "You hate all shams — people as well as coins?"

"To be sure I do."

"How positively you say that."

"Why shouldn't I? *You* don't love the false, the untrue, the counterfeit."

"I don't know," — reflectively — "I never had much experience. But it seems to me that counterfeit money is like an assumed virtue; if it answers all the purposes of the real, it is as good and deserves as much credit."

"You don't believe that," he said, with feeling. "The only person benefitted by counterfeit, is out the goods he gave and passes it. The unfortunate possessor of it, on the day it is discovered to be counterfeit, is out of the goods he gave for it and may consider himself fortunate if he is not arrested for having it in his possession."

She maintained a thoughtful silence.

"Did you ever see any counterfeit money?" he asked suddenly, his keen eyes fixed full upon her face.

"I — I —" she stammered in evident confusion at the unexpected question.

He came to her relief with: "Let me show you a piece." And he took from his pocket one of the spurious coins that had caused him so much thought and worry and handed it to her.

Secretly, he was displeased that the story had led to the discussion — that she had insisted on it; he did not desire to "talk shop," nor think it, even. Miss Haskins took the proffered piece and turned it over and over in her dainty fingers.

"It looks just like any other dollar," she remarked. "Do you mean to tell me it's counterfeit?"

"Yes."

"How do you tell?"

He took a true coin from his pocket and pointed out to her the differences in the two. She manifested a passive interest and asked a number of questions.

"What is the punishment for passing counterfeit money?" was one.

"A term of imprisonment," he answered.

"But the authorities have to prove that the person accused *knew* it was counterfeit, do they not?"

"No; the accused must prove his innocence."

"Suppose you should give me that bogus dollar, and that I, not knowing it to be such, should pass it; would I be sent to prison?"

"No; you wouldn't be arrested, even, on so flimsy a charge. But should you pass a number of the coins, and should other circumstances go to prove you were aware that they were spurious, then the Government would have a case against you. Do you think of going into the business?"

"I've a wholesome fear of the penitentiary," she laughed. "Changing the subject, I wish to tell you that I have some of the most beautiful mussel shells upstairs. I found them on the bar at the mouth of Douda Run. I'm going to ship them home and, on my return, I'll paint little river scenes on them and present

them to my friends. Will you come up and see them?"

"I'll be pleased to do so."

On reaching her apartments, she brought a wooden box from the inner room and, removing the lid, showed him the contents. The box was about a foot square, and appeared to be packed with pink-tinted shells.

Raymond lifted it from the floor, and remarked: "I never realized before that shells were so heavy."

She replied laughingly: "You would have realized the fact more forcibly, had you carried them up the stairs, as I did."

"Are these shells what you had in that tin box with a bail to it, that I saw you bringing in this morning?"

"Yes; I had just returned from my morning drive."

"Do you want the lid nailed on the box?"

"If you please."

He arose and went down to the woodshed, returned with hammer and nails, and proceeded to fasten the lid in place. Then, arising from his knees and mopping the perspiration from his face, he asked:

"What's become of some of your pebbles and bits of wood? I see a number of them are missing from the cabinet."

"I sent them away yesterday."

"Do you ship all your curios — your specimens — by express?"

"Yes." Then quickly: "Why do you ask?"

"Why don't you send them as freight?" he countered.

"I value them too highly."

"Ah!"

For a moment they stood staring at each other in silence, each striving to read the other's thoughts.

Presently he said: "Of what are you thinking?"

"Of what are *you* thinking?"

"Of how beautiful you are."

These words escaped him involuntarily, almost, and he was startled at his own temerity. His face flushed; he was embarrassed.

"You indulge in flattery," she answered, a blush mantling her temples.

"I'm perfectly sincere," he hastened to say, with a boldness that surprised him-

self. "Does it displease you to tell you that you're beautiful?"

"No — that is — but you were thinking of something else, too."

"Perhaps. But of what were *you* thinking?"

"Of you."

"What of me?"

"I was thinking what an admirable detective you are."

"Indeed!"

"Yes; you are so keen, so far-seeing — so — so suspicious."

He started. What did she mean? He could not fathom it; he was nonplussed.

"*You* are indulging in flattery — or evasion," he said.

"Far from it."

"In irony, then."

"No, indeed. You *are* a detective, aren't you? You told me you belonged to the Secret Service."

"Did I? Well, what of it?"

"What a gallant you are," she cried, petulantly, "praising a lady's beauty, and all the while thinking you've discovered a counterfeit coin."

"I fail to catch your meaning, Miss Haskins."

"Oh, no you don't! You understand me only too well. You think I'm not what I would have you believe — that I'm masquerading."

"And you think the same of me?"

"Well — hardly. You've admitted that you're a detective."

"Have I?"

"Haven't you?"

"I said I'm in the employ of the Government, in the Secret Service department. I might be a mere clerk."

"But you're not."

"No?"

"No."

"And you think it a case of Greek meeting Greek, eh?"

"Perhaps — yes."

"Each suspicious of the other."

"She nodded slowly; then added: "And both mistaken, it may be; at least I sincerely hope so."

There was the ring of sincerity in her voice, and her beautiful eyes, fixed full upon his face, were moist with unshed tears. He found it hard to resist the

temptation to take her in his arms and tell her that he loved her.

"I must go and write a letter," he muttered huskily, and turned and left the room abruptly.

She seated herself by the window, a curious smile upon her lips — a smile not wholly pleasant to see.

"I thought that little story would start him to talking," she murmured, half aloud. "I was suspicious of him from the first; and now my suspicions are confirmed — in part, at least. He suspects me, I suspect him; he plots, I counterplot. What will come of it all? I must wait — and be wary; and, evidently, he has resolved to do the same. But I'll bring him to my feet, or he's more or less than mortal. He's slowly but surely yielding, still — still —"

She burst into a flood of tears — did this bit of inconsistent femininity! — and, covering her face with her hands, rocked herself to and fro, murmuring brokenly:

"I love him — I love him! Spy — detective — whatever he may be, I love him!"

That evening Raymond took the letter he had written to the village. As he walked slowly up the dusty highway, he mused:

"It's most provoking; I wish she hadn't read the story. The case had slipped from my mind, and I was content to have it so; but now it's back to perplex and torment me. I hadn't suspected her. But what am I to think now? She reads me a counterfeit bill's defense of itself, manifests an undue interest in the criminal business and asks me many questions. Then, she packs and ships away boxes, by express — boxes that she *says* contains specimens. But the box holding the shells had something *heavier in it*, also."

He lighted a cigar and sauntered on, continuing his cogitations; "Can there be a plant in this vicinity? It's absurd! Where could it be located, and the people not know of it? The place is too thickly settled for anything of the kind. Stuff! What am I thinking of? Miss Haskins a common criminal — educated, refined lady that she is? And yet the woman who passed the coin in the bookstore in Zanesville came from down this valley—at least.

that's the information I got. But that woman wore glasses; Miss Haskins doesn't. No, it's out of reason. The conductor saw no such woman as the clerk at the bookstore described; and I *know* she didn't come down on the train. Still, she may have come by boat. Nonsense! I believe I'm losing my mind; and it all comes of letting the mind run in one groove for years. Here am I suspecting the woman I love of a base crime. I'm worse than the doctor who sacrifices his wife upon the altar of scientific research. I'll drop the whole matter."

It was quite dusk when the detective returned toward Maple Grove Farm. Just as he reached the foot of the lane leading up to the house, he saw two figures standing in the road ahead of him. He noted that one of the two was a woman, but the gloom was too dense to distinguish form or features clearly.

The two were conversing in low, earnest tones and did not become aware of Raymond's approach until he coughed to attract their attention. Then the man hastened down the river road, out of sight; and the woman skurried up the lane, toward the house.

"One of the housemaids keeping tryst with a lover," Raymond thought.

He passed on to the house and on the veranda met Mr. Cassel.

"Was that Janey that came in just now?" he inquired of the old gentleman.

"No."

"Ruth?"

"No; Janey an' Ruth's both abed. They was dog-tired, an' went to bed early. That was Miss Haskins that come in; I guess she's been down to the river."

Raymond ascended the stairs to his room. There he flung himself into an easy chair by the open window. For hours he sat oblivious to everything but his own burning thoughts. The inmates of the house retired, and the ever-busy insects swarmed into the room. Still he sat there, his chin upon his breast. Sometime during the silent watches of the night he arose and dragged himself to bed; and the last thought in his mind was of Miss Haskins, and the last word that dropped from his lips was — "Myra."

CHAPTER VIII.

The detective arose early next morning. It had rained during the latter part of the night, and the grass was sparkling with thousands of diamond-like drops. He peeped from the window, sniffed the moist, odor-laden air and blinked at the sun peering over the eastern hills. Then he dressed hurriedly and descended to the yard, passed into the lane and walked rapidly toward the river. On reaching the point where the lane opened into the highway, he carefully surveyed the scene, to make sure that he was not observed; then he stooped and pains-takingly examined the ground at his feet.

"The rain's packed the dust and made the tracks more distinct," he muttered.

With a small tape-line he took the dimensions of several.

"A big man — a number nine shoe;" and he retraced his steps toward the house.

At the gate he saw Janey passing from the kitchen toward the barnyard, with milk-pails in her hand.

"Hello, Janey!" he cried, cheerily, catching up with her. "Going out to milk?"

"Yes, sir," answered the bashful Janey, without looking up.

"May I go along, and help you with the milking?"

"Oh, you can't milk," giggled the girl.

"Can't I! How do you know?"

Janey glanced shyly at him, and tittered: "You're too much of a city dude; it takes country Jakes to know how to milk."

By this time the two had reached the barnyard. Janey began her task, and Raymond stood and watched her. Presently he remarked casually:

"Janey, I saw you talking to your beau last night."

"No, you didn't; I hain't got no beau."

"It was Ruth, then."

"Ruth's feller ain't in this part o' the country; she writes to him."

"Though lost to sight, to memory dear," Raymond quoted, laughing.

The girl gave him a puzzled look; evidently she did not catch his meaning.

He went on: "Now, look here, Janey. I saw one of you girls down by the river, last night, with a man. Don't deny it."

"I *do* deny it," she answered, indignantly. "It wasn't me n'r Ruth; we went to bed re'l early."

"Who could it have been, then?"

"Miss Haskins an' her beau, likely."

Raymond gave a start.

"Has Miss Haskins a beau?" he inquired eagerly.

"Of course she has."

"Do you know him?"

"Yes; it's you."

"Me?"

"Yes, sir," — and Janey tittered at her own witticism.

"Has she any other beau?"

"You'd better ask her — an' not be pryin' 'round me to find out."

The detective's face flushed. He felt that the rebuke was more than half merited. But he did not relinquish his quest; he continued: "She likes Mr. Frank — don't you think so, Janey?"

"I don't know an' I don't care," she replied, sullenly. Then it seemed to dawn upon her that the detective deserved to be teased a little; and she added:

"I guess she likes him some."

"Does she talk to him much — of evenings after work?"

"Some; but not as much as she does to Bud Fogle."

Raymond stared hard for a moment; then, asked: "Who's Bud Fogle?"

"One o' the fellers that lives down in the ol' Chalky Grafton house."

"Is he a farmer?"

"I ain't a-goin' to tell you no more," she answered, shutting her jaws with a snap. "If you're jealous o' Miss Haskins an' want to spy on her, you can do it; but I won't tell you nothin' more."

A sense of shame assailed the detective, that he should be thus prying into Miss Haskins' private affairs; but he parried the assault and sought to move the obstinate Janey from her resolution. His efforts were vain; so he sauntered off to the house, in a dissatisfied frame of mind. While seated upon the southern veranda, he observed a man passing from the back of the house, across the lawn, to the lane leading to the river. He was tall, swathy and of middle age, apparently. His garb was rough, and a slouch hat and fierce-looking mustache gave him a bandit-like

appearance. Upon his arm he carried a basket.

Raymond watched the fellow's broad shoulders disappear over the river bank. A few seconds later the rattle of a chain and the dip of oars came to the detective's ears.

"Who is the fellow — and what's he doing here?" the officer mused. "I never saw him before — but say! His back and shoulders remind me of those of the man I saw at the foot of the lane, last night. What's he doing here with a basket? I must find out about him."

The farmer came in from the barn, to wash for breakfast, and Raymond accosted him cheerily:

"Good morning, Mr. Cassel. It's a bright and beautiful morning, after the rain."

"Y-e-s," the old man replied dubiously; "but it'll take sever'l hours to dry off enough so's a feller can cut weeds out of the corn."

"But don't you admire the beauty of a morning like this?"

"The mornin's purty an' all that," Mr. Cassel admitted; "but the rain makes me lose time — an' I have hands hired, an' want 'em to earn the'r wages."

"I see. Was that one of your men that went down the lane, with a basket, just now?"

"N—o, I guess not. I didn't see him; but I s'pect it was Bud Fogle. He comes here fer butter an' milk an' eggs an' such things."

"Bud Fogle?"

"Yes. I'll talk to you soon's I git washed fer breakfast."

Mr. Cassel clumped into the kitchen, and Raymond smiled involuntarily at the sound of spluttering and splashing that coon emanated from the region of the kitchen sink. In a few minutes the old gentleman reappeared, his round face shining like the sunrise. Seating himself upon the edge of the veranda, he took a piece of horn comb from the pocket of his blouse and began to disentangle the snarls in his grizzled beard.

"We was speakin' o' Bud Fogle," he remarked, screwing his features awry at each stroke of the comb.

Raymond curbed his eagerness, and replied with assumed lack of interest:

"But Fogle? Oh! yes, so we were. Who is he?"

"I don't hardly know, myself. Him an' two other fellers lives down in the Chalkly Grafton house, an' he comes here to buy some o' the'r grub."

"Where is this house you speak of?"

"On the lower end o' my place, 'bout a half mile up Douda Run. You see an ol' man by the name o' Chalkly Grafton used to live in the house—he owned a little piece o' land down there; but he died a long time ago an' the place had to be sold, an' I bought it. The house is a big frame affair an' stands 'way up at the mouth o' the gulch, an' off the road; an' nobody, hardly wants to live in it. So it stood empty fer years, till these fellers come along last January an' wanted to rent it. They offered me a fair rent an' I let 'em have it."

"Where are the men from?"

"I don't know—they never said. Faci is they don't say much 'bout the'r affairs, to nobody."

"What's their business, Mr. Cassel?"

"They're inventors. I s'pose that's what you'd call 'em."

"Inventors?"

"Yes."

"What do they invent?" Raymond asked, with a laugh.

The old gentleman leaned over and whispered confidentially: "They're workin' on a new kind o' automobile, they tell me—tryin' to git one that'll run *up* hill with the power it gits runnin' *down* hill. But they're keepin' the matter mighty still—'fraid somebody'll steal the'r idee's, they say."

"Are all of them inventors?"

"I guess so. Fogle come first an' rented the house; then, after a week 'r two, the other two come, an' brung a lot o' machin'ry an' stuff with 'em. They must be spendin' a whole lot o' money on the'r c'ntrivance, fer they have stuff shipped to 'em every once in a while. It comes by boat an' is unloaded at the mouth o' the run. They've paid me fer havin' sever'l loads hauled up fer 'em; an' I know it must be costly truck, 'cause one load was

put off the boat in the night an' they wouldn't leave it lay out but must have it hauled up right away."

"Have you ever called upon them, Mr. Cassel?"

The old man chuckled: "Jest once. Guess from the way they act an' from what they say, they ain't anxious to have visitors; don't want to be bothered, I reckon. But one day I was over on the run huntin' some sheep that had got out o' the hill pastur', an' Fogle saw me an' invited me in."

"Did you see their tools and machinery?"

"Yes; the two other fellers was at work when me an' Fogle went in. They had one room fixed up fer a workshop an' was workin' at the'r automobile. They had lots o' tools an' things that I didn't know the use n'r names of, an' wheels an' chains an' belts till you couldn't rest."

"Were they *making* an auto?"

"Well, no—not right then they wasn't, anyhow. They said they's experimentin' to git a wheel that would overcome the dead-center; but I ain't no more idee'n the man in the moon what they meant."

"I understand. Were the other two men young or old?"

"Oldish like, both of 'em. The one that Fogle called George was a little hump-shouldered, bow-legged feller with a stubby gray mustache an' a bald head. I don't think he often leaves the place, 'cause I hain't seen him sence. The other one Fogle called Bob, an' he has long gray whiskers an' wears specs. Him an' Fogle fishes an' hunts a good 'eal; but the other one must work *all* the time."

Ruth, the black-eyed, buxom hired-girl, was spreading the cloth for breakfast and casting admiring, coquetish glances at the detective, every time she came out upon the veranda; but he—hardened sinner!—was so much interested in what his host was telling that he was not aware, even, of the pretty young thing's presence. This want of appreciation on Raymond's part seemed inexcusable to the rosy-cheeked Ruth; and, tossing her black curls disdainfully, she vowed:

"The stuckup! I'll get even with him. He's so stuck on Miss Haskins he don't

know there's anybody else in the world. I'll get even with 'em both, some day — the haughty, distant things!"

Raymond wanted to ask Mr. Cassel a few direct questions in regard to the tools and machinery in the workshop at the Grafton house; but he feared he might arouse suspicion in the old gentleman's mind, so he curbed his ardent desire and changed the subject.

Miss Haskins came down to breakfast, looking as cool and fresh as the morning. She and Raymond greeted each other pleasantly, at which the buxom Ruth tilted her little nose aloft and Frank Cassel scowled darkly.

"What are you going to do this forenoon, Miss Haskins?" Raymond asked, as they seated themselves at the table.

"I've an errand to the village. I'll be at your service this afternoon, however,"

"All right," he laughed. "If I can't have what I desire, I must desire what I have."

"What do you think of doing until noon?" she asked.

"I hardly know; I think I'll take a ramble down the river." And he bent a searching look upon her; but she appeared unconscious of it and went on stirring her chocolate.

An hour after breakfast Raymond sauntered down the lane toward the river. On reaching the highway he paused long enough to take the measurement of Bud Fogle's fresh footprints. Then, with bent head and thoughtful face, he set off *up* the river. Barely had the detective disappeared around a bend in the road, when a crouching form arose from the corner of a neighboring corn-field. It was Frank Cassel.

"Confound you!" he muttered. "If you had staid away, I might have won her. And you're a sneaking dog! You were measuring Bud Fogle's tracks, eh? I wonder what for. Well, I'll take great pleasure in telling him about it; and, if I'm not badly mistaken, he'll call you to account. I'd like to stand by and see him hammer the life out of you. If I had *my* way, you wouldn't stay here another day."

Then the angry young man picked up the scythe he had dropped and resumed

his task of cutting the tall weeds in the fence-corners.

Raymond proceeded up the dusty road at a dilatory pace. The highway was shaded by trees upon the river-bank; and the atmosphere, cleared and purified by the night's rain, was deliciously cool and sweet. Birds were singing in the trees near at hand and the roar of the distant dam was a subdued and soothing sound. Reaching a point where a spreading beech sheltered the bank of green sod, Raymond stopped and cast a hasty glance around.

The branches of the tree drooped in such a manner as to form a canopy around the gnarled trunk, and into this shady retreat the detective crept. Seating himself with his back to the tree and his face to the road, he patiently waited and watched, absorbed in thought.

"I might have had some doubt," he muttered, half aloud, "if Cassel hadn't described Fogle's companions to me — and told me their names. But now the thing's absurdly plain; I almost wish it wasn't. The two are George Crogan and Bob Stoneman — 'Denver George' and 'Professor Bob' — two of the sharpest, most desperate crooks we've ever had to deal with. I've thought for months it was a little odd those two were keeping so quiet."

He made a move to light a cigar but returned it to his pocket, smiling.

"Twont do," he muttered; "somebody might smell me out. Let's see; Stoneman was discharged from Sing-Sing, not quite a year ago; and Crogan is still wanted for the part he took in that affair down at Nashville. That accounts for his sticking so close to the plant over on Douda Run; he's afraid of being nipped. But who's this man Fogle? He's a new one — to me, at least. It's a good thing for me that I never worked on a case that Crogan and Stoneman were connected with; it wouldn't be safe for me to stay here twenty-four hours. They'd murder me on sight."

He sat staring at the ground for some time. At last he sadly shook his head, murmuring:

"Too bad — too bad! Such a splendid creature — such a talented and refined woman! I can hardly believe my senses; yet the case is as plain as the sun above

me. I wish I hadn't come here — I wish I'd never met her. My God! I love her; and she's in league with those I must bring to justice. Can I love such a woman? Can I! I *do* — with my whole soul. What am I to do? She meets Fogle at dusk and holds a secret conference with him; she's one of the go-betweens to place the stuff in circulation. I can't disguise the truth, if I would. I don't know what to do. Shall I leave, and turn the case over to others? No, that won't do! She'd be apprehended and sent to the penitentiary. I must save her. But can I — will she *be* saved? I wish I knew whether she loves me. Was ever a poor devil in such a predicament? I must and *will* do my duty — and yet — and yet — oh, curse the luck! What *am* I to do?"

For more than an hour he sat there, pondering, resolving — and re-resolving; constructing plans of procedure, only to tear them piece-meal and fashion others. A scowl was upon his handsome face; his heart was sorely troubled. He was an honest, conscientious mortal, was Claude Raymond; and the debate in his mind was giving him the keenest of mental anguish.

At last he was aroused by the sound of wheels upon the dust-white road.

CHAPTER IX.

The detective peered from his leafy retreat and saw Miss Haskins approaching in her cart. Her red-brown hair shown like burnished copper in the sunlight, and her opaline eyes, gazing straight ahead of her, were fixed upon vacancy. Evidently she was busy with her own thoughts and oblivious to her surroundings. Raymond's heart beat with unwonted rapidity, as he looked upon her; he thought he had never seen her so enchantingly lovely.

The sleek little mare jogged along at an easy trot, and the cart and its occupant disappeared from sight. Then Raymond stretched himself full length upon the moist sod and, burying his face upon his folded arms, lay silent and motionless. In the course of an hour the young woman repassed his hiding place, at the same gentle speed.

The detective crawled from his shady

nook and, stretching his cramped limbs, muttered:

"She took that box to the express office. I know she had it in the cart; her skirts didn't completely conceal it. I'll walk up to the village and learn where she sent it."

A few minutes later he walked into the express office and asked brusquely:

"Any package for Claude Raymond?"

"I *think* not; let me look," the agent replied affably, as he fluttered the bunch of bills in his hand.

Raymond took the opportunity to gaze about him and soon discovered the object of his concern — the box in which he had seen the mussel shells, on which he had nailed the lid. It was sitting upon the scales — the shipping direction not yet dry upon it. Raymond read as follows:

"MRS. SARAH H. ORMSBY.

Pittsburg, Penn.

No. 471 Blank St."

Turning to the agent, impatience in his voice, the detective asked:

"Nothing for me?"

"Nothing for you."

Raymond immediately left the office, a bitter smile flickering about his lips.

"They're playing a bold game," he murmured, as he directed his steps toward the telegraph office. "Mrs. Ormsby is another link in the chain of evidence. Four-seventy-one Blank Street is near Gimp's home; Mrs. Ormsby is a confederate — or a fictitious personage. It doesn't matter; the box is meant for Gimp. I'll let it go through; it'll allay suspicion. But I'll *know* what's in the next one before it starts. I know where I heard the name Haskins now, and I know who Miss Haskins is. She's Gimp's sister-in-law; and that slick scoundrel's got her into this thing. He's fooled her, or forced her; I can't believe she's a criminal from choice — I *won't* believe it. And I must save her in some way — in spite of herself, if necessary. But I must make no mistake; I've got a bad lot to deal with."

He reached the telegraph office and sent the following cipher despatch:

"Secret Service Department,
Washington, D. C.

Travis:

Send good man to Pittsburg at once — Kennard, if possible. He will await instructions at Bloxom House. Hot trail.

RAYMOND."

Then he wrote a letter of instructions for the man whom Travis would send to Pittsburg, mailed it, and set out upon his return to the farmhouse.

Sometime after Raymond and Miss Haskins had left the place, Frank Cassel threw down his scythe and sauntered around to the kitchen, for a drink of water. Ruth was scalding milk-pans at the sink and singing as she worked. Young Cassel, after slaking his thirst, turned to her; and, playfully chucking her under the chin, cried:

"Come, Ruthie, let's have a kiss."

The girl's black eyes flashed fire.

"No, you don't Mr. Frank Cassel. You can't soft sawder me. You're awful good right now, since Miss Haskins has throwed you over for that city chap. Before she done that you couldn't see me."

And the pretty Ruth pouted her rosy lips scornfully.

"That's all right," young Cassel laughed. "I wanted Miss Haskins, and you was sweet on Mr. Raymond; and we both got left. Now let's be sensible, and make up. What do you say?"

Ruth gave him a searching look, and replied:

"You're tryin' to fool me."

"I'm not!"

"You love Miss Haskins."

"I *hate* her — and I hate Raymond more. There's nothing I wouldn't do — that I dare to do — to get even with them."

A pleased expression crept into the girl's face; and she made answer: "I'm just like you, I despise both of 'em — the proud an' stuckup things!"

Young Cassel came close to her and, putting his arms around her lissome waist, whispered: "Ruth, I love you better than any one else on earth — that's the solemn truth; and I want to get even with that sneak, Raymond, and you can help me. Will you?"

A shade of suspicion overspread Ruth's features; and, disengaging herself from his embrace, she said: "You wan't me to help you do somethin' mean ag'inst Mr. Raymond, so's you can have Miss Haskins all to yourself. You can't fool me — I know you!"

He caught her to him again, crying sharply: "Listen, you little fool! I tell you I hate both of them, like poison. I want to get rid of them — and you can help me. Raymond's here for no good. I don't know what his business is, but he's a sneak of *some* kind; for I caught him measuring Bud Fogle's tracks this mornin', and he went *up* the river, just after telling Miss Haskins at the breakfast table that he was going *down* the river. He's spying on her and Fogle, for some purpose."

Ruth's black eyes sparkled; and, clapping her hands, she cried: "Oh! An' he was askin' questions of Janey, this mornin', 'bout Miss Haskins; wanted to know if Miss Haskins had a beau, an' all that. Janey told me when we was washin' the dishes. An' he just asked the most questions of y'r father, too — 'bout Bud Fogle an' the other men down to the Chalky Grafton house."

Frank Cassel was elated. He kissed Ruth — who did not offer serious objections — and said to her, in low, cautious tones: "Look here, Ruth! There's something rotten about this whole affair. I've had my suspicions about those fellows down on Douda Run, for some time. They claim to be inventors — but stuff! They're up to no good. I believe this Raymond's a detective; and I want to spoil his little game. At the same time, you — we want to get rid of Miss Haskins. Now, I'll tell you how we'll work it. I'll let Fogle know about Raymond's mysterious maneuvers; and you let Miss Haskins know. Then things will come to a crisis. If Fogle and his men ain't all straight, they'll take the alarm and leave; and Raymond will follow them. Miss Haskins is connected with Fogle, in some way — I know that — and she'll skip, too. Sh! Here comes mother. Will you do what I want you to? Say quick!"

"Y-e-s," Ruth whispered; and Cassel

kissed her again. He returned to his work, chuckling to himself:

"The little fool! I can wind her around my finger. Ah! my friend Raymond, when Bud Fogle becomes aware of your true mission here, he'll make it warm for you—too warm for you to stay in these parts. Then I'll have sweet Myra all to myself; and I know enough of her doings to *force* her to do as I desire. I've not been asleep all these months; it's not specimens alone my sweet lady ships away. And why has she visited Douda Run so many times, with that convenient tin box? I know a *few* things!"

When Miss Haskins returned from the village, she went straight to her room and sat down to peruse a letter she had received. There Ruth, making a pitcher of water an excuse for her presence, came to deliver the bundle of information with which Frank Cassel had commissioned her. Miss Haskins calmly waited until the girl had finished her rambling recital; then she replied, icily:

"You're manifesting concern over something that doesn't interest me, in the least. I have nothing to do with Mr. Raymond's words or actions; and I don't care to hear anything further. You may retire."

And the discomfited Ruth descended the stairs, humiliated and enraged.

Raymond returned at eleven o'clock, and the entire company assembled at dinner and chatted as pleasantly as though nothing out of the ordinary was in the mind of any one of them. The surface of the stream of conversation flowed bright and sparkling, and gave no hint of the mad undercurrent—black with hate and jealousy—surging beneath.

After dinner the elder Cassel said to his son: "Frank, did you get them weeds all cut?"

The son gave an affirmative answer, and the father continued: "Well, I want you to go down to the lower bottom this afternoon, an' fix that fence along the road. Ther's danger o' stock gittin' in the corn."

"All right," was the mumbled reply. And young Cassel procured hatchet and nails, and set out.

The mouth of Douda Run was about a mile down the river from the Cassel homestead, and the fence Frank Cassel went to

repair was near there. In the course of an hour he had completed his task and was just setting out upon his return journey, when he became aware of two men sitting under the willows along the river bank. Cassel immediately recognized the two as Fogle and Stoneman, and sauntered in their direction.

"Hello, Bud," he cried cheerily. "Catching anything?"

Fogle silently shook his head, his eye fixed upon his line.

"Pretty warm," Cassel ventured next.

"Yes," was the curt reply.

"I know a fellow who can beat you fishing, Bud."

"Do you?" Fogle answered carelessly, as he arose and began to wind up his line.

"Yes; our new boarder, Raymond. He's fishing to catch Miss Haskins, and it seems he's in a fair way to succeed."

Fogle gave the speaker a searching look but made no reply; and Cassel was disconcerted. He had expected the inventor to take some interest in Raymond's doings. However, he went on: "You don't appear to care much about Raymond's business; but he does about yours, I can tell you."

"Does he?" answered Fogle, with so little animation as to suggest the idea that he asked the question to have something to say, simply.

Cassel was puzzled; he could not understand Fogle's lack of interest in a subject so directly concerning him. So the incautious youngster continued: "Yes, he does. He measures your footprints, and asks all kind of questions about you and your business."

"If it does him any good, let him do it; it does me no harm." And Fogle moved along the bank, to a more favorable spot for fishing, thus intimating that the interview was at an end. But Cassel was not easily rebuffed; and he followed, saying:

"I wouldn't have a fellow meddling in my business in that way. If I were you I'd call him to account."

Fogle dropped his pole and stood motionless a moment. Then he turned upon the speaker, his black mustache bristling, his eyes blazing wrathfully.

"You wouldn't do anything of the kind—you cowardly cur!" he snarled. "If you've a quarrel to settle with Raymond,

go settle it, like a man. *I've* nothing against him—I don't even know him. Now, get away from here."

Crestfallen and thoroughly angry, Cas-sel slunk away; and Fogle resumed his fishing.

In the meantime a more animated conversation was taking place upon the lawn at the farmhouse—one that for a time promised to have as dramatic an ending. As Raymond and Miss Haskins quit the dinner table, she inquired:

"Can I help to amuse you this afternoon?"

"Yes."

"In what way? Shall we take a ramble or a boat ride?"

"It's too hot."

"For once our views coincide. What shall we do?"

"Will you read to me?"

"Will I?" with lifted brows. "Did I ever refuse to inflict such punishment upon you?"

"Punish me again," he laughed. "Read me something soul-searching and soul-satisfying; I've a bad attack of the blue-devils today."

"You're beset by the blue-devils? So am I. But I'll act as exorcist. What shall I read, now, as a part of the rite?"

"How would something from Heine do?"

She started perceptibly; and their eyes met.

"Or something from *Lucile*?" she said slowly—a world of expression in her beautiful eyes searching his face.

"Either will please me," he answered, unflinchingly, meeting her direct gaze.

Then a painful silence fell upon them, during which each strove to stare the other out of countenance, apparently. She was the first to speak.

"I'll read you some of Heine's poems," she murmured, with dry lips.

"Very well," he managed to articulate.

She went to her room for the book, and on her return joined him under the maples in front of the house. After she had read a number of poems, she remarked smilingly:

"Are the blue-devils exorcised?"

"They're yielding," he laughed. Then,

suddenly: "Does the book contain a portrait of the author?"

"Yes," and she handed him the book, open at the frontispiece.

He took the volume, glanced at the author's picture, and remarked: "He looks like I fancy a poet *should* look."

Then he returned the book to her hand. But he had seen the Zanesville bookseller's stamp upon a fly-leaf.

"Now, let's talk," she said. "Where were you this forenoon?"

"Down at the river."

"You went *up* the road, after telling me you were going *down*."

"Yes."

"Why did you?"

"I had business in that direction."

"Why did you tell me you were going down the river?"

"Well," he said, slowly, "I didn't want you to know *where* I was going."

"I found out."

"So it appears. How?"

"In the same way I found out that you measured Bud Fogle's foot-prints."

Raymond opened wide his eyes and stared blankly. He was taken completely aback. Miss Haskins appeared to enjoy his amazement; she clapped her soft white hands and laughed merrily. But the stern lines of the detective's visage did not relax.

"Will you tell me how you came to know all this?" he asked.

"No," she declared, flatly. Then she countered: "Why did you measure Fogle's footprints?"

"I wanted to know if he was the man you were talking to at the foot of the lane last night."

Miss Haskins sat erect in the hammock, her eyes flashing: "You dared!" she cried. "Are you my keeper?"

"No," he answered coolly; "I wish I were, though. I wouldn't tolerate another lover."

"Another lover?"

"Yes."

"I have *none*."

"You have *one*."

"Who—who is it?"

"I."

"Mr. Raymond!" was all she could say.

"Yes, I love you—Myra."

This he said with the ring of true passion in his voice. Her eyes were wet with tears as she replied tremulously: "Don't — please don't say that; don't say anything more of the kind, or I'll go into the house."

"I'll say no more, if it displeases you; but the truth's out. Will you answer me one question?"

She nodded.

"What is Bud Fogle to you?"

"Absolutely nothing."

"Why did you meet him?"

"How did you know I did?" She had recovered her composure in part and asked the question with a show of her usual cool self-possession.

"Well, I *know* it," he made reply; "know it as well as I know you have a copy of 'Vanity Fair' in your room."

"And how — how do you know *that*?" she faltered.

"Perhaps I saw it in your bookcase."

"No, you didn't. It has been in the drawer of my dressing-case, ever since the day I bought it — along with a copy of *Lucile* and this book of Heine's poems. Now, tell me how you knew I had them. Did you ransack my apartments?"

"You don't think that," he said reproachfully.

"No, I don't. But answer my question."

"At another time."

"Well, answer this, *now*. *Are* you a detective?"

"Yes."

She paled to the lips, and a hunted look crept into her eyes.

"I — I believe I'll go to my room," she murmured, almost inaudibly.

He did not seek to detain her; and she turned away and entered the house.

RETRIBUTION

By Webster P. Huntington

Under Thy roof, dear God, under Thy roof,
Here in the star-lit night alone,
I hear the voice of Thy reproof —
"Atone! Atone!"
Atone for what, dear God? I do not know,
I am so weak, so poor, so low —
But still the voice I know Thine own —
"Atone!"

Under thy roof, dear Home, under thy roof,
Here by the firelight's glow alone,
I hear the voice of thy reproof —
"Atone! Atone!"
Atone for what, dear Home? I hesitate,
Thy message comes so strange, so late —
But still the voice I know thine own —
"Atone!"

So star-lit sky and fire-side's fitful glow
Reproach the hours forever flown.
Hark! from the tide's receding flow,
"Atone! Atone!"
Strive or surrender, gird thyself or yield,
Against one word thine ear is never steeled;
For still the Voice to thee alone —
"Atone!"

SNOWBIRD

A NOVEL

By S. N. Cook

CHAPTER XV.



ARTHUR closed the piano and went to Malvina, who sat tearless, now that he was gone. A smile rested upon the blue-white lips that seemed to the woman whose heart ached, as if that smile grew deeper and tenderer as she smoothed the hair back from his broad brow.

Presently she began talking to him in her slow, sad way. Arthur stole away from her side when she murmured:

"I orter a tole yuh, Yancey; I orter a tole yuh; but mebby youh'll know some way I wasn't ter blame. Was I ever ugly ter you, dear? I tried ter be kind even from ther first, when my heart was achin' fer thet other—"

"Hello, hello in there!" The voice came from the road as from one who had lost his way. Jack arose and left the room; he was the only one who did not start as if a shot had been fired.

Malvina, who had been bending over her husband, sat bolt upright, her face pale as the dead husband, who was yet smiling.

"Oh, not now. O Gawd, not now!" she cried.

Arthur came to her quickly. "What is the matter?" he asked.

Lina and Bess drew near, and even at that moment Lina did not fail to observe the slim, brown fingers nestling confidently in the clasp of the young lawyer.

"Gawd is a-punishin' me now, Arthur." Malvina's voice was awe-filled.

"What do you mean, Mrs. Everett?"

"Do yuh know who is out thur?" she asked

"No; it might be one of the neighbors or it might be one of the Evans crowd — perhaps —"

"No, no; it's him. Do yuh think, Arthur, I wouldn't know thet voice in heaven or ——. Don't scold," she continued; "I know it's wicked, an' him a-layin' here smilin'. O Yancey, I won't forgit yuh, dear, but it's him out thur — him I waited fer. Yuh didn't know it, but I waited fer him day an' night fer years."

"Do you mean, Mrs. Everett, that the man who called just now is —"

"Captain Cameron, Mr. Hawley. Malvina, I reckon yuh hain't fergot yuh met him at Sairy Catlin's," said Jack, as he swept into the room with a tall, dark, splendid-looking man of military bearing.

Malvina arose from the side of the voiceless husband and gave him her hand listlessly.

"Mrs. Everett," he said, softly, "let me express my sympathy in this your hour of sorrow. Mr. Fallis told me all. I am not as one who cannot understand what this hour means. In my home it was not a tragedy, however, it was a quiet going to sleep — with death beckoning from afar — my wife, I mean."

His dark eyes were looking down into her face, but she was staring past him out through the open window into the night. Presently she sank into the chair beside the couch, and as her fingers fell upon the lips yet smiling but cold, the fountains broke forth and her head sank down upon the pillow close beside his.

"Tell me about this affair in detail, Mr. Hawley," said the Captain when the gentlemen withdrew from the death chamber. Arthur related the story of their visit to the cabin and how Lige threatened to kill Everett "shore enough." He told of the tragedy at the justices' court and how they brought the southern veteran to Fallis' that he might hear the strains of Dixie at the last.

"A brave man," the Captain said; "we must pay him every honor, for such heroism deserves honor."

"I'm ter blame mostly, myself," said Jack, after a pause; "I am ter blame fer I knowed Lige best. I hed kept my finger on the trigger fer years when Lige war about, an 'the day I should a-watched the closest, I set thar jist as ef I'd been whittled out o' pine. I got ter listenin' ter Yancey — Lord, but it was grand — a man could sorter afford ter die a-makin' a speech like thet —"

"Yes, but the living cannot afford to lose such an one," Arthur interrupted, with deep emotion.

"Yancey was a-talkin' ca'm like, but every word was a knife, an' every knife thrust brought the blood. I seed Lige scowl and cringe an' twist in his cheer, an' a-watchin' Yancey — I fergot."

"You were not to blame, Mr. Fallis," the Captain said. "Mrs. Everett killed the scoundrel, you say?" and Cameron turned to Arthur. "With the weapon you gave her," the young man replied.

"I had forgotten," said the Captain.

"What became of Bill Sims?" Arthur asked, presently.

"I did not set eyes on him after the shootin'." replied Jack.

"Is there any likelihood that Mrs. Everett will be arrested for the homicide?" It was the Captain who spoke.

"Lige hes a few friends over beyand thar — them an' Bill Sims may stir up trouble."

Jack went to the door and listened, wondering if the ruffians whom Lige knew might not come as soon as they heard of his death.

"In the morning I will return to Knoxville. It would be better that I should go," the Captain remarked thoughtfully. "Better that I should go. Prepare your message, and I, too, will wire your father. It is your duty to stand by Mal — Mrs. Everett."

"I promised Yancey Everett, and they must be here. You will return to the city. Perhaps it would be best that I remain," said Arthur.

Bess came in and asked her uncle if she should not get the stranger something to eat.

"It would be good of you, dear," Jack answered, as he left the room.

"I wish to introduce Miss Bess Williard, Captain Cameron. This little lady saved my life."

The Captain saw the blush that came swiftly, and noting, too, how pretty she was, said, as her soft, sunburned hand rested a moment in his:

"Bravery and beauty happily blended."

"I'll git yuh somethin' to eat; mebby yuh're hungry," Bess said.

Arthur had often heard his father speak of Captain Cameron. This was their first meeting. He related the incident at the creek when Lige attempted to murder him. He grew eloquent when he told of the little girl standing on the bank of the stream, and with the coolness of a veteran soldier, prevented the brutal mountaineer from strangling him.

"She saved my life; it is hers," said the young man, as he concluded the story.

"So young; much too young to think of love," replied the Captain. "And yet that blush and the expression in her remarkable eyes seemed to tell that she has learned the old but ever sweet story. You, however, belong in another world from that in which she lives."

"Another brave girl learned that once," Arthur said, significantly.

"You know of that adventure your father and I —?"

"I know all the story," Arthur replied.

"Your family will feel this keenly. Pardon me, Mr. Hawley, for plain speaking, but I know how proud your father is. As proud as he is brave."

"I shall tell him all when he arrives," Arthur answered.

"She will be a beautiful woman some day."

"Better than that, Captain, she will be a loving and unselfish wife. She shall go to school and have every advantage, and after four years I will tell her again what I said to her in the orchard that day she saved me from the murderer of Yancey."

"It reminds me of a day in '64," said the Captain, dreamily.

"Perhaps you have not forgotten a night in camp not far from here when, weary from a long walk over rough mountain paths, a girl sat upon a rude bunk asleep,

and an officer came close beside her as she slept. He stooped and kissed her, for she had ventured far to save him."

"I remember; yes, I have never forgotten," the Captain replied.

"And she has not forgotten. After the officer went away she married a plain, unpretentious man, who loved her tenderly. She did not know until to-day that he was a hero, and then it was too late."

* * *

When Captain Cameron drove away accompanied by Nate, Arthur and Fallis sought their rest, but it was Bess that insisted they should sleep, for Jack and Arthur had sat near the dead all night.

"Go an' sleep," said Jack; "Bess an' me will stay here till the rest git up."

"Go an' sleep now yourself uncle," and Bess took Jack by the arm to lead him from the room.

"Who'll stay with yuh, little one?" he asked, softly.

"Non o' yuh will be far away," she replied.

Arthur lingered a moment when Jack had gone, and asked, "Will not my little girl be afraid if left alone?"

"Why?"

"Alone with the dead,"

"He was good to me living, Arthur, Yancey was; he couldn't be any other way daid."

"That is true, Bess; but some grown people dread to sit alone near the dead."

"Mebby Yancey ain't daid," she said solemnly. "Yancey believed. Yuh know, Arthur, what the Book says, 'Whosoever believeth in Me shall have everlasting life.' Yes, Yancey believed."

"Yes, Bess."

"Then, he died a-fightin' fer yuh, Arthur, an' Gawd must have a place fer him when he give his life fer some one."

"Yes, dear," he answered.

"Now go an' rest, Arthur; I'll stay weth Yancey." Bess was sitting beside the silent form when Malvina came down.

"Where is Arthur?" she asked.

"He went to his room to sleep."

"How long have you been here?" Malvina asked. "It war good o' yuh, Bess, to

stay by him. I orter a-set heyre all the night myself."

"Yuh couldn't bring him back, an' yuh need the rest," Bess said.

"I wonder ef he is goin' ter the city terday?" Bess knew whom Malvina meant, and replied:

"Nate went with him, an' they started long 'fore sun up."

"Nate went weth him, did he? Wal, I reckon Arthur can go weth me ter Williamsburg."

"Do yuh hev ter go ter Williamsburg?"

"Some one must git the coffin," and Malvina lifed the white covering and placed her hand upon the cold brow. Arthur had told the captain to get the best in Knoxville, and Nate was to come back with the man..

"Arthur fixed it all an' let me sleep. He's shorely good, thet boy is."

"Yes, he is good. He come down heyre an' found me an' loved me. It seems all ther time as ef I'm dreamin'." Bess' lips were trembling as Malvina kissed her.

It was eight-thirty when a weary team reeking with foam was driven to the stables at Knoxville. The Captain explained the circumstances and tipped the stable man handsomely to care well for the panting horses.

"After that ride," said the Captain, "we can eat another breakfast, but first we must find an undertaker."

Having ordered the breakfast, they at once sought the leading funeral director in the city and arranged for his immediate departure to the mountains. The richest death couch money could procure was purchased, that the man who died defending the rights of strangers might be shown the honor that his nobility of character deserved.

When Nate was ready to return he found the undertaker's man waiting and the restless team eager for the road. Captain Cameron then sent Arthur's message to Cincinnati and one to his old commander. His message to Major Hawley read: "Come at once. Arthur needs you. I will wait here."

Arthur's message to his uncle bade him wire at once, and the Captain could reply if necessary. Captain Cameron inserted a

notice of the death of Yancey Everett in the daily papers, and as Mr. Everett was well known in Knoxville, the Captain was asked to relate the details of the tragedy.

The story, under bold headlines, filled half a page of the paper. The career of Lige Evans was recounted and something of the fight at Mrs. Catlin's, in 1864. The Captain gave as much of Yancey's last speech in the court-room at Squire Peters as he could remember, and how at the end the young northern lawyer played "Dixie" as the spirit of the brave soldier and lawyer passed into silence and the unknown.

As soon as the story was known upon the streets, a meeting of the members of the bar was called to do honor to his memory. In the meantime, Cameron received word from Major Hawley that he would leave Cincinnati that night and the message to Arthur contained the information that Mr. Wade and his uncle would come upon the first train.

This was announced at the meeting of the attorneys, and a committee was appointed to receive the gentleman upon their arrival.

The committee was at the station when the train bearing the wondering and anxious attorneys, together with Major Hawley, arrived.

The Major was first to alight, and his hand was grasped by the Captain, who unconsciously saluted. "This seems like old times, Major."

The Captain was presented to Messrs. Wade and Hawley, and eagerly they sought to know why they were sent for, as Arthur's message simply said: "Come. It is imperative. A life is at stake."

The committee was introduced by Captain Cameron, and the chairman announced that carriages were waiting.

In the parlor of the hostelry the leading legal lights of Knoxville had gathered to meet the gentlemen for whose cause Yancey Everett, a fellow attorney, had given his life. After an informal talk concerning the tragedy, the chairman of the local committee called the meeting to order and said:

"We have assembled here, my friends, to meet these distinguished members of our profession from the North, and to say to

them that their quick answer in person to the cry that sorrow uttered when our brother fell, does honor to their hearts."

Turning to the gentlemen from Cincinnati, the chairman continued: "Through Captain Cameron we have learned the details of the tragedy and of your interest in the matter. It is fitting that you should be here when a man who died defending your interests is laid to rest upon the bosom of our common mother — earth. Even in our sorrow, we are proud to bid you a hearty though sad welcome to our city, and ask that you join with us in paying tribute to one who knew no such word as fear when duty called him."

At the conclusion of the remarks of the chairman, Mr. Wade arose slowly, and amid deep silence, said:

"We gentlemen who are most interested in this occasion feel deeply the honor you are paying us. I cannot express all my heart urges me to say at this moment; therefore I beg you to listen to my associate, partner and friend, Joseph Hawley, who can in more fitting words give voice to our sorrow and our thanks."

The men of the South had heard of Joseph Hawley, as Yancey Everett had said to Arthur on the Pullman that night when they first met.

The great orator from Ohio was not a favorite in the South. In the stormy days of the seventies, when party spirit ran high, the great Ohioan poured forth sulphurous philippics upon the Southern politicians. Beverly Wade knew this well, and knew the power of his brilliant associate and that at such a moment he was at his best.

It was a tall, commanding figure the men of the South looked upon that morning in the hotel parlor. His voice, ever rich and mellow save in the excitement of debate, was on this occasion most tenderly attuned.

"We came to your city, gentlemen," he said, "not knowing why we were called. It was a message from the junior member of our firm who came to settle, as best he could, a legal matter in which we as a firm were interested. We gave him instructions to secure the services of one of our profession in this city. This young man,

my nephew, kept us fully advised by mail of the situation regarding our property. In every letter he spoke of his associate with such loving enthusiasm that we planned, when the case should be concluded, to have your friend and fellow attorney, together with his wife, come to our city and let us try to show him that not all the love and fellowship man has for man is found in your southland. We planned to show him that strained political relationship should count for naught. We planned to tell him we should never forget this faithfulness and unswerving devotion to our interests and his tenderness and goodness to our young associate in this his first case. Somewhere and somehow it was willed otherwise. We say with reverence, 'God's will be done,' but our finite minds cannot grasp why God should will that a man like Yancey Everett should yield his life to that Ishmael of the mountains.

"I would be moved to say something like this, standing by the bier and looking down on the pallid face of the man who died in our cause — the face I had never looked upon in life; but it is fitting I should say it now, instead. If there is any gentleman present — if there is one of you who, in those battle days wore the gray, as I am told our dead friend did, to him I say that, with my brother who wore the blue, we come to bathe the set face of the dead with our unshamed tears. We come to place on his breast and on his last couch the choicest blooms that can be found in flower-decked Tennessee. Then, as the fragrance of your flowers ascends into the presence of the Infinite, from that incense let there descend a benediction that shall drive from our hearts all the bitterness born of that chill winter of discord that once fell upon our common country."

Few words were spoken, but they crowded about the speaker as he finished, grasping his hand, and their tear-washed eyes and trembling lips told Joseph Hawley that the Southerners had forgiven even though they could not forget.

CHAPTER XVI.

The funeral of Yancey Everett was an imposing event. When it was known that

he wanted to hear Dixie played as he passed into the eternal bivouac, the Confederate ex-soldiers secured a band that should lead their numbers in the procession. They came from far and near wearing the gray. Another band led the bar association. The leading men of the city served as honorary pall-bearers. The band which preceded the legal fraternity played dirges and funeral marches common to such occasions, but the band of the veterans played the melodies of the south. This they thought appropriate, for had he not listened to Dixie at the last?

Malvina asked that Arthur should be near her during the occasion and it was upon his arm she leaned when the spadeful of earth fell upon the wooden case into which the beautiful casket was placed.

In the carriage with Malvina were Major Hawley, Arthur and Bess. That was Malvina's wish and Arthur made the arrangements.

Nate was one of the pall-bearers, and so it was that Captain Cameron and Joseph Hawley, Lina and Nannie Catlin occupied another carriage. This arrangement was not entirely accidental, for Arthur had noted the brown eyes open wonderingly when Bess went to the coach in which Malvina sat. Mr. Wade, Jack Fallis, the mayor and the chairman of the bar association filled the next vehicle.

The captain had much to say to Nannie of the day at Mrs. Catlin's and the Hon. Joseph Hawley found himself entertaining a beautiful young woman in a manner of which he had scarcely imagined himself capable. He did not fail to note that her wonderful brown eyes looked timidly into his face when she thought he was not watching her. Her voice pleased him and he could not drive from his mind Lear's tribute to Cordelia:

"Her voice was ever soft, gentle and low,
An excellent thing in woman."

There had been time simply for hurried introductions and Major Hawley was inclined to wonder why the young girl who sat demurely by his side received such consideration from his son.

Finally he asked: "Is Miss Williard a relation of Mrs. Everett, Arthur?"

"No. She has no relatives living so far as she knows. She is the foster daughter of Jack Fallis," Arthur replied and nothing more was said upon the subject at that time.

When at last all that was mortal of Vancey Everett had been hidden by earth and flowers, the entire party from Fallis' and from the north went to the hotel and Malvina was prevailed upon to go with them. The loneliness of her home at that most desolate hour was more than she could bear and she remained with them all that evening.

Plans for the morrow were discussed and the possibility of Malvina's arrest was considered also. Arthur contended that his uncle, his father and himself should not leave Tennessee at once. In fact, now that they were there, and Lige Evans dead, they should assist in closing matters in a manner satisfactory to all. Jack, too, insisted it would be best that they remain, at least, a few days.

"I couldn't think o' lettin' yuh go back, major, an' not come ter my home an' see mother. She often talks o' yuh. She said when I left: 'Yuh all fetch the major back. I want ter see him agin 'fore I go ter my rest over by Pisga. He war a God-fear-in' man, an' then we're sort o' fixed now mo' than in them war days.'"

They decided they would remain in Tennessee until their business affairs were settled. Joseph Hawley consulted with a number of the leading attorneys concerning the position in which Malvina was placed. They assured him that while she could be arrested, public sentiment would not allow her to be punished.

"But can she be permitted to give bail?" was asked.

"In Ohio, homicide is not bailable except in exceptional cases."

"What more exceptional case could be found than this?" was the reply of the southern attorney. "She defended her home."

"Sentimentally, yes," replied Mr. Hawley; "but legally, no. She killed a man who killed her husband. That a jury of your fellow citizens would acquit her I doubt not, but it is the fear she may be imprisoned that concerns us. We are pre-

pared to give bond in any sum for her appearance if she should be bound over."

"That does honor to you, and you may be asked to do so," replied the attorney.

"We have decided to go to the home of Mr. Fallis for a few days, and if anything develops it will surely within that time," said Mr. Hawley.

Colonel William Cassidy was the dean of the bar of Knoxville in those days, and he did not scruple to take advantage of some of the tricks that even very good lawyers sometimes do, and so it was he suggested to Joseph Hawley that they forestall any act by the friends of the deceased outlaw. He suggested that Mrs. Everett return with Mr. Fallis, and he, Cassidy, would prepare an affidavit and have it served by Justice Peters where the homicide occurred. Justice Peters could bind her over, under the law, but he could not permit her to give bail. This could be done by the county judge, and Judge Arkwright of H—— county, he believed, would fix the bond for her appearance.

"Judge Arkwright is a gentleman and a lawyer of the old school. He is my friend," continued Colonel Cassidy, "and I will lay the matter before him. I, too, will go to that part of the county and assist you."

As Colonel Cassidy had planned, so it came about. He did not have to go to the mountains to see Judge Arkwright, however. That gentleman was in the city and Colonel Cassidy met him a few moments after the conversation narrated.

Malvina did not know until after she was at Jack Fallis' of the meeting in the hotel of those four eminent lawyers.

Judge Arkwright was introduced to Beverly Wade and Joseph Hawley. Into the eyes of the latter he looked sharply, for before him stood one whom he had mercifully scored in his campaign speeches.

Beverly Wade would have been delighted if the mountain judge had clasped his hand as gently as he did the strong, white hand of Joseph Hawley. Wade thought he heard the bones crack when Arkwright grasped his hand. Then it was they discussed Cassidy's plan, and Beverly Wade thought that in the interest of justice this might be done.

It was determined at this meeting that an officer should accompany the party and at once Malvina should be taken to Squire Peters' and from there to Williamsburg, before Judge Arkwright. It was a large party that left Knoxville the morning after the funeral. In addition to the Fallis family and the Hawleys, there were Colonel Cassidy and Special Officer O'Grady of Knoxville.

As the party left Knoxville by the River road, three men entered the city on horseback. Hitching their animals in front of a saloon, they proceeded to fire their courage by numerous draughts from a black bottle.

There was sitting in the saloon at this time a veteran who had known Yancey Everett and whom Everett had befriended. He gave little attention to the strangers at first, but when one of them asked the saloonist where Yancey Everett's widow lived, he became interested. The man who asked the question said they had important business with the lady and must go and call upon her at once.

"Dave, heyre, wanted ter come yister-day, but we persuaded him ter wait, as it war sartin crowdin' matters all in one day," said one of the party.

"The place ter nab her war at the grave, by ——."

"Hol' on thar, Dave Wilson, I hev somethin' ter say 'bout this. Yuh swore ter the warrant, but I'm the man ter sarve it. I tole yuh I wouldn't move a step yistiday, an' now when I git ther lady she's got ter be treated as a lady," replied the third individual, who was the sheriff of H—— county.

"I 'low yuh don't want us ter go weth yuh when yuh arrest her — yer so nice, Jim. Yuh fergit, mebbey' how handy she is weth that weepoon o' hers," said Dave Wilson.

"I reckon I know my business," replied Jim.

"Let's be goin'; it's time. The fust thing we know she'll git wind o' us an' light out," said Dave.

The man in gray who had listened to the conversation between the sheriff and those who accompanied him, arose and beckoned to the officer. "Let me say a

word ter yuh," said the ex-soldier. "Yuh air an officer, an' from the way yuh talk, a gentleman; but thet feller thar," pointing to Dave, "ain't the right sort. Now thar's a right smart bunch o' us men who seed a little fightin' about ten years ago that marched in the funeral procession yistiday after the body o' a man thet was once one o' us. I take it yuh mean ter arrest ther woman who did her duty as she saw et."

"That is what I'm here fer," answered the sheriff.

"Then do it quietly an' don't let the others go weth you."

"Why?"

"Yo' all will never live ter git out o' town."

"Air yuh makin' threats?" asked the officer.

"Nary threat," replied the man in gray; "I'm simply tellin' yuh something." The veteran then turned and left the place.

"What was he talkin' about?" asked Dave Wilson, when the veteran had left the saloon.

"He war givin' me a sort o' tip," said the sheriff.

"Hes she gone?"

"He didn't say — I'm goin' ter see."

"Thet is what I say — let's be goin'," and Wilson turned to leave.

"Stay right where yuh air, Dave,"

"Yuh know, Jim Briggs, I ain't the sort thet takes orders o' thet kind."

"Yuh'd better."

"Why?"

"Did yuh see thet man who just went out? Thar's 400 o' them fellers that fit here once weth Longstreet. They war friends o' Yancey Everett. Yuh move out o' here an' ther won't be enough o' yuh left ter bury."

* * *

Squire Peters ordered his son Elisha to take the body of Lige Evans to the cabin he had built on the timber lands. There his friends could arrange for the funeral.

The dead outlaw lay in the yard where he fell until after Yancey Everett was removed to the home of Jack Fallis. The girl, Lize, had taken the news to her aunt, who, after a short session of wailing and moaning, said:

"I reckon thar ain't no use cryin' ovah spilt milk; Lige is gone an' we must try somehow an' git him home. He used ter git plum full, but he allus come home till now," she said.

"Kin I come an' live weth yuh, An't Liz?" asked the girl.

"I reckon Samanth will let yuh. She has enough young uns left, goodness knows. I won't be so lonesome nights ef yuh stay," she continued. "I war jist thinkin' thet thet nice-lookin' young feller from the north might pay me purty well fer the loss o' Lige; thet is, rather than make any furse."

"I wondah ef he would come ovah an' see me?" and Lize simpered.

"See yuh!" the woman thundered. "Much he'd keer fer yuh all. He wouldn't wipe his feet on yuh. Ef yuh didn't keep yuhself so dirty an' slovenly he mought keer in a way. Yuh kin jist bet a picayune them gals o' Jack Fallis' wouldn't never let him sot eyes on sich as yuh an' me ef they kin help it. They count us meaner than the dirt under their feet."

"Why?" asked the girl.

"They count us low down," replied the aunt.

"They can't say nothin' agin me."

"They will soon enough. What's born in yuh is born. But good land, we forgot Lige — we must git him hauled home."

Very few attended the funeral of Lige Evans. Dave Wilson and some of his reckless companions came, and the sister who lived in Malvina's cabin was there with her family. The girl, Lize, arrayed in a clean dress and a white sun-bonnet that Mother Fallis had loaned her, was very proud of her appearance, and beamed radiantly upon each arrival. After the funeral, Dave Wilson announced that he proposed to have Malvina arrested for murder.

To this Liz objected. To arrest Malvina would not be of profit to her. She felt satisfied that those rich men of the north would give her money to soothe her sorrow and would, perhaps, let her remain in the cabin.

"Yuh seem ter keer a good deal," Dave said, when Liz had remarked:

"Waal, he's daid now, an' buried, an'

it don't do eny good ter make a furse. I don't reckon yuh all ain't a-frettin' much, fer yuh never kem ter see us only when Lige war at Williamsburg."

The young girl laughed heartily at this, and Dave, scowling, turned and left the place. He had never forgiven Malvina for his discomfiture and disgrace when she was Malvina Stake, and got her pistol back at Squire Peters.

As soon as he left the Evans cabin he rode to Williamsburg, and meeting Bill Sims, arranged for the arrest of Malvina. These worthies decided it would be the proper thing to arrest her during the funeral services. This the sheriff would not agree to, so it was they came to Knoxville the day after the funeral.

The sheriff went alone to the home of Mrs. Everett. The house was closed, and after knocking loudly at the door he called to a neighbor and asked where the lady of the house could be found.

"She has not been home since the funeral," the woman replied. "An' I learned just now thet she has gone back to the mountains with those northern people."

The sheriff returned hurriedly to the saloon where he had left Dave Wilson and his companion, and informed them of the departure of Mrs. Everett.

"We must git her before she gits to Jack Fallis'," said Wilson; "fer once thar, Jack will fight us to the end."

"He can't fight the law," the sheriff said.

"Waal, Jim, he'll git her out o' the state. He'll do somethin', an' I say yuh got ter hump yerself or you've seed yer last term as sheriff."

"Yuh don't think I'm skeered ter do my duty, do yuh?"

"Yuh ain't a-movin' very fast, Jim, an' I'm a-sayin' right now yuh better be a-movin'."

"Come on," answered the sheriff.

When Sheriff Briggs learned that Malvina and her friends had two hours' start, and to catch them before reaching Fallis' meant a hard ride, he immediately began the pursuit. Neither he nor Wilson had any idea of the plan which had been proposed by Colonel Cassidy, and which was

now being carried out. In one carriage were Joseph Hawley, Nate, Lina and Nan-nie. In another, Major and Arthur Hawley, Malvina and Bess. In the other, Colonel Cassidy, Jack Fallis and the special officer. In the order named they were driving at a sharp gait to the home of Squire Peters.

When they drew near a great rock by a bend in the road, called the Fort, Jack observed three men on horseback that seemed to be making great efforts to overtake them. He at once surmised that it was the sheriff of H—— county and a small posse to arrest Malvina. He called to Arthur to halt a moment as he had something to tell him. Arthur was at once by his side.

"The sheriff is coming back there. Tell yer father ter trade places with Colonel Cassidy, quick, an' then drive like fury ter Squire Peters'. We'll stop at the Fort an' keep 'em a while."

"Then I shall stay, too," Arthur said.

"Yuh stay weth the gals, Arthur. Yuh will be needed wuss thar."

When the sheriff came to the Fort he found Jack Fallis, Major Hawley and the officer from Knoxville waiting. When Fallis saw Dave Wilson he knew his surmises were correct, and as the sheriff and party were about to ride by, they found the carriage blocking the way.

"Howdy, gentlemen," said Jack.

"Howdy," repeated the sheriff.

"Yuh seem ter be comin' from the city," Jack said.

"Yas, an' we air in a sort o' a hurry; so, ef yuh kin move yer team, we'll be moughtily 'bleeged."

"W'y, certainly," Jack answered. "We hev been drivin' a purty good gait an' stopped a minnit ter let 'em rest. Yer horses seem kind o' blowed, too. Yuh better light, an' I'll introduce my friends."

"It's good o' yuh, I'm shore," said the sheriff, "but ef yuh don't keer, we will be travelin' on."

"Which way air yuh goin', mought I ask?"

"Yuh air a older man en me, Mr. Fallis, but thar air times a man asks us a question that consarns us alone," said Sheriff Briggs.

"Jack Fallis, don't let us hev ter ask yuh ter git out o' our way agin." It was Dave Wilson who spoke, and Jack saw him reach for his hip pocket.

"Don't, Dave," said Jack. "Yuh know thet's onhealthy business. Keep yuh hands on the pommel o' yuh saddle or yuh'll be buried close beside yuh uncle."

"I'll hev ter arrest yuh, Mr. Fallis, fer interferin' with the law," said the sheriff.

"Pardon me, sheriff, I was not tryin' ter interfere with yuh at all. I'm shorely yer friend, an' voted fer yuh, an' we'll move on at once. I sort o' wanted ter chat with yuh. I won't keep yuh but a minnit more. This is Officer O'Grady, o' Knoxville an' ef yer air meanin' ter arrest any one he may be able to help yuh. We'll drive on now, an' all I ask, sheriff, is thet yuh keep Dave Wilson back o' me. I don't like the way he sets a horse, an' ef he passes me thar mought be trouble," said Jack.

Fallis drove rapidly and neither the sheriff nor Dave Wilson attempted to pass them. When they came in sight of the Fallis home the sheriff saw a carriage and team standing in the stable-yard. He knew there was another, but could see nothing of it. The conversation at the Fort had given time for one carriage to get out of sight. Jack drew up as he reached the house, and the sheriff was puzzled to know just what to do.

"I may as well tell yuh, gentlemen," said Mr. Briggs; "I am lookin' fer the widder o' Yancey Everett; I hev a warrant fer her."

"On what charge?" asked Officer O'Grady.

"On the charge o' murder."

"I kin swar she never murdered anybody, an' I've knowed her since she war a gal," said Fallis.

"She killed Lige Evans — so it is charged in the affidavit," said the sheriff.

"I reckon mebby she did," said Jack. "Mebby she did — I didn't see her do it — but, sheriff, thet ain't murder in this country, an' yuh know it."

"What would yuh call it?" asked Briggs.

"It war jist a simple duty, thet is all. A timber thief shot her husband in the back when he was talkin'. It was in a cote o' justice thet her husband was shot down."

"Thet is an argument ter make ter the jury, not to the sheriff," replied Briggs.

"Yes, yuh air right, sheriff. Now what kin I do fer yuh?"

"I want Mrs. Everett; is she in your house?"

"Yuh got a right ter go an' see. The door is open ter yuh." Dave Wilson dismounted and was about to tie his horse to the fence, when Jack said:

"Sheriff Briggs, ef Mrs. Everett is in my

home she will go weth yuh without a word. Yuh don't need any help. I say this because I see Dave Wilson a-gittin' ready ter go in weth yuh. Now, ef he steps inside my yard thar will a bullet go through his head in adzactly the same spot that a bullet went through the head o' Lige Evans."

"Mount yuh critter agin, Dave; I didn't ax yuh ter come, anyway," and the sheriff went to the house.

[*To be continued.*]

THE WEE GIRLIE THAT CAME TO OUR HOME

By James Ball Naylor

From Fate's never-known sea, past the islands that be
 The play-place of the fay and the gnome,
 Through the dark mist and spray, came a girlie one day,
 To abide in our hearts and our home;
 And the joy we had sought was the joy that she brought
 From far lands o'er the black billows' foam,
 For a cherub was she, dimpled, dainty and wee—
 This sweet girlie that came to our home.

Oh, the blue of her eyes was the blue of the skies,
 And the red of her lips was the dawn;
 The soft gleam of her hair was a Summer day rare,
 And her grace was the grace of the fawn.
 Ev'ry syllable, word, of her baby tongue stirred
 All the echoes of starlight and gloom,
 Just to babble and coo as she wished them to do—
 This wee girlie that came to our home.

And she staid—ah! she staid till she grew to a maid;
 And Fate never disputed our claim
 To her love and the bliss of her comforting kiss—
 But she longed for the land whence she came.
 So one bright Autumn day she came in from her play
 And she packed all her playthings, to roam—
 Ah, dear God, we're apart, but she dwells in this heart!—
 That wee girlie that came to our home!

Wayside Scenes in the Buckeye State

By W. A. Chamberlin



IN these days of rapid travel it is out of fashion to make long trips by carriage. But this mode of conveyance has its advantages, as I was convinced by a recent trip of nearly two hundred miles from Northeastern Ohio to the center of the State.

On such a trip one has time to study the features of the country and to enter more deeply into the spirit of the people than is possible while hurrying along at express train speed. The scenes of country life pass in slow review, and there is time to observe the great supporting processes of life; for, after all, the city is dependent on the country for all the means of subsistence.

The days of late September are the best for such an experience. The sun is warm, but the air is already crisp at morning and evening. The roads are at their best, and the crops, slowly maturing during the Summer, are now being harvested. In Northern Ohio the ridge roads of gravel are dry, and the carriage moves easily over the smooth grades. A delightful panorama of orchards and vineyards, of comfortable homes and waving shade trees, drives away monotony. There is every evidence of prosperity along the road. The homes are a cheerful sight. Many of them are mansions with ample lawns. Even their names betoken comfort, such as Idlehour, Maple Ridge and Old Orchard.

One of the most productive industries among farmers in this section is the raising of onions, which thrive on the moist soil of certain townships. Long rows of onions have been pulled and lie drying in the fields, while hundreds of crates are piled near by to receive them. The land adapted to this crop is as valuable as town

lots. Five hundred bushels to the acre is an average yield, and it often runs six hundred. As the price varies from fifty cents to a dollar a bushel, it is easy to see that a few acres of good onion land are worth as much as a mine.

Grapes are another valuable crop in the northern part of the State. Years ago many farmers in this section went into grape culture. But the scale and blight came, destroying the crop year after year, until many growers ploughed up their vineyards. But others began to spray the vines with liquid preparations, to protect the fruit, and today produce fine harvests of grapes.

As I drove along, vineyards hanging with the luscious purple fruit even to the highway looked tempting enough. Grape picking had already begun. The pickers, mostly women, with nothing but their head gear visible between the rows, were walking up and down, filling their baskets to be loaded on to wagons and carried to market or to the railroad station for shipment. We meet many market wagons ten and twenty miles out of Cleveland, whither the drivers have carried their fruit and vegetables to market, hard business, for it requires them to spend two or three nights a week on the road, in order to arrive early for the market. Some of the drivers were dozing on their return trip, as their horses jogged along.

The nursery business is very conspicuous around Painesville. The great Storrs and Harrison nurseries, of national reputation, are located there. Miles of land are occupied by them and other firms in this vicinity, with shrubs, flowering plants and young trees of all descriptions. Hundreds of thousands of fruit trees are budded each year with choice stock. A skilled hand

can bud three thousand trees in a day. All of these trees must be sprayed several times a year and require the most expert cultivation. One of these nursery men, with whose business I became somewhat acquainted, is building a great warehouse, a hundred feet square, for the storing and handling of young trees. Just back of it stretches acre after acre, with long compact rows of young trees and shrubs. His business has grown from small dimensions to require the attention of several experts

ception, show a regard for aesthetic beauty and comfort. Many of them are elegant — even palatial. Spacious verandas look out over carefully kept lawns and gravelled walks. The moving picture of these homes is a constant delight. The road is like a town street, for the advent of the trolley and the auto has made these suburban homes easily accessible to the city, and many city families have moved out to enjoy the pure country air.

The Garfield home is one of the beau-



THE CULTURE OF SILVER MAPLES.

and many workmen. One expert spends his time in looking after the spraying of the young tree stock.

It is doubtful that a more beautiful ten mile stretch of country road can be found anywhere in the land than that from Painesville to Willoughby. It had been sprinkled with a light rain the night before I traveled it and was in perfect condition. Beautiful maples shade the road much of the way, their branches often spreading almost to meet those on the opposite side in leafy arches. The homes, without ex-

tiful places along this road. During the campaign which resulted in Garfield's election to the presidency, thousands of visitors were landed at the foot of the land, that is specially treated for the use Michigan Southern Railway, to this country home, where the distinguished statesman welcomed them. The little office building still stands adjacent to the house, which has been beautified since his death.

Another noticeable place is the Goodhold dairy, which is owned, as one of the workmen told me, by Mr. L. E. Holden,



WAGONS CARRYING CHILDREN TO SCHOOL IN MADISON, OHIO.



"THE DUCKLINGS" — A WAYSIDE SNAP SHOT.

of the Cleveland Plain Dealer. Fine herds of Jersey, Holstein and Guernsey cows are kept here and supply the Hollenden Hotel with milk and cream. A farmer whom I met near Wellington makes it



BETWEEN PAINESVILLE AND MENTOR.

his chief business to supply milk for Cleveland, that is especially treated for the use of infants and invalids. His cows are all of the Holstein breed — sleek black coats with white spots and white legs. They are kept scrupulously neat in the pastures and clean, well ventilated stable. The milk is cooled by running slowly over a drum filled with ice and in tightly closed cans is shipped twice a day to the city laboratory, to be specially treated there. This thrifty farmer has barns and buildings conveniently arranged for his business. A silo keeps the fodder succulent long into the winter. With a hundred and fifty acres of ground, he has fifty to sixty under cultivation. His children go to school in the town, and his telephone keeps him in instant call of his neighbors and town friends. His case is not unusual, since the inauguration of rural mail service, telephones and electric cars.

The trolley lines penetrate the country in all directions and have supplanted the horse. It is cheaper to travel by trolley, and it saves two-thirds of the time for other business. On account of the lack of use, guide boards are usually wanting, and one has to depend upon information from

people acquainted with the roads, to find his way.

From Cleveland paved roads lead ten or fifteen miles out from the city. One feature of the road toward Elyria struck me as very practical. It is paved on the right side as one goes into the city, so that heavy loads can be easily transported to the city. It seems feasible to treat our main thoroughfares in the same way in time, without exorbitant expense. The other side is left unpaved, but is smooth and gravelly. Going south, the clay roads are level, but full of ruts. At this season the track is smooth, for the mud is dried and the rough places have been worn down. Sixty to seventy-five miles southwest from Cleveland the country becomes more rolling. Many of the farmers in that section are of German descent, settling here from Pennsylvania in early days. Finely tilled farms lie along the hills, and large barns and comfortable houses give evidence of thrift and prosperity. Just now the men are busy ploughing the fields and drilling in the winter wheat. The soil is in splendid condition from recent rains and promises an abundant harvest nine months hence. Corn is being cut and shows a much finer yield than seemed possible in the late wet spring.

The district school houses are passing away, like other features which distin-



CALIFORNIA PRIVET HEDGE PLANTS IN THE W. B. COLE NURSERY.

guished country life in former days. The covered school wagons now collect the children from their country homes and convey them to the town school. At one small place which I passed, five of these

wagons were seen, which had just completed their morning trips. This plan is so advantageous for the country children and so feasible, that it is remarkable that it was devised so few years ago. The country school houses stand deserted, with blinds and doors closed; or, if they are still used, are attended by only a handful of scholars. It is easy to foresee the time when the "little red school house" will be a relic of the past, supplanted by commodious, well ventilated and well lighted school buildings in town.

At Mt. Vernon the Central Ohio gas field begins. This field has been opened about ten years and is now immensely rich in gas. Several companies are racing with one another for the controlling interests. Big "gushers" are being drilled in every week. Scores of derricks can be seen

along the hills and valleys of Knox and Licking counties. At night flaring torches light up here and there, where new wells are being drilled. Farmers are making comfortable incomes just from the rental of their farms as a location for wells and from the royalty from producing wells. New industries are springing up, strangers are crowding in, so that some of the little villages are taking on new life. Enough gas has been liberated to supply all the towns and cities in Central Ohio.

Late on the last night of my trip the waning moon rises, to light up the last few miles. Under its friendly light I drive into the little town which marks the end of my journey, and find sweet repose under the shadow of one of the small colleges that have made Ohio famous.

NEW YEAR'S EVE

By Dewey Austin Cobb

Farewell, Old Year, thy hours are waning fast;
The wakeful church bells wait to bid thee go
Forever to the charnel of the past,
 Wrapped in thy shroud of softly falling snow.

Thy gifts to me were not my choice, Old Year,
And yet a vague, regretful sadness seems
To cloud my heart, as when my waking ear
 Recalls the mystic music of my dreams.

I would not call thee back, to live again
Thy hollow, checkered days, though some were sweet;
For Mystery and Doubt, and Care and Pain
 Too often coiled their shadows 'round my feet.

I will not mourn nor chide you as you go;
Perhaps the gifts were equal thou hast given—
The frozen ridge beneath this wave of snow.
 And one more beacon calling me toward Heaven.

Away, sad musing! Heaven was never won
By pensive dreaming, or by idle play.
Those chimes but call to duties still undone—
 The reveille of one more precious day.

The Case of Joint Statehood for Arizona and New Mexico

By Jerome C. Smiley



RIZONA'S scornful rejection of the kind of statehood thrown to her by the last Congress, is an interesting as well as an exceptional episode in the history of American state-making. There

have been refusals by the people of proposed states to ratify constitutions framed by their delegates, and Congress has turned down state governments of spontaneous origin, but the Arizonians were the first people of a territory qualified to become a state, to declare that immediate admission into the Union was not sought, and to spurn an act of Congress to authorize and enable a territory to participate in the dignity of membership in our Sisterhood of States.

Not since the days of secession has there been such unanimity of public sentiment in any political division of our country as that of the Arizonians against the proposition to unite their territory with New Mexico to form a state, and not for a day in a campaign of three years' duration did they falter in their strenuous opposition to "this obnoxious scheme," as they termed it. While the affair was colored with some of the floridity that always has decorated our territorial politics, the Arizonians fought a good fight.

Before the incoming of the Fifty-eighth Congress it was the general intention and expectation that four states soon should arise from the territories of New Mexico, Arizona, Oklahoma and the Indian. The two great parties in their national platforms had declared for admitting these territories without further delay, and thus root out the territorial form of government within the limits of the United States proper. The House of the Fifty-seventh Congress passed a bill admitting the first-

named three, but it failed in the Senate in the closing days of the last session.

The first determined effort to change this policy by merging the four territories into two states was made in the Fifty-eighth Congress. A large and varied supply of enabling bills was introduced in the first session—seven in the House and four in the Senate. Six proposed independent statehood—one each for the Indian Territory and Oklahoma, and two each for New Mexico and Arizona; three provided for admitting the Indian Territory and Oklahoma as one state; and two for uniting New Mexico and Arizona in the "State of Arizona," and the Indian Territory and Oklahoma in the "State of Oklahoma." But only one succeeded in getting beyond the introductory stage. This was one of the two "omnibus" measures, and was brought into the House on April 4, 1904, by Representative Edward L. Hamilton, of Michigan, as Chairman of the House Committee on the Territories, and who was the author of the other omnibus bill. The several earlier House statehood-bills had been referred to that Committee, but as the partisan majority in control of the House had in the meantime resolved in caucus to make "joint statehood" a party program, the committee laid aside the bills for independent statehood and framed this new merger bill, basing it upon Mr. Hamilton's for the same purpose, and which was recommended for passage.

From the day when the first merger bill appeared in that Congress, there had been indignant protests against such a policy from each territory, though the resentment was less vigorous in Oklahoma and the Indian than in Arizona and New Mexico. The people of the Indian Territory, es-

pecially those of the old Indian "nations," did not want to be joined to Oklahoma, but to become a separate state, according to the oft-repeated promise that the red men sometimes should have a state of their

advantage, should they have to submit to union with the Indian Territory.

Moreover, the proposal to unite these territories was more reasonable than that to join New Mexico and Arizona. They



SENATOR FORAKER OF OHIO,

Who Led the Fight to Recognize the People's Rights in the Formation of the Proposed New State.

own in the Union. The Oklahomians also wanted separate statehood and had counted on receiving it. Yet they were not unmindful of the fact that their greater population would give them some

had more interests in common, had not been long separated, the general character of country and of industries was much the same in each, and the state would not be of unusual size — not so large as Kan-

sas, Nebraska, or either of the two Dakotas. But the people of New Mexico and of Arizona with one accord exclaimed against such a procedure to form states. Arizona had been detached from New Mexico for more than forty years, the two had had an independent development, and there were topographical conditions that formed a permanent dividing barrier between their populations. New Mexico was so largely under the influence of inherited Spanish ideals and modes of life that the union of the two inevitably would be inharmonious and to the great disadvantage of both. Either willing or compulsory joint statehood for territories would violate all precedents, and these two would make a state not only deficient in homogeneity and community of interests, but of unwieldy size.

It would not be quite so large as Texas, but that State was a foreign country annexed upon terms under which she retains to this day the right to divide her domain into five states, and was not formed from United States territory. New Mexico brought forward the guaranty of her admission contained in the treaty of peace with Mexico, and cited the several instances in which her inherent right to become a state had been recognized in Congress by the passage in both houses of enabling bills for her, and which failed from minor causes. Arizona pointed to the act of February, 1863, under which she was organized and her boundaries fixed, and which carried the pledge that her government should be maintained and continued until such time as her people should, with the consent of Congress, form a state government and apply for and obtain admission into the Union. The proposal to name the new southwestern state "Arizona" had no soothing effect upon the Arizonians and was irritating to the New Mexicans, the latter wanting the historical identity of their ancient province perpetuated in the name of the state that should succeed it.

But the protests did not check the progress of the Hamilton omnibus bill, which made no provision for submitting the question of joint statehood to the people of either pair of territories. Under a special forcing-rule framed to fit the case and ex-

cluding debate and amendments, adopted on April 19th, the bill was passed in the House on that day by a substantial majority, though the vote was not strictly partisan. As that session of Congress adjourned nine days later, the bill was not considered by the Senate until the next winter.

Both New Mexicans and Arizonians, during the Summer and Autumn, prepared to meet the bill in the Senate and endeavor to prevent its passage by that



SENATOR BEVERIDGE OF INDIANA.

body in the form in which it had left the House. They found, when Congress met in December, that, while they had loyal and able friends in the Senate, they also had strong adversaries, but party lines could not be drawn so tightly there as in the House. Conspicuous among the advocates of their cause was Senator Foraker, of Ohio, who had insisted from the start that the question of uniting territories to make states should be decided by the people directly interested, and that no territory should have joint statehood forced upon it. When the Hamilton bill was

taken up in the Senate, Foraker yielded in these views so far as they applied to the Indian Territory and Oklahoma, but stood unchanged as to Arizona and New Mexico. Senator Beveridge, of Indiana, Chairman of the Senate Committee on the Territories, led the joint statehood forces and was determined that the provisions of the bill should undergo no material change at the hands of the Senate.

The two southwestern territories sent protesting delegations of their citizens to



HERBERT J. HAGERMAN,
Former Governor of New Mexico.

Washington and also kept up a rapid fire of memorials, resolutions and petitions against the bill's passage from organizations of nearly every sort and from individuals in all the walks of life, while their newspapers continued to cry out in opposition to it as with one voice. New Mexico's Legislative Assembly, by a vote almost unanimous, adopted and forwarded a memorial in which the Territory's objections to the proposed union and to having its political identity extinguished were expressed with the politeness characteristic

of most of the people of the old Province. In part the document said:

"Not only have the two great political parties of the Nation in their national platforms repeatedly promised New Mexico and Arizona admission into the Union as separate states, but the people of this Territory, relying on these promises, and knowing their cause to be just, likewise in their political platforms expressed themselves as unalterably opposed to becoming united with Arizona, as provided in the bill now pending before your honorable body. It certainly can not be seriously insisted that New Mexico, after having been a Territory of the United States for more than fifty years, during which time her people have been a law-abiding people and most faithful and loyal to the General Government, is not fitted to take upon herself the responsibilities of a state government."

The memorialists went on to put in a good word for Arizona by saying that she "is not without claims to separate statehood," and that Congress had promised it to her when she was taken from New Mexico. They also ventured to remind Congress that "a territorial form of government is not compatible with the interests of the people."

Governor Miguel A. Otero, appointed in 1897, in a protest against the bill's passage, voiced the common sentiments of his people, "native" and "American" alike, when he said that the mutual opposition by Arizona and New Mexico to joint statehood "is not due to any innate animosity between the two territories, but to the inherent differences in population, in legislation, in industries, and from historical and ethnologic standpoints, not to mention that the consolidation of two commonwealths like New Mexico and Arizona into one is unprecedented in American history. The new state would be an unnatural and unwilling alliance. It would be a coercion of two populations which are unlike in character, in ambitions, and largely in occupation. The union would be abhorrent to both."

The Arizonians, the more clamorous of the two, were of the same opinion as Governor Otero, and made much use of the conditions in New Mexico due to trans-

mitted Spanish blood and character and to the prevalence of the Spanish language. These, they insisted, had caused that territory to differ greatly from Arizona in heritage, tendencies, education, methods, ideas of government, and in legal customs and procedure. Interpreters must be employed in her legislature, in her courts, and in trials to juries upon which "native" citizens are serving, and no small part of other public business must be transacted in Spanish, whereas everything in Arizona is "American."

Another of their strong objections was that New Mexico, by virtue of her larger population, would prevail in the constitutional convention, and afterward in the State, upon every question having a sectional bearing, until populations were balanced. Their Legislative Assembly, in a series of resolutions adopted unanimously, and giving at length with robust vigor many reasons why Arizonians opposed and would be injured by joint statehood, informed the Senate that the measure "humiles our pride, violates our traditions and would subject us to the domination of another commonwealth of different traditions, customs and aspirations. With the most kindly feeling toward the people of New Mexico, we must protest against this proposed union, and would rather remain forever a territory than accept statehood under such conditions."

The platforms of both parties in the two territories had in 1904 emphatically declared against the Hamilton bill and for separate statehood, and candidates for delegate in Congress were pledged accordingly. New Mexico elected a Republican and Arizona a Democrat, but it was said that the latter's success largely was due to his personal popularity.

The uprising of the southwestern twins, that are so much unlike in many ways, was not in vain. On February 7, 1905, the Senate returned the bill to the House with some forty amendments, one of which cut Arizona entirely out of the proposition. The measure now provided for the admission of Oklahoma and the Indian Territory as the "State of Oklahoma," and for the independent admission of New Mexico. The House disagreed to the

changes, and, as the Senate insisted upon them, a conference was appointed. But no agreement could be reached in conference, and so the bill went by the board upon the expiration of that Congress, on March 4th.

But the defeat gave rise to no thought of surrender among the advocates of joint statehood. They returned to their tasks when the Fifty-ninth Congress met in its first session, in the following December. Eleven statehood bills—the same number that had been brought before the



REPRESENTATIVE E. L. HAMILTON.

Fifty-eighth—were introduced during that session. Ten were filed early—two in the Senate and eight in the House. One proposed independence for Oklahoma, and another, by Delegate Andrews, for New Mexico; two were for making the Indian Territory the "State of Sequoyah;" three applied joint statehood to Oklahoma and the Indian Territory only; and three were omnibus measures for merging Arizona with New Mexico and Oklahoma with the Indian Territory. Of the latter group, one was by Senator Beveridge and the other two by Mr. Hamilton (whose constituents had re-elected him), each of the

three being practically the same as the Hamilton bill of the previous Congress.

The President in his annual message at that time passed judgment on statehood for the four territories in one short paragraph:

"I recommend that the Indian Territory and Oklahoma be admitted as one state, and that New Mexico and Arizona be admitted as one state. There is no obligation upon us to treat territorial subdivisions, which are matters of convenience only, as binding us on the question of ad-



JOSEPH H. KIBBEY,
Governor of Arizona.

mission to statehood. Nothing has taken up more time in the Congress during the past few years than the question as to the statehood to be granted to the four territories above mentioned, and after careful consideration of all that has been developed in the discussions of the question, I recommend that they be immediately admitted as two states. There is no justification for further delay, and the advisability of making the four territories into two states has been clearly established."

A minority member of the House Committee on the Territories, in debate on the

Hamilton bill a few weeks later, added to the gaiety of the discussion by quoting and putting into the record the following part of an article, that had appeared in the *Washington Star* several days before, from the hand of a well-known writer at the national capital, who was commonly credited with possession of an unusually large slice of the President's confidence and who was said to have expressed the President's personal views as to statehood for Arizona and New Mexico:

"While the President has taken an active part in the joint statehood bill, he is not much concerned personally as to its fate. He regards it as a political measure proposed by Republican committees and indorsed by a Republican caucus, and for that reason he wants it to pass. He does not believe that either Arizona or New Mexico is fit for admission into the Union, and he does not think either will be for a quarter of a century. He fears, however, that the Democrats may get control of Congress and admit them separately, which will make two more 'rotten boroughs' and four more 'sage-brush' senators. Therefore he thinks it good policy for the Republicans to admit the two territories as one state, on the theory that one 'rotten borough' is better than two and that the two 'sage-brush' senators are better than four."

But the New Mexicans remembered that the President had not always held their Territory in esteem so light, and that in a speech at Las Vegas, in 1899, he had said: "All I shall say is that if New Mexico wants to be a State, you can count me in, and I will go to Washington and speak for you or do anything you wish."

Nothing having been done with any of the early statehood bills, Mr. Hamilton, as Chairman of the House Committee on the Territories, submitted on January 22, 1906, a new omnibus bill framed and favorably recommended by his committee, and substantially the same as the failure of the preceding winter. It dealt with joint statehood for Oklahoma and the Indian Territory in its first twenty-two sections, and then, in Section 23 turned to Arizona and New Mexico—a circumstance in which some people now may see a mystic significance. As in the case of

its predecessor of the year before, this bill, which superseded all the others, carried no provision for referring the joint-statehood question to the people of the territories, and was made a party measure in the House. Three days later, under a special rule barring debate and amendments, it was passed by a vote of 195 to 150. Senator Beveridge, as Chairman of the Senate Committee on the Territories, reported it with some minor amendments to the upper House on the 29th, but it was not taken up there until several weeks later.

Again the southwestern territories were face to face with a crisis in which the fate of their political identity, of their separate political existence, was involved. Upon the appearance of the fresh grist of omnibus bills, the Arizonians, from "Alkali Ike" up and down, promptly had organized themselves into a Committee of the Whole Population, to defeat these renewed attempts "ruthlessly to drag a territory into the Union," and to prevent "political miscegenation by the territories of New Mexico and Arizona."

Again they concentrated their efforts upon the Senate, and again their newspapers raged and stormed. Delegations sent to Washington, city councils, boards of trade and other commercial bodies, church organizations, the central committee of each party, miners', stockmen's, bankers', and lawyers' associations, and almost every other organization in the Territory, including the Teachers' Association and the Federation of Women's Clubs, in memorials and resolutions unanimously joined in outcry against the threatened "unholy marriage," and to these were added many protesting petitions bearing long strings of citizens' names.

The "covenant of 1863, the only one of the kind in any territorial charter," was emblazoned on the Arizona sky. Governor Joseph H. Kibbey, in his report for the year 1905, and which was made a part of the Arizona "case," said that "the proposed union is regarded by our people as a menace to the prosperity and the progress of the Territory." In a memorial presented by one of the delegations sent to Washington to help in the work or salvation, and "representing all sections of the Territory," the Senators were told that

"Arizona is not asking Congress for statehood. She is asking only to be left alone, with opportunity to work out her own destiny within her own boundaries and with her well organized American institutions. We prefer to remain inhabitants of a territory for all time rather than be annexed to New Mexico."

Again the reasons for Arizona's state of mind were recited in detail, and stress laid upon the difference in character of the two populations. While disclaiming desire or intention to disparage the "native" people of the older Territory, it was charged that they would require their members of the constitutional convention to stand for provisions in the constitution continuing the Spanish usages which had been theirs for so many generations. As there could be "no successful amalgamation," the Arizonians, who were zealously supported in their contentions by their delegate in Congress, Marcus A. Smith, asked that all reference to them be stricken from the bill, and insisted that in the event of failure to do this it be amended in accordance with Senator Foraker's views.

New Mexico was not now co-operating vigorously with Arizona in opposition to compulsory union as in the year before, but was yielding to the party pressure which had been applied lately to the four territories, and which in Oklahoma and the Indian had reduced objections to joint statehood to scattered and impotent mutterings and murmurings. Miguel Otero, after eight years of service as New Mexico's governor, had been succeeded by Herbert J. Hagerman. The new governor availed himself of an early opportunity to make known to the Senate that he believed joint statehood would "be for the highest welfare of the people of New Mexico," and that he was "strongly and conscientiously in favor of it." Although William H. Andrews, New Mexico's delegate in Congress, elected on a "single-statehood" platform, had introduced early in the session a bill for that kind of statehood for his Territory, the Arizonians thought he did not appear now to be unanimously opposed to the administration's new style of State. Other gentlemen of New Mexico somewhat suddenly had become convinced that the doubling up of

the two Territories would be a master-stroke of statesmanship, and some of her newspapers were upholding the same doctrine.

Therefore petitions signed by more or less of the citizens of about half the counties and several towns, and resolutions by the city council of Santa Fe and a few commercial organizations, went to Washington "praying" for joint statehood, and these were reinforced by personal letters and telegrams. There were persistent preachments among the people of the new-made dogma that it was "joint statehood or none" for New Mexico. She would have the capital at the outset and could keep it ever after, could control the constitutional convention, and also the State Legislature whenever her interests demanded that she should exercise control, and would have a two-thirds share in the great school fund the Federal Government would give the state. "Only by reason of the fact that the people of New Mexico have been assured that they *must* accept this jointure," it was said by a Republican member of the House, "have they tardily, reluctantly acquiesced in a procedure which makes them unwilling parties to the outrage of a sister Territory."

But not all had acquiesced. Party pressure produced next to no effect in Arizona. A memorial signed by some citizens who said they were for the union, appeared in the Senate, and telegrams to the chairman of the Senate Committee on the Territories urging passage of the merger bill were solicited from "anybody who would sign them." But these doings were waived aside by the Arizona Committee of the Whole, with the explanation that they were merely some odds and ends representing "no one of standing."

The Senate, as in Committee of the Whole, took up the Hamilton bill on March 9th and adopted several amendments, including one by Senator Foraker, so to amend section 23 as to require, at special elections to be held on the twelfth Tuesday after approval of the bill, a separate vote of the people of Arizona and of New Mexico on the question, "Shall Arizona and New Mexico be united to form one State?" Rising from Committee of the Whole, the Senate, upon motion of

Senator Burrows, of Michigan, struck from the bill everything pertaining to New Mexico and Arizona, leaving it to apply only to Oklahoma and the Indian Territory, in which form it was passed immediately. The House refused to concur in the amendments and the Senate declined to recede. The bill went to conference and there dragged along until early in June, when disagreeing reports were made. A new conference then was appointed and which came to an agreement. New Mexico and Arizona were restored to their places in the bill, and the Foraker amendment, changed as to the time of voting on the question, was retained. The two Houses agreed to the conference report, and the President approved the bill on June 16th.

The law provided that at the general election to be held on November 6, 1906, the people of Arizona and of New Mexico should elect delegates to a constitutional convention, to consist of 110 members, sixty-six of whom should be elected in New Mexico and forty-four in Arizona; and that at the same election there should be a vote on the question of uniting the two territories. Should a majority in each who voted on the question favor the union, the work of framing a constitution and organizing a state government should proceed, the delegates being required in that case to meet at Santa Fe on December 3, 1906. But if in either Territory there was a majority against the union, the act should be null and void as to the "State of Arizona." The capital of the State should be at Santa Fe until 1915, but its permanent location after that year might be fixed at an election to be appointed by the Legislature.

With its 235,600 square miles the State would have been next in size to Texas, and equal to the combined areas of Massachusetts, New York, Pennsylvania, Ohio, Indiana and Illinois, or to those of 188 states the size of Rhode Island. In the middle parts of western New Mexico and eastern Arizona lies a region, traversed by the Continental Divide and much larger in area than the State of Ohio, that is lofty and badly broken by volcanic action and hog-back ranges. This is the "dividing barrier" between the settled parts of

the two territories, and at present gives no promise of any considerable development. The census of 1900 found in New Mexico a population of about 195,000, including some 13,000 Indians — mostly Pueblos, who are citizens and may vote; and in Arizona 123,000, including 26,400 Indians, practically all of whom were, as they still are, on reservations. About three-fifths of the people of New Mexico other than Indians and the few negroes are of Spanish and mixed-Spanish descent, and these as a body are quick-witted, peaceful, well-disposed to obey laws, and of good morals, but very "conservative" — the majority living as their forefathers lived. About one-third speak and understand English with more or less proficiency.

Arizona holds that above 90 per cent. of her present white population is "American," with a percentage of illiteracy exceptionally low in the whole. The two territories have advanced rapidly since 1900, and it is probable that New Mexico now has 275,000 people and Arizona 170,000, though each claims more. About four-fifths of New Mexico's white population live in the Rio Grande Valley and to the eastward of it, while the bulk of Arizona's is in the central and southeastern parts of the Territory. Of the thirty-two states admitted into the Union — Vermont to Utah, inclusive — only eight had a population as large as 170,000 when admitted, and but six as large as 275,000. When Arizona was detached from New Mexico her white people numbered only a few thousand, and she had less than 10,000 in 1870. In that period the common opinion was that she would never be able to support as many as 50,000 white people. In the main her remarkable increase in population and great development of resources have come to pass since 1885.

The enabling act provided for exceedingly liberal cessions of land, so far as square miles counted, to the "State of Arizona" for common school and other public purposes. With these and the grants the territories have received, the State would have owned some twenty millions of acres. Moreover, the State was to have for its school fund 5 per cent. of the net proceeds of sales of public land retained by the United States within its borders, and

the act appropriated \$5,000,000 from the Federal treasury, payable to the State on demand, which was to be made a permanent special fund. In other respects the law was about the same as enabling acts for states admitted since the Civil War.

The charge was made in both houses of Congress and on the outside, too, that the donation of five millions tendered to the "State of Arizona" was of the nature of a bribe — an alluring bait on the joint-statehood hook designed and thrown forth to win over discontented New Mexico and insurgent Arizona. The omnibus bill which failed in conference in the Fifty-eighth Congress, proposed to appropriate \$5,000,000 for the "State of Oklahoma" "in lieu of lands which cannot be set apart within the present limits of the Indian Territory, because such lands are owned by the Indians and because of the great expense to which the new State will be put in establishing a system of common schools where none now exist."

But that bill proposed no cash donation to the "State of Arizona" other than the 5 per cent. of net proceeds of public land sales, which also was provided for Oklahoma. The enabling act carried the special appropriation for the latter, and which she will receive, and for which there was an exceptional and sound reason, but as to the "State of Arizona" the proposition was unprecedented. It was pointed out in debate that if New Mexico and Arizona were known to be willing to enter the Union united, the bill for the enabling act would, like its predecessor, carry no cash appropriation for their State.

But unusually large cessions of land and the proffered kingly gift in money possessed no interest for the Arizonians. With the Foraker amendment in the law they cared nothing for the other provisions, and would have been equally indifferent had anything in or after Section 23 required their annexation to the moon. In that amendment they could read their title clear to continued independence, if not to mansions in the skies. In their political campaign of last autumn the question towered above all other issues, and the Committee of the Whole Population applied a Big Stick to Joint Statehood. Party pressure again was brought to bear in its fa-

vor, but had small effect, for in the total vote of 19,406 on the question there were but 3,141 affirmative—less than one-sixth.

Up to the election day the people of New Mexico were told and re-told that if they wanted statehood they must take it now, and all the arguments and influences used in the previous Winter to persuade them to accept the Hamilton bill were employed to induce them to vote for the merger. Yet more than one-third voted against it, the majority for the union being 11,460 in the total of 40,930 ballots. While the result in Arizona alone had defeated the proposal, the latter stood rejected by a majority of 11,664 in the combined vote. There are now but few, if any, New Mexicans, "native" or "American," who grieve over its failure.

The Fifty-ninth Congress had no inclination again to consider state-making. Its last session had one statehood bill, by Senator Teller, of Colorado, for New Mexico, but it received no attention.

"Statehood for New Mexico" has become a Congressional tradition. It is now nearly sixty years since her people made their first movement to obtain it, and from first to last upward of sixty bills for her admission have been introduced. A dozen or more were passed by one or the other branch of Congress before the appearance of joint statehood, and in several instances by both and then failed on unimportant amendments.

How much longer the picturesque old Province shall remain out of the Union is hard to tell.



Ohio a Century Ago

By Florence Gilmore



VIEWED even in the light of the frantic rush and restless energy of the Nineteenth century, and with a realization of the grand strides it made in many fields, the history of Ohio during the hundred years from 1808 to 1908, is a marvel in itself. A wilderness sparsely peopled by Indians and farmers, with few and small settlements, becomes a thickly populated and wealthy State, with cities that rank among the first in the Union, hundreds of smaller towns and interests of national and international importance.

This Ohio of today is well known, but to understand its condition in 1808 it is necessary to have some insight into its earlier history—a story of hardship and danger, disputes and wars, teeming with interest.

Before the close of the Twentieth century La Salle discovered the Ohio river, and years later the French were the first white men to set foot within the confines of the present State. They made no permanent settlements. Exploration was their passion, trading in furs with the Indians their means of livelihood, and they were so few in number that they could ill afford to spare men for the formation of villages, but claimed all the territory they had opened up, which extended from the Alleghanies to the Mississippi. It was known under the general name of Louisiana and was divided into four parts, each under the jurisdiction of a governor and a judge, two of whom were stationed northwest of the Ohio. In 1748 the English, jealous of the power and source of wealth which these enormous possessions gave the French, formed the Ohio Company, which attempted to establish trading posts in the country which now comprises the Middle States. They demanded it in virtue of their charters, which gave them the land

from "sea to sea;" the French held it by right of exploration, and the Indians claimed it by reason of their occupation. There was but one way to settle so many conflicting interests, and that one way was the French and Indian war, which resulted in the victorious English gaining possession of all the land north of the Ohio by the treaty of 1763. After the Revolution new difficulties arose from the claims of several states—Connecticut, Virginia, New York and Massachusetts—but they generously ceded their rights to the Government.

Many remembered a story circulated in the army during the dark days of that unequal struggle, of Washington's reply to an officer who asked what they would all do if they were driven from the Atlantic coast. "We will go to the valley of the Ohio and there we will be free;" and soldiers and officers, many impoverished by the war, and all without employment, started westward with their families and all their worldly goods on horses and in large wagons. At Wheeling or Pittsburgh most of them embarked on flat boats, rudely built of green timber, and floated down the Ohio to some settlement or a spot suitable for a new one. Then they pulled the raft ashore and built their first poor cabins of the planks.

Pamphlets exploiting the fertility, climate and all the advantages of the Ohio valley were circulated through the East, to the chagrin of many who doubted the truth of the alluring description and were loathe to see such numbers of their own valuable citizens move West, and they tried to turn the tide of public opinion by rhymes and cartoons. One of their sheets was illustrated with a picture of a fat, comfortable looking man on a well groomed horse, and the inscription, "I am going to Ohio," who meets a gaunt skele-

ton on a long nag, labelled, "I have been to Ohio." But the work of colonization had begun in earnest. Permanent settlements were founded by strong, sensible, able and brave men, and they prospered as they deserved.

In 1787 what now comprises the states of Michigan, Indiana, Ohio, Wisconsin and Illinois, was formed into the Northwestern Territory, and its government was regulated by a famous Act which vitally affected the subsequent history of the region. It was called the "Ordinance of Eighty-seven," and prohibited slavery within the territorial boundaries and gave children of property holders the right to inherit equally in case of the father's death intestate, instead of his estate descending intact to the eldest son, after the old aristocratic custom which had been followed by the eastern colonies. In 1801 Ohio was separated from the Northwestern Territory and two years later was received into the Union as the seventeenth state.

In 1808 the population numbered nearly two hundred thousand, but was widely scattered. Marietta, the oldest settlement, was most prosperous and gave promise of enormous development. Ship building was the great local industry and the village was made a "port of clearance," from which vessels could receive regular papers for a foreign country. A curious incident, which illustrates well the enterprise of the first Ohioans, took place in 1807. "A ship built at Marietta, cleared from that port with a cargo of pork, flour, etc., for New Orleans. Thence she sailed to England with a load of cotton, and, being chartered to take a cargo to St Petersburg, the Americans being at that time the carriers of the world, reached that port in safety. The papers being examined by a naval officer and dating from the port of Marietta, Ohio, she was seized on the plea of their being a forgery, as no such port was known in the civilized world. With considerable difficulty the captain procured a map of the United States, and pointing with his finger to the mouth of the Mississippi, traced that stream to the mouth of the Ohio, and thence he led the admiring naval officer along the devious track of the latter river

to Marietta at the mouth of the Muskingum, whence he had taken his departure. This explanation was entirely satisfactory, and the American vessel was dismissed with every token of regard and respect."

From 1800 to 1810 Chillicothe was the capital, and the legislature met in the first public stone building erected in the territory. A traveler's notes say that in 1807 Chillicothe had fourteen stores, six hotels, two newspaper printing offices, and the for that day large population of 1,200 inhabitants. A few miles from the city Governor Worthington had erected the finest house in the State and surrounded it with beautiful gardens. Crowds flocked to see it and marveled at the large panes of glass and the papered walls. Howe relates that "nearly all the manufactured articles used in the construction, as the nails, door knobs, hinges, glass, etc., were from the east of the mountains. * * *" "The fireplace fronts were of Philadelphia make, and cost seven dollars a hundred for transportation."

Thomas Worthington had been a member of the territorial legislature, then United States senator and served two terms as governor. He founded the State library and strongly advocated the building of much needed canals. Chillicothe was also the home of Edward Tiffin, Ohio's first and perhaps greatest governor. He was born in England in 1766, but came to the United States before his education had been completed and pursued his medical studies in this country. He was about thirty years old when he settled in Ohio. So rapidly did he rise in public esteem that five or six years later when the territory became a state, he was given the highest place it could offer. He refused a third term as governor, but in 1807 and '08 was a member of the United States Senate.

The relations between the Indians and whites were usually friendly at this period, though their intercourse was strange, owing to the peculiar temperament and habits of the savages. Tecumseh and Blue Jacket, with a party of braves being in Chillicothe on business, one of the villagers invited them for supper. All went well at first, but suddenly there was a dis-

turbance among the younger Indians, who muttered angrily and sprang to their feet. Tecumseh, intent on what his host was saying, did not see the beginning of the trouble, but, noticing the alarm of several women who were present, restored order with one imperative gesture. It seems that one young warrior had accidentally been overlooked in the serving of the coffee, and considered himself insulted.

Dayton had been founded toward the close of the Eighteenth century, but could boast of only 383 inhabitants in 1810, and grew very slowly until after the War of 1812. Its first newspaper was printed in 1808, on foolscap paper.

The first store in Mount Vernon was opened in 1807, and the first frame building put up not long after. It was a great market for the Indians, who, provided with quantities of furs and cranberries to trade for merchandise, would camp on the bank of the river outside the town. A number of them would go into a store, all seat themselves, and then the proprietor was expected to give each one a little tobacco. After smoking and talking for some time, one would go to the counter, and, pointing with a stick to the article he wished to buy, ask the price in skins. "A muskrat skin was equal to a quarter of a dollar, a raccoon skin to one-third of a dollar, a doe skin to half a dollar and a buckskin to the 'almighty dollar.'" The Indian, learning the price of an article, paid for it by picking out and handing over the skins before proceeding to purchase the second article, when he repeated the process, and so on through the whole. While the first Indian was trading the others looked uninterruptedly on, and when he was through another took his place, and so on in rotation, until all had traded. No one desired to trade before his turn, and all observed a proper decorum and never attempted to "beat down" but if dissatisfied with the price, passed on to the next article. They were cautious not to trade when intoxicated, but usually preserved some skins to buy liquor and end their visit with a frolic." The same writer relates that in the early days "the settlers from the region round about were accustomed to come into town on Saturdays to clear the stumps out of

the streets," and that the villagers were like one family and spent their evenings in one another's cabins, talking, dancing and making merry.

Columbus was not laid out until 1812, though Franklinton had been in existence for some years; but, probably owing to the ague from which the settlers greatly suffered, it had grown very slowly. The nearest postoffice was at Chillicothe, forty-five miles away, and if a long time elapsed without any one having had reason to go there on necessary business, a paid messenger was sent by the settlers in common.

Newark was a village of log cabins, with one larger than the rest, which served as a court house and a church for all denominations; and Toledo was not settled until many years later.

Incredible as it seems, Cleveland, the present metropolis of the State and one of the great cities of the country, was not incorporated as a village until 1814, and had then a population of not more than 300 people, though its location made it prominent in a small way. The entire commerce of Lake Erie up to 1812 was carried on by six small schooners. Samuel Huntington, who was elected governor of the State in 1808, had settled in Cleveland when it would have been gross exaggeration to call it a village. He was of Puritan descent, born in Connecticut, and educated at Yale.

Cincinnati, already important, though not yet incorporated, contained about 300 dwellings, a good court house and jail, upwards of twenty stores, and, as an old description says, "The various branches of mechanism were carried on with spirit; industry of every kind being duly encouraged by the citizens, it is likely to become a considerable manufacturing place." Until 1811, when a steamboat was for the first time launched on the Ohio river, "keel" boats propelled with poles left Cincinnati for Pittsburgh every four weeks. On account of the Indians and outlaws who infested the banks, the trips were dangerous; so the boats were provided with bullet proof covers and carried cannon and small firearms. To send the produce of the fertile Ohio farms across the mountains on pack horses or in wagons was too expensive, and New

Orleans was the only available market. In the beginning, flat boats were used, but they could not be forced up stream against the strong current of the Mississippi. The rivermen were therefore obliged to go by water from New Orleans to Virginia or Maryland and then cross the mountains as best they could — hardly a convenient arrangement. Flat boats were soon replaced by barges and "keel" boats of about forty tons, which could be laboriously forced against the stream by means of oars and sails, and were even towed by the boatmen walking along the river bank. Twenty-five days were usually consumed in going down, sixty-five in returning.

Slow and expensive as were these primitive methods of transportation, they were a great advance over the flat boats and relieved the isolation of the inland State. During many years almost nothing had been received from the outside world — that little being exchanged for furs and light articles which could be conveniently sent back to the East. The furniture used by the settlers had been substantial but rude, made of the best wood, but frequently by unskilled hands. They raised their own flax and wool and spun and wove the materials for their clothing, which was necessarily of the plainest and homeliest kind; but the keel boats made it possible to import supplies of all kinds from New Orleans, which it had been impracticable to have hauled over the mountains, and the extreme crudity of the first days gave way gradually to the comforts known in the cities of that period.

Bear hunts and shooting matches were among the favorite pastimes of the men, while the women delighted in quilting parties. Weddings were the occasion of feasting and all manner of festivity; and, when the roads became passable, traveling museums were a source of popular amusement. They consisted of three or four cars on low wheels, which when on exhibition were united to form a gallery, and in them were displayed glass cases filled with curiosities and colored engravings shown through magnifying glasses. But the great attractions were wax figures, which depicted in a most realistic and startling manner historic scenes and noted personages.

It was not until a later date that free schools were established, but in 1808 there were good private schools. The buildings were of the poorest and plainest, but the teachers were capable, and the discipline was most rigid. Besides book lore the children were taught to "make their manners," which consisted largely in the now forgotten art of making a graceful curtsy.

The scarcity of cities and their snail like growth during many years was due to the fact that the great per cent. of the population devoted themselves to the tilling of the soil. Away from the towns on farms, lonely in the midst of unbroken forests, the pioneers of 1808 lived and labored and suffered, as had the founders of Marietta and Cincinnati many years before, though without their life and death struggle with the Indians, who had been subdued by Wayne in 1795. Except for an occasional theft and still rarer murder, and the threatened uprising under Tecumseh and the Prophet, which was checked before it caused much trouble, the savages were no longer a source of danger.

A pitiful story, which graphically depicts the hard lines of many of the settlers even as late as 1808, tells of a hunter coming across a poor little hut in the wilderness, and, seeing no sign of life, entering the open door. A woman, pale and emaciated, held a dying child on her knees, and a boy somewhat older — a mere skeleton — lay on a poor bed in the corner. Between sobs the woman told her sad history. Soon after they reached the place her husband died, and she buried him just outside the door. Since then the little family had had no means of procuring food and were starving. The man gave them what provisions he had and then went many miles to the nearest neighbor for help.

The pioneer's first task was to build a hut and clear the ground about it, so that he might plant sufficient corn for the long winter. Wild turkey, bear meat and venison were usually plentiful, but as a regular diet soon became distasteful. Salt was procured with difficulty and at great expense. Sugar was obtained from the maple tree, and "tea" was made from native leaves and roots. Even the husks of

the Indian corn were utilized for making rope, brooms and chair bottoms.

The farms were often fifteen or twenty miles apart, and the roads, if there were any, almost impassible. Two roadways with a mile on each side for settlement were secured from the Indians by a treaty in 1808. How little value they had is related by Daniel Sherman, who during the Indian troubles in 1812, in trying to escape to a white settlement in this region did not find a cabin in forty miles. The statutes provided for the building of roads, the development of the salt mines, and the use for traffic of all the navigable rivers, but there was no money to pay for these improvements. In 1808 contracts were made for a turnpike road between the Ohio river and tide water. This, when completed, reduced the price of freight a dollar a hundred on all goods sent to or from the East and was a great boon to the people of Ohio, whose crops were valueless for want of a market, un-

less they lived on the Ohio or one of its tributaries.

An idea of the political parties can be obtained by noticing the principles of the fourteen newspapers printed in the state (1810). Three were Federalist, eight Republican or Democratic, as they would now be called, and three neutral.

The labors and privations of the early settlers of Ohio have born abundant fruit. No state has more to be proud of. She has canals and good roads, so much longed for in the pioneer days,—to say nothing of the railroads—wealth and general prosperity, is rapidly growing in population and influence, but especially has she been blessed in her sons, who have served their country loyally, bravely and with distinction in every field of human endeavor. May she ever remain with her fame unblemished and her escutcheon untarnished, as century succeeds century, to the end of time!

The Impropriety of Carrington

By Stella Breyfogle McDonald

THERE was one adjective that characterized Carrington and ruled his whole life with the traditional rod. That was the word "proper." It had not been long since the golden portals of Society had opened to him, and Carrington was so abjectly grateful that he disported himself with the utmost caution amongst the elect, lest they grow weary of him (and hate him).

The acme of his ambition was reached when that grand dame, Mrs. Courtland de Peyster, invited him to become a member of her exclusive club, which met every other Saturday night in the music-room of her great pile of brown stone on Commonwealth Avenue. This club was deep, fathoms deep, and although Carrington modestly felt there was not much knowl-

edge of psychical research that he could impart to the organization, he had great hopes of the benefit it would be to him.

For instance, at the last meeting there had been a paper on "Hypothesis of the Central Cylinder of the Pericarp," and he had come away feeling he had gained much information. He had learned that there was a secret understanding between the poet Browne and Sybil de Peyster; he had smelled whiskey in the atmosphere nearest old Mr. Cadwalleder, and he had watched Miss Van Tassel-Smythe swallow yawns behind her note-book until he wondered why she did not frankly admit she was bored, and go home. *He* was not bored; he was learning all the time, and found many things to interest him.

Thus the winter progressed, and Carrington's star of favor was ascending like

a meteor, for he had never missed a meeting, nor had he ever been late. If there was one thing Mrs. de Peyster's soul abhorred it was tardiness, and Carrington had seen her elevate her pompadour and fix her lorgnon upon a late-comer with a look that made him feel weak in his knees. Hence, when the grave butler opened the door to him every other Saturday night, Carrington would mount the handsome stair-case and turn into the first room on the left where the coats and hats were removed, with the sublime self-consciousness of being the first to arrive.

Mrs. de Peyster had once tapped him chummily on the arm with her fan, saying, "My dear Mr. Carrington, prompt, as usual. I wish the rest of my club might be the comfort to me that you are," and Carrington's cup ran over.

But, such is the downfall of those whose self-confidence waxeth too great, Carrington's star has grown dim, and Mrs. de Peyster but yesterday passed him in her landau with a refrigerated bow that froze the marrow in his bones and made his teeth chatter. This is how it came about.

One Saturday night Carrington returned from a three week's stay in New York. He had calculated that he would have ample time to dine, change his clothes,

and get to the De Peyster's with his usual promptness. But the train was delayed by a series of annoying mishaps, and when Carrington leapt from the platform, in Boston, the great station-clock showed him that the club had been assembled for three-quarters of an hour. A cab carried him briskly to his rooms, where he got into his evening clothes with a series of leaps. He snatched a biscuit, swallowed a glass of mild liquor, and twenty minutes later stood at the De Peyster's imposing door, trembling with nervous deprecation, as he thought of his hostess' lorgnon.

The butler opened the door, and with a half-nod Carrington darted past him, sprang up the stairs, drawing off his gloves, and turned into the first room on the left.

On the threshold he paused, and a sickly green suffused his countenance, for there in front of a dainty dressing-table sat the aristocratic Mrs. Courtland de Peyster, preparing to retire.

She was attired in a most unbecoming negligee, while her admired pompadour lay on the table, and Carrington experienced all the despair of a man about to be electrocuted, as the awful truth crowded on him that it was *the wrong Saturday night*.



A Native Ghost

By Rae D. Henkle

Illustrations from Photographs for THE OHIO MAGAZINE

The story of the local career of one Robinson, the mysterious pioneer of Delaware county, nearly a hundred years ago, is something more than a tradition. Whatever faith may be reposed in the ghostly yarns that have been spun in that section, with his ancient habitation as their central inspiration, there is no doubt about the fact of his strange appearance in the wilderness of Central Ohio, the labored building of his palatial home in the forest and the coming of the little Spanish girl. For the remainder of the tale the present writer has merely appropriated the embellishments that have been accepted as verities around many a fireside in that region, during the passing of more than three generations.



AFTER the shades of dusk fall over the Scioto valley, stretching for miles to the south, nearly to the city of Columbus, the spirit form of a little Spanish girl is said to wander through the woodland, along the country road, and take its seat for a few moments on a boulder couch built in the rocks at the brow of the hill, which a century ago was her love cote.

A dainty, demure, ethereal thing this spirit is. Its shadowy outlines, habited in the satins and brocades so common among the wealthy at the beginning of the Nineteenth Century, are dimly distinct as the figure glides to its old trysting place. For a few seconds it remains there, gazing far over the fields that are now planted with all the farmer's care. Its head rests upon a finely moulded spirit hand, and its attitude betokens pensiveness, sadness, and grief.

Only an instant does it linger. Quickly it rises and flies through a path in the still, dense forest, to the ruins of an old stone mansion.

It seems as though the rock-strewn ground opens and closes above it, so quickly does the spirit disappear. Soon there arise faint, muffled cries, the echo of a drowning love. Terror adds its weight to the burden of grief. Soon the cries are

smothered partially, then wholly. Quietude possesses the place. A few screaming pleas for pity and help, a silence, a shriek — and then all is still.

This is what the passersby say they hear every evening in the neighborhood of the place. It is a wierd, wild spot — one of the wildest and most deserted in the whole State of Ohio. Sylvan beauty has not been destroyed by the inroads of civilization. The presence of the spectre about the vicinity has sufficed to keep all encroachers away. Underbrush and wild, luxuriant vines cover the ground. Snakes and other creeping things abound, and all the wild animals remaining for miles around seem to have taken refuge in the coverts, secure from molestation by prying boy or adventurous hunter.

It is the haunt of a spirit. The skeptical laugh and scoff. Their bravado, however, disappears as night closes over the hills, leaving them barren of a human presence save their own. It is only the casual traveler, who is given a sight of the fleeing maiden and who is forced to listen to the cries that emanate from the moss grown ruins. No one of the countryside dares drive along the road between dusk and dawn.

Nearly a century ago, in 1825, John Robinson appeared from the outer world to the few settlers of Delaware County,

Ohio. At that time Delaware was in the path of portage from the Ohio river to Sandusky, and it was with a party of traders that Robinson reached the county. There he left them quietly and without so much as adieu. The traders continued their way to the lake. Robinson remained in Delaware village, then composed of only a few straggling huts and a tavern.

For several days he stayed at the tavern. Renting a saddle horse, he would leave the settlement in the morning, with his breakfast and lunch in his pack, and return late in the evening. He was secretive, proud,

the top of the hill and in the wildest portion.

Several weeks were consumed by Robinson in making plans for a home he intended to build on his new property. The plans were magnificent. They staggered the few artisans to whom he displayed them. The wilderness had never before seen such an outlay of money, such an utter disregard of expense, as characterized the stranger's project.

The curiosity of the settlers had been whetted to the cutting point. None of their questions had been answered. Rob-



ROAD TO THE HAUNTED HOUSE NEAR DELAWARE, OHIO.

disdainful. He made no acquaintances, no confidantes.

One day his riding took him through the extreme southern part of the county — through what is now Concord township. It forms the boundary between Delaware and Franklin counties, and the southern edge rests on the brow of a high hill from which the slightly undulating country for miles to the south can be surveyed.

The location is still one of the wildest in the State. At the time of Robinson's first visit, it was an almost impenetrable forest, filled with ravines, but of picturesque beauty. He spent the day wandering about through the woods. At night he acquired title to a large tract of land at

inson came to the settlement as though dropped from the heavens, weighted with bags of gold. Of money his supply seemed to be limitless. Every pack train that passed the vicinity left him trunks, baggage and supplies of every nature. Not a word was permitted to escape him that would lead to any indication of his past. It was as completely covered as though buried in the depths of the sea.

For some time after his arrival Robinson busied himself with the plans of his mansion. When these were completed he gathered a small army of brick and stone masons and took them to the place that composed his estate. Rock was blasted from the side of the hill, and under his

direction it was cut and laid. Stone by stone, foot by foot, the most beautiful home in all the State rose from the ground. Its foundation covered several hundred square feet. Expense was not considered. Every bill was cheerfully paid.

Day by day the building increased in beauty. The exterior was completed and work was begun on the interior. Here the handicraft of the master was displayed. Robinson himself carved all the wood for the interior decorations. Beautiful and fantastic were the effects he is said to have wrought from the virgin oak, cut in the clearing for the mansion. Every one of the dozen rooms was finished in the wood he himself had chiseled.

At last the building was completed. A pack train brought the complete furnishings for the home—the most expensive importations from European markets. Artists' materials filled a long chest—easels, canvas, brushes and oils. The shelves of the library were laden with books.

After the completion of the house, Robinson had his artisans build, according to his plans, a tomb for his future resting place. It was severely plain in exterior but large and commodious, built at the edge of the precipice that overlooked the valley and but a stone's throw from the house.

When his home was ready for occupancy he entered it a recluse. No visitors were welcomed. Those who chanced to stop at the mansion were given to feel that their presence was not desired.

From morning to night Robinson sat at his easel. The work that came from his brush was masterful. All of it was figure-work. Soon the walls were covered with canvases, exquisitely done. Several months were devoted to a pretentious piece. Its size precluded the use of an easel, and the wall was utilized.

Gradually the picture assumed form. The outlines suggested the subject, but when the painting was completed it startled the settlement. The secret of Robinson's life, his wealth, lay seemingly exposed. A curious countryman had gained admittance to the home and had wrung from the picture the hermit's story.

The painting had as its central idea the deck of a pirate ship. Grouped about

were several score sailors. Bushy-bearded, villainous looking men they were. Apart stood the officers of the ship, listening intently to instructions given them by the captain—Robinson. It was the man's own conception of himself as a pirate chieftain—bold, reckless, an innate refinement somewhat marred by a life of dissipation and brutality, with sword and buckler hanging at his side and a pistol protruding from its holster, and above all the likeness of the sharp, crafty, bronzed, but esthetic face that had found its way into the Ohio wilderness.

Here lay the explanation of Robinson's wealth, said the settlers. With their supposed knowledge of his former career and associations, his neighbors began to avoid



RUINS OF THE ROBINSON TOMB.

him, even as he avoided them. They turned from the path that led to the mansion. They spoke in whispered tones of him, and stories of fancied orgies and cruelties in the forest home began to have circulation among the credulous ones. The man was shunned, even as his home came to be in after years.

So the months went on. The hermit existence of the stranger created uncanny and improbable stories that gained in phantasy as their circulation grew. In the meantime Robinson had continued to devote himself to his art. Little sketches of the country round about came from his brush and took their places on his walls. More frequently the subject of his facile touch was an English scene—a grand dame, or a castle hall, which fact, perhaps, gave rise to the report that he was

of the nobility — the black sheep of a proud family.

In the intervals of the painting, the man-mysterious roamed about the hills and paths of his estate, picking up here and there geological specimens, rare stones and pieces of rock that he added to the collection in his library.

One day, two years after the arrival of Robinson, a strange young girl was seen by a traveler in the grounds surrounding the mansion. Her arrival had been unnoticed. None of the traders who constantly trod the portage paths had carried her to the community. She came as a spirit and took up her home in the great stone mansion.

The girl was described as being Span-



ALL THAT IS LEFT OF THE HAUNTED HOUSE.

ish, and the settlers assumed that she came from the Spanish islands in the Carribean. Small, lithe, hair and eyes black as the night, complexion of the fairest but tinged with tropical color, warm-blooded and full-pulsed, of a beauty rarely equaled, was she.

For days she was seen about the place. It was Summer, and the butterflies seemed scarcely less vivacious and happy than the gentle stranger. Frequently she was seen in the company of Robinson on the brow of the hill, seated on a massive boulder seat built under the man's direction, that gave an uninterrupted view of the entire valley. More often she would be alone, a part of the very woods, a bit of Nature transplanted from another clime and set to grow and thrive amidst conditions apparently wholly antagonistic.

After an interval of seeming happiness, the girl's face drooped. Some of the color left her cheeks, some of the light left her eyes. Her movements were less sprightly, and she spent longer times in abstraction on the seat that surveyed the valley.

Robinson had taken her as a model and was executing a portrait of her. He used his finest oils. He brought into play his finest touch and his finest conception of beautiful art effects. The stories that have descended from the time say the picture was a masterpiece. But the model was unhappy. The neighbors asserted she was cruelly treated. They said the master misused her, scorned her, taunted her with her position in his home.

Early in the fall she was missed from the woods. The paths no longer felt her feet tripping swiftly or walking lingeringly over the sward.

A long quietness about the house awoke the smoldering suspicion of the settlement. A few of the men gathered one day and boldly went to the mansion. The ponderous oak door refused to open to their summons. No sound was heard within. With an improvised battering ram, it was crushed from its hinges. The house was desolate. All the furnishings remained as they had been left, except in the library, which was also a studio.

An easel was overturned. The chairs and table were disarranged. Disorder was everywhere. A struggle short but fierce had evidently occurred. The house was searched, but every room was vacant. A few of Robinson's personal possessions were gone. The girl's were left as she presumably had hung them.

Returning to the library, the hunting party began a search for evidence of a crime. The room was thoroughly gone over. At length on a sidewall were discovered the prints of tiny, slender, fingers. Blood had formed the ink by which the impression was stamped on the wall.

Just above the finger prints hung the lifesized portrait of the girl. Even as the group of men stood looking on it with fascinated eyes, it seemed to grow more vivid. The oils and paints that had formed its features gathered life from the encompassing ether. To the watching eyes the figure appeared to move. One by one, the

unbidden visitors slipped hurriedly from the outraged presence. The door was left partially hanging on its hinges — the spirit of the ill-fated Spanish maid was left to mourn and moan to itself.

The discovery was heralded over the settlement. The vision of the picture was told at the hearthstones with bated breath by the men who had seen it, and it was repeated in good measure by those whose courage or inclination had prevented them from being among the witnesses of the ghostly transformation from representation to reality.

As the days passed, other searching parties scoured the woods and delved in the ground on the Robinson estate for some trace of the girl's body. It had disappeared as she had come. No indication of her life there could be seen except the portrait and her few belongings in her empty room.

Robinson had disappeared as mysteriously. In his work shop was found a casket he had carved for himself out of a forest tree. Massive, ornately but grossly chased, it was a ready receptacle for his corpse when he should die. The tomb he had built with such labor was empty. The bier on which he had meant some day to lie was nothing but a slab of wood with its trappings of plush, tarnished and wormeaten. Even then, the floor of the mausoleum was damp with the disintegrating moisture from the ground.

Sure that the master had deserted his mansion and his estate, curious neighbors believed that, buried about the place, were thousands and thousands of dollars in gold — treasure Robinson had gathered on his pirate cruises. Picks, spades and shovels in the hands of the lusty plowmen and woodchoppers pecked the ground in all directions. Stones were overturned, the roots of trees were cut off. The very foundations of the house were undermined in the hope of finding the bags of gold. Not a piece of money could be found.

All this work was done during the light of day. When the shades of evening began to fall over the place a desert loneli-

ness surrounded it. The paths that led near the mansion were untraveled, except by strangers passing through the country. These travelers brought into the settlement strange tales of a spirit damsel in the woods; of moans and shrieks from a darkened house on the edge of the forest; of cries for help in the piteous tones of a woman's voice.

There was a ghastly cadence to the cries, so said the wayfarers, that drove them away from the sound rather than toward it. They were the cries of a soul passed beyond, revived and strengthened in the spirit world.

In utter desertion the once magnificent mansion began to give way to the ravages of time and neglect. The roof no longer withstood the attacks of rain and snow. The costly and beautiful furnishings of the home, its paintings and tapestries, were gradually ruined — all but the portrait of the little Spanish girl. In the evening it is said the figure moved from the frame, floated swiftly from the room and began its wanderings over the woodland. On its return the ghostly revelry would begin.

Only once in all the intervening years was the place inhabited. A poor family, immigrating to the country without means, took refuge between its decaying walls. Their residence there was brief. One morning the members of the family fled from the place. The stories they told of the terrors of the night fully bore out all the rumors spread by the travelers.

The mansion is now in ruins. Only one corner of the building remains standing. The tomb, built by Robinson for his own eternal use, has withstood the ravages of the century. Its entrance is agape. It is now the home of snakes and creeping things. The roots of an oak tree have twined themselves about its foundation; moss has covered it. It alone exists as a fully preserved witness to Robinson's life.

Even now the country road that leads past the ruins, down the hill and over the bridge in the hollow below, is little traveled, except in the light of day.



DOWN yonder amid the mists of the North, lived a poverty-stricken young sculptor. No one ventured into his atelier, where the cold cracked his most beautiful statues. The wind had broken two window-sashes and toyed boisterously with the long oriflambes of the torn curtains. No wood for the rusty stove, no light, no heat—it was misery itself.

One night, under the coverlet, which brought him neither warmth nor slumber, Niels was musing on the vagaries of destiny. Above his head, clouds were scurrying over a sky of midnight blackness. His imagination sped with them, toward the South, where woman is beautiful, where the sun gilds kindly nature, where life flows on placidly, in marble cities and flower-starred gardens. He dreamed of the veined marbles of Italy, purer than snow itself, which one could fashion into so many beauteous forms. And in his artist-brain a block was modeled which his chisel would, perhaps, never touch.

He opened his eyes. Did he still dream? He distinguished in the half-light a block such as he desired. A ray of moonlight suddenly illumined it, and he saw his error.

"The snow has drifted into my atelier. Wretched sashes, you have betrayed me!" He turned his face to the wall to shut out the sight of the sky, which had inculted his misery. But at his awakening the block still glistened in the faint dawn. It measured about six feet in height. How could

so much snow have fallen in a night? Niels contemplated, in silence, the white mass. It had the firmness and rigidity of marble. The artist had a sudden inspiration. Had he not, years ago, in company with playmates of his own age, made comical snowmen, pipe in mouth and broom in hand, who had, nevertheless, resisted weeks long, the snowballs hurled at them from day to day? The snow would answer as well, at least, as the clay now stiffening under its coarse linen covering.

Without hesitating longer, Niels took his chisel and cut gaily into the pliable material, which fell off in geometric crystals. Soon the block showed form and shape. Niels plunged into the work with ardor. The snow nipped his benumbed hands, but he modeled on perseveringly, not heeding the suffering. And when the red of the twilight flamed in the sky, a wierd woman's figure rose in the midst of the studio. Her head inclined slightly, her lips parted in a pensive smile, she brightened the poor room with her mysterious grace. With both hands, she lifted the hem of her robe as if to receive an armful of flowers. The capricious taste of Niels was forced, this time, to acknowledge itself satisfied with his work, and a legitimate pride filled his heart. Driven at last by hunger, he went out to take his moderate supper at a nearby restaurant. Crossing the court, he caught a glimpse of Madame Schobe, who accompanied by her dog, Loki, was trailing around among her stewpans her everlasting violet robe. He stopped a moment at her door and

called out: "Good evening, Madame Schobe, I have just finished a new statue."

"Ah! yes, one of your nude figures again," said the scandalized dame. "Is it not a sin to leave the creatures without a covering such weather as this?"

of this strange smile. He felt himself less alone, and, for the first time in months, retired with a happy heart. But how the wind roared! One could hear it galloping furiously over the roof-tops. How could he protect the statue? He could not think of fastening the broken sash, for nothing



"NIELS TOOK HIS CHISEL AND CUT INTO THE PLIABLE MATERIAL."

"You shall see, Madame Schobe, but do not delay. Come tomorrow."

"Why tomorrow?" demanded Madame Schobe, with eyes aflame with curiosity.

"Come and see."

When he re-entered, the statue was his first thought. He viewed it by the flickering light of the candle. It smiled faintly upon him, and the fervid soul of the young man was moved by the sweetness

could have resisted the tempest. The snowflakes entered, whirling through the gaping hole. Niels kept his eyes fixed on the statue, immovably holding out her robe to the winged snow. All at once, he trembled. Did she not turn her head to avoid a blast? Niels felt his heart beat more rapidly. However, he waited some moments, and again, but this time distinctly, he saw the statue turn her head

and shake from her caught-up robe the snowflakes which filled it to overflowing. He fell asleep without having penetrated the mystery.

On wakening, Niels experienced a shock of surprise. His work was there before him, as charming in its immaculate whiteness as the day before. Not a flake marred the purity of its outlines, and it smiled like a summer dream. It had suffered no harm, but, in its lifted robe was a harvest of sparkling flakes. Niels' old, discarded sketches made curious grimaces under their shrouds of snow. Niels regarded his work with admiration. Its fragility, however, filled him with melancholy. That supernatural grace, that delicate head, those softly-curved shoulders, that airy blue-tinted drapery — that whole impassioned effort — was naught but snow. The mocking beauty had chosen this ephemeral material to fix forever her eternal form.

A cry made the artist start.

"Oh, monsieur, how beautiful, how beautiful it is! It is a marvel, a masterpiece, a prodigy!"

He recognized the favorite exclamations of Madame Schobe, who now let her exuberant imagination overflow. Never had one seen a statue so beautiful, so interesting and so truly proper.

"This is a woman, a beautiful woman, just as one would wish to see. I prefer her to your goat-footed men and fish-tailed women. But what does she represent? She is not an angel, since she has no wings. It is Lady Snow, is it not?"

"Lady Snow, it shall be, if you wish it."

"I know this face," she suddenly exclaimed.

She sought to recall her wandering memory. At last her face grew radiant.

"Ah, it is Else, my little niece, Else!"

"But I have not the honor of knowing your family," interrupted the irritated young artist.

"Ah! if you knew her. A marvel, also, is Else. You will see her in the spring. But dinner awaits me. You will not refuse to share pork cutlets and sweet apples with me tomorrow, Monsieur Niels?"

"I accept gratefully, Madame Schobe. At noon, then, tomorrow, without fail."

She took her departure. Niels heard

her consoling her dog, which she had left in the corridor. His thoughts were gloomy enough. He thought of rent-time so near at hand, and of all the cares of his wretched existence. What could a snow-statue bring him?

Suddenly the sound of a fresh, sweet voice fell upon his ear.

"Niels."

He looked about him but could see no one.

"Niels, it is I, do you not understand?"

He rubbed his eyes. The lips of the statue parted in a mocking smile.

"Who are you?" he stammered.

A merry laugh was for a time his only reply. At last, she said softly: "I am Lady Snow. Madame Schobe was right. Out of the mouth of the simple the truth emanates. But why do I disquiet you?"

He felt himself entirely reassured, and, the first surprise over, it seemed to him the most natural thing in the world to converse with the Snow Lady. "Not one of these," he said, indicating the statues which lined the wall, "has ever deigned to thank me for having brought it into existence."

The snow-statue made a disdainful grimace.

"Hearts of clay," she rejoined. "But I — do you know who I am?"

Niels scarcely knew how to answer her. She repeated her question with a grave voice, then said:

"I am Lady Snow. I come from far — very far."

At this moment a cry rang across the court.

"Monsieur Niels, Monsieur Niels, are you not coming soon? The cutlets are burning and the apples are cold."

"I am coming, Madame Schobe."

He wished the cook and her cutlets in Hades. The charm was broken. The statue was now only an inanimate thing, without expression, without voice. Niels thought he had been mystified by a dream. He left his atelier to seek the odorous kitchen of Madame Schobe — a reality which well repaid the loss of a vision.

Madame Schobe, at dinner, was full of eulogies.

"When but a child," she remarked, "I used to watch the snowflakes fall. Wrap-

ping myself more snugly in my eiderdown coverlet, I used to see Lady Snow whirling like a white fairy among the clouds and it is thus that I have always pictured her. But the more I think of your statue, the more I am struck with its resemblance to—"

A howl from Loki, who had enterprisingly stretched himself under the table, interrupted her. Niels, in his abstraction, had unwittingly given him a blow with his outstretched foot.

"Monsieur Niels," ejaculated Madame Schobe, scandalized by his rudeness.

"Pardon me, Madame Schobe, I have so many strange fancies in my head just now."

"That may well be when one has executed a work of art. My late husband would have agreed with me. 'Tis a masterpiece," he would have said. May I not invite some friends in to see it this evening? It would truly be a pity to let such a beautiful thing melt, without allowing others to profit by it."

He assented, ill at ease, but for the sake of peace. He was anxious to return to his loved Lady Snow. But when at last he could do so, she was dumb to all his questioning. He begged her to speak once more. But she only smiled her mysterious and immutable smile without uttering a word.

Niels in despair took his hat and went out to wander at random through the city streets.

He re-entered late. A babble of voices in his studio caused his heart to beat violently. With whom could Lady Snow be speaking? He opened his door wide. An explosion of piercing tones greeted him. Disillusion! It was only the gossiping neighbors surrounding the statue in an admiring circle. Recovered from their surprise, they were unanimous in declaring their satisfaction, choosing from their limited repertoire the most glowing words of praise. They even mentioned the word genius—they evoked Thorwaldsen. Some one engaged the artist to make a copy of the statue with the addition of wings to decorate a Protestant church. Madame Schobe held persistently to her first idea. She repeated to her friends how much the ideal figure recalled her little Else. The

others shook their heads, with an air of doubt. And there were modest whisperings when the wind, in pure mischief, lifted the covering of some scarcely-clad statue. At last, all the friends with many compliments, took their departure. Niels was anathematizing under his breath the aged intruders, when he heard a gay laugh. He turned quickly. The statue was really laughing.

"If you had heard, Niels, all that they said about me, poor creatures. Thanks to them, the whole town will be here tomorrow. I have done you good service in paying you a visit."

"True, but where would you be without me?" he retorted.

"Do you not know that I am of every age?" she answered sweetly. "If my fancy had not led me to lodge with you, I would be dancing in the forests and on the mountains. I would be shaking out my laces over your dull roof-tops, I would be spreading out my wings over your fields; for I, also, have my duties. Do you know whence I come?"

"I have heard of a lost country, where you alone brighten the gloom of nights without a dawn, where your slumber is not troubled save by the howling of the wolves or the blowing of the seals."

She smiled disdainfully.

"Why fix so far, so deep in the bowels of the unknown, our mysterious dwelling? Without doubt our mothers, the eternal snows, are pleased with this sad resting-place, but we, the new snows, we emigrate with the winter, like the wild geese and swans. Our common country, as daughters of the air, is not the earth, nor the hard ice. We are the immeasurable vapors which vibrate in immensity, we are the immaculate flowers which germinate in infinity, the wings which wave in the splendor of empty space. We whirl about at the will of the wind, intoxicated with light and space. We die in the ardor of the sun to be born again in the coolness of the starry nights. Or, perhaps, wearied, we stretch ourselves out on beds of clouds which rock us and carry us onward on their soft waves. Then we descend toward you, earth-stained ones, to bring to you in the long night of winter the reflections of celestial purity. Our brightness and stain-

lessness are the smile which illumines the desolation of your winters. We do not love cities, but we tarry in the forests. We dance mournfully along the lakes, to the harmony of the solemn wind, we cover lightly the sleeping land, the warmth of whose heart we protect and which we feel gently beating beneath us. Others of our number soar toward inaccessible summits, where no blemish can reach them. They dream in the eternal silence of that infinity whence they come and to which they are so near. Have you not seen the sky make ready for our coming as for a festal day? At the approach of our flying banners, it adorns itself with gold and purple as if to celebrate our victory in advance. The vanquished sun, with slow grace, yields place to us. The whole sky crimson before taking on mourning for its master in exile. We tear the veil of the gray clouds, we swoop down like birds on the field of battle, we glide through the air and we scatter everywhere, joyous to lavish our kisses on the desolate earth. We bear peace and silence to weary nature. We stretch carefully over her the shroud which protects her slumber, full of dreams. When we are at last come, the earth happy in the finished year and the accomplished task, rests after her labors. Then, we, daughters of the air, are the princesses with ermine robes; we promenade in the limitless fields, unrolling our circles along the silent rivers, to the songs of the wind and the crows, which resound from out the mists. But of what are you thinking, Niels?"

Without was the solemn night. Every sound was stilled. The jingling of far-away bells summoned Niels from his ecstasy. He answered in a low voice:

"I was thinking of sleeping memories wakened by you. When I was a child, my mother was wont to take me on her knees just as the night fell. In the growing dusk, she whispered marvelous stories to which I listened with closed eyes. I always cried for more until the dear voice was stilled from weariness. When I opened my eyes, it was fully dark, but my heart was filled with light, and I forgot the cold, the hunger and the childish terrors which lie in ambush in the shadows. I knew that my mother was there and that

she loved me. I lived a deep life in those divine hours. Since then, many lips have murmured words of hope and joy in my ear, but I have never returned to the land of my dreams. Lady Snow, you have given me back my child-soul and you have made me weep."

He could speak no more. Around him was the chill of the mysterious night. Lady Snow inclined her head in silence. His thoughts wandered no doubt on the white plains where the wolves howl.

The next day, a procession of amateurs came to view the statue. The neighbors had shown themselves grateful and had advertised the artist well. These were more than simple dabblers, for M. Raabe came, who was a serious buyer, and even M. Zorn, who wrote for the press. All were unanimous in praising the work of the young artist; M. Raabe, even, made offers to acquire the ephemeral statue, but at the energetic refusal of Niels contented himself with a little terra cotta and left an order. Surely this was fame.

Madame Schobe took occasion to pass by and congratulated him.

"I am rich now, Madame Schobe, I have work for the entire winter," responded the happy artist.

Once alone, Niels threw himself at the feet of Lady Snow. Had she not rescued him from misery? She interrupted him with a calm smile.

"I know, I know. Do not thank me. I desire something else of you. Will you accompany me where I wish you to go?"

"Where?" he asked, forebodingly.

"I know in the mountains a clearing where we hold our reunions by the light of the moon. There grow firs so old that none among us know their age. Centuries long, they have lifted the majesty of their vigorous crowns in the solitude. They contemplate, impassible, the flight of years and seasons, standing immovable, while we flit across their tangled beards, or fly in and out among their shaggy arms, which seek to retain us. They watch our white processions, moving across their trunks, straight as tapers. No human voice, no bird's song has ever profaned the silence of that sanctuary. Will you follow me there?"

"How can I, who am but a mortal?"

She looked at him a little scornfully and took refuge again in her white silence. Niels could not sleep. All night sorrow weighed upon his heart like a stone.

Every day visitors came, friendly or curious. Lady Snow charmed them all by her modest grace. Time passed without altering the exquisite perfection of her form. One would have said she was of marble. Niels protected the statue like a beloved invalid. He had the sashes replaced, and no longer lighted a fire in his atelier. In the evenings, the talks between the sculptor and the Snow Lady were resumed with more ardor, in spite of all their mystery. She besought him daily to depart with her for unknown and inaccessible countries.

"We will go, if you wish, to the immense steppes, where all sound is hushed, where solitude and silence reign. We will skirt along the seas which foam under the lash of the tireless wind. We will wander along shores of ice, where the seagulls trace their arabesques in the mists, or we will climb the mountains to breathe the liberty of the aerial plateaux near the blue glaciers."

He refused, always with sadness. She accused him of lack of courage. Finally he said to her one day:

"Why go to the land of solitude and winter? Follow me rather to the land of sunshine and love."

That evening she was mute, and her invitations from that time became less pressing.

Little by little, this existence became insupportable to Niels. The tyranny of the snow-statue weighed heavily on the young man. From the time the weather grew mild, and the sun emerged from the clouds, it was anguish. Some hangings protected Lady Snow from the murderous rays, but the artist was tormented by incessant fears.

Lady Snow smiled at his terrors.

"Are you fearful lest I fly away as I came? You keep me in a cage like a rare bird. But all these precautions are useless. I will go when I wish, and I will slip through your fingers like water."

He begged her to remain, assuring her that she had become his life. "You hold

me captive," he said to her, "like the stags which you so treacherously wound. Their suffering feet prevent their flight. They lie down and die, imprecating the snow which has robbed them of nourishment and of life. Thus have you wounded me and yet you keep me near you. You occupy my whole time. You have taken the best of my life."

This avowal did not seem to move her. Her coldness irritated him. He understood the folly of Pygmalion and grieved not to be able, like him, to fix the fleeting life of his creation.

"Cruel and charming Lady Snow! Your name is indifference. No tenderness warms your cold white breast. And yet, are you not the child of my fancy? Did I not waken you from slumber in your ice-prison? Did I not give to you the wings which make you the queen of winter and the joy of Christmas? But has this mortal cold congealed your very soul? Do you not know, you who know all things, what love is?"

She answered him, for the first time with inexpressible sadness.

"Every soilure is to us a wound, every ardent longing . . . death."

He understood the impossibility of his desire and rebelled against his fate.

"O Lady Snow! My celestial friend, love is our life. Why should it be your death?"

"It is death to pure souls," was her almost voiceless reply. Her lips closed upon the sad avowal, and her smile vanished forever.

One morning Madame Schobe entered without warning.

"She is coming, Monsieur Niels, she is coming!"

"Who?" demanded the artist, stretched upon his new divan.

"Else, my little Else. She has written me. You will see her at Eastertide. She can then admire your statue of which I have written her so often. But how much warmer it is growing!"

An oath from Niels cut her short.

"Monsieur Niels!" she cried out, horrified.

By what fissure had the sunbeams filtered in at that moment to caress lightly the lips of the Snow Lady? Niels made

one leap, but too late. Those exquisite lips were no more. Only the sad eyes seemed to lament the beauty vanished from the melancholy visage. Niels strove to repair the evil, but only aggravated it. Madame Schobe proposed to him to procure a little snow to patch up the mouth.

"Madame Schobe!" thundered the artist.

And the neighborly but simple woman judged it prudent to escape from this outburst of indignation.

Niels now saw his worst fears realized. He accused the sun of having stolen from him the smile of his creation. The sight of the mutilated statue was a torture, and he left the atelier with a heavy heart. He feared to re-enter. All is now lost, he thought.

But the evil was no worse. The tearless eyes lamented the disappearance of the mouth. The Snow Lady no longer responded to the impassioned prayers of the young man. They did not renew those enchanting interviews, in which she evoked the distant lands, and an empty void existed in the artist's life. He begged her to speak once more. But the eyes alone proclaimed her hopeless grief. Spring approached without, the snow had melted. The turf, a faded-green, freshened the dull fields. The blackbirds whistled in the gardens. Everywhere was emblazoned the victory of the spring. Niels saw with bitterness the disaster aggravate from day to day. Lady Snow melted under his very eyes. Her delicate body was covered with a crystalline efflorescence, which crumbled at the touch. Niels watched the progress of the evil, as a physician follows the march of an inexorable malady. The wearied arms soon let go the hem of the too heavy robe, the head already rested on the left shoulder, the eyes sunk back over more deeply in their blue orbits. The sight of this agony broke the artist's heart. He veiled the unhappy one in a drapery, white as a shroud. He waited. Days passed. The statue was still beautiful in the slow disintegration of its parts. The blackbirds without whistled with all their might. The children had brought from the fields some Easter daisies and primroses. No one suspected that, in the court, a tragedy was being enacted. Niels no

longer left his studio. Exhausted by the struggle to retain the ephemeral, he felt his life ebbing with that of Lady Snow.

Oh! the nights of agony passed in watching his friend. The last night: Perfumed puffs of warm air came through the closed sashes and made him swoon. Every wind-caress was a wound to the suffering one. She changed under his eyes. She held out her hands as if to beg him to prolong her fragile existence. She melted little by little. Suddenly one of her arms fell to the floor with a thud. Niels thought his heart would break. Oh! the anguish of that look, the mute and passionate supplication of this dear object which pleads for help in a mortal struggle. Niels wept like an infant. All night, he sought to retain the life which was slipping from his fingers. Would not Heaven be merciful and work a miracle? At last, when the clarion of the cock proclaimed the waking of the day, Niels' weary head drooped and he fell asleep, fully attired. The rose-red sky unfurled above him the splendors of the dawn, when he heard someone calling:

"Monsieur Niels! Monsieur Niels!"

That voice, he knew it well. He opened his eyes.

"Lady Snow!"

He rose, radiant. Before him in the sunny embrasure of the door, stood Lady Snow, smiling sweetly, vivifyingly, lifting with both hands the hem of her robe.

"Lady Snow!"

He sprang toward her.

Then the speechless visitor let fall the caught-up robe and a rain of primroses and violets poured out. He looked at her with growing inquietude. Were the locks of Lady Snow gilded by the reflections of the light? Was her face a-bloom with roses — her re-found lips dewy red in the whiteness of her skin? Oh, the brilliant victorious purple of those living lips! There they were, beautiful and smiling, before his eyes. The stranger, embarrassed, said in the same crystalline and well-known voice:

"It is I, Else, the niece of Madame Schobe. It was she who arranged this surprise."

The joy of the artist fled, like that of a child with a broken toy. He burst into

sobs and there was silence between them. Then the dear voice resumed its murmuring, though, so low that he could scarcely hear it.

"Pardon me, Monsieur Niels, weep no more, I beg you. Mon Dieu, I did not wish to cause you pain. My aunt had told me so much of Lady Snow, that I wished to see her. I beg you, do not weep. Forgive my foolishness."

He kept repeating through his tears.

"Why did you come today . . . today?"

She turned to him a troubled face and asked:

"Has something sad just happened?"

"She is dead," he sobbed, "She died last night. Do you not see?"

And they were again silent. He heard her light foot wandering about the room. She tiptoed softly from one corner to the other, then said gently:

"No, there is nothing, nothing at all here. Farewell, Monsieur Niels."

He lifted his head. In the place of the vanished Lady Snow, stood the joyous radiant Else. She tarried a moment, ready to depart. He hastened to reassure and retain her.

"I beg you, excuse me. Do not leave thus. I loved her so much and now she is dead. The hour has come and she has left me."

She sympathized with him in turn.

"If I had but known. I wished to bring you the Spring." She pointed to the flowers scattered about. "I did not dream these blooms would weave a death-crown. Monsieur Niels, when winter is dead, April makes a garden of his tomb, and the melting snow becomes singing water."

He listened to her without bitterness. He even looked upon her with pleasure. Madame Schobe had spoken truly. She was charming. But a sudden thought

seized the artist, when Else asked him if he had never made a copy of Lady Snow.

"Alas, no!" he answered, "and yet I knew she must leave me. She was life itself to me. But who can fix life in durable material? Behold me stripped of the joy she brought me and which she took with her. She is gone on high and has left me only the sweetness of her memory. And yet."

He looked at her and was silent. Her eyes fell beneath his glance. He resumed in a hesitating voice:

"You resemble her. If I dared I would strive to portray you. Do not say No, I beg you. I was not able to fix my dream. Will I have more hope with you?"

She lifted upon him her calm eyes and both blushed deeply, then said simply:

"If you wish, I will return tomorrow, Monsieur Niels."

Just then, Madame Schobe entered in triumph with her dog. Else ran to her and, burying her face on her shoulder, said in deep agitation:

"Aunt Schobe, I am to pose for Monsieur Niels."

"And then we shall have a new Snow Lady," affirmed the neighbor.

* * *

But it was not a Snow Lady who was born from the rosy marble. It was an Else, smiling, delicate and charming. It was no longer winter, it was spring. The lilacs were already faded when the young sculptor's model became his life-companion. And when winter returned, they did not await the arrival of their benefactress to seek the sun under southern skies.

Niels often has hours of sadness and incomprehensible silence.

Else, alone, divines where his creative thought wanders and murmurs:

"Do not disturb his dream. He hears the voice of Lady Snow."



The Limitation of Wealth

By Charles Frederic Gilliam, M. D.



THE question of the limitation of wealth in the United States is growing to be one of the most important questions which will engage the attention of the people for the next decade or two.

I say decade or two, for the reason that a question of such great significance cannot be solved, or even dealt with seriously in the way of remedial legislation, inside that length of time. It takes time which can only be measured in decades to educate a people up to the point of taking definite action in matters of such far-reaching importance.

It has occurred to the writer that the views of a plain, ordinary citizen might be of interest in this connection, representing, as he believes, the views of millions of those who give much thought to such questions, but who, occupying no pedestal of statesmanship, no literary forum, no vantage point of the economic specialist, or even the platform of the agitator, have but scant opportunity of airing their opinions.

The discussion of the limitation of wealth is, of course, no new thing, as the advocates of such measures have existed ever since popular government has existed. It is, however, only since the opportunity for an equal chance, or rather a reasonably fair chance, to acquire a moderate competency, has been so narrowed in this country, that the people of all classes have begun to realize that it is a question to be met and dealt with in the not far distant future.

Opportunity for individuals is measured in years; opportunity for a people is measured by decades and generations.

The question, or "issue," as it now might well be termed, has been given new life and vigor by President Roosevelt's tentative declaration in favor of an inheritance and graduated income tax, to place a limit

upon, or prevent the descending of, vast fortunes from one generation to another, which must of necessity, by the simple law of gravitation or accretion, keep growing constantly larger, if not curtailed in some way.

That such action should precede any serious consideration of the government taking over the railroad and telegraph systems by purchase, would seem to be imperative. Otherwise, there would be such a surplus of funds pouring into private coffers, which would be seeking investment, that these ex-railroad and telegraph magnates would take over and control, virtually, all the private interests of the country. I know the stock arguments in reference to it being a mere exchange from railroad collateral to government securities, but they are largely fallacious. The ownership of tangible property can only exist in one party at a time, and when an individual releases his tangible holding in one thing, he immediately seeks to put it into something else which is tangible.

If the socialistic propaganda has done no other good, it has been justified by its bringing home to the people the evils of existing conditions. This has so alarmed the conservative and capitalistic classes that they are recognizing the necessity of either doing something to placate the sentiment which has been aroused or of preparing themselves to see the people take over all the wealth and powers of government.

In theory the government now belongs to the people, and just at this time to a considerable extent in fact, but for some years past their ownership has been to a large extent theoretical.

Though the theory of a socialistic form of government appeals to me with telling force, and I have a large admiration for some of its talented advocates, I am not one of those who believe such a form of

government could succeed, except for a very limited time. It would be all right, were it not for the imperfections of human nature, and it is only *because* of these imperfections that government is required. If all mankind were equally intelligent, equally honest, equally unselfish and equally industrious, socialism would be a glorious success.

It is a source of regret to me that I am so pessimistic in regard to humanity as a whole. It is so much pleasanter to be an optimist than a pessimist. But I cannot get away from the fact that theory represents the aspirations of mankind; practice, the frailties of human nature. It is my belief, that the Supreme Being implanted in mankind the selfish instinct, in probably larger degree than any other, in order to foster ambition, for ambition is the mother of all progress, and is only another name for selfishness.

In saying this I do not wish to be understood that selfishness should not be limited or controlled by the law of justice, nor that it is not subordinated to some extent by other attributes. Neither do I deny that there are very many high-minded men, with a certain kind of selfish unselfishness, who are sincerely desirous for the betterment of mankind. I profess to be imbued with a considerable degree of this feeling myself, but it is the great average that constitutes the people who make a government, and I do want to emphasize the fact that the instinct — selfishness — which we all decry, is, after all, the governing force of the world. Government is organized selfishness, for the protection of selfish interests.

In theory the anarchist is opposed to all government, yet subjects himself to the government of a secret organization which rivets its fetters upon him by oaths which bind him, even unto death. In theory socialism preaches the brotherhood of man, yet in practice it gains two-thirds of its recruits from the ranks of the discontented, who envy and hate their more fortunate brothers. In theory the party of democracy favored equal rights and equal opportunity, yet held a race in slavery. In theory the party of republicanism believed in universal freedom and equality, yet at the

same time it was agonizing over the slavery of the black man it was enacting class legislation which riveted an industrial slavery upon a whole people.

As a matter of fact every system of government has some good features and some bad ones, but no one system is carried out in its entirety. Whenever selfish interests of sufficient magnitude are involved, an excuse is always found for a departure from the general principles of the system. These, in turn, become established precedents, and in a short time, measured by the age of a government, the original principles upon which it was established are almost lost sight of. It is in this way that the great abuses grow up which the original founders thought they had provided against.

That the greed of corporations should be held in check and that the massive centralized fortunes should be curtailed, is, in my opinion, an almost absolute necessity in the interest of the masses. It can be accomplished only when we can get the great mass of selfish individuals organized for this purpose.

Selfishness, as the word implies, is primarily an individual instinct and only co-operates with others of its kind when it appears that such co-operation will advance the interests of the individual. These communities of interest were at first in the form of partnerships, which were afterwards evolved into corporations, or groups of individuals, when it became necessary to exercise great power in order to dispossess some individual whose possessions were coveted.

That the inherent selfishness of the individual is not removed by his combination with other individuals, is proven by the cannibalistic tendencies shown under such circumstances. It is a very common experience for the larger and stronger ones to devour the weaker ones of the corporations. To paraphrase an old saying: "The little ones have bigger ones to eat 'em, and so on ad infin-eat'em." After a time these groups or corporations coalesced, to form gigantic bodies, which were given the name of trusts or monopolies. On such occasions there would be a great cannibalistic orgy, in which whole groups would be

eaten up. The law of the survival of the fittest — or worst — was universally recognized.

The survivors of these great feasts, though in deadly fear of each other, each one fearing he might be the next victim, were in mutual agreement on one thing, and that was that they would no longer work themselves, but that they would permit the outside individuals, who were too poor to furnish good food, to do their work for them. Probably the most difficult problem the trust aggregations have had to contend with, has been to determine just how much the feed of these individuals could be restricted so as to keep them meek, humble and grateful that they were allowed to live, and yet not so hungry that they would become desperate enough to rebel.

The experiment seems to have been carried too far, however, and now this great mass of individuals is being organized into a compact body to go against these trusts. It is selfishness always, which is the inspiring motive in both forces. While the individual is inherently selfish alone and in small groups, as a mass or collectively he is comparatively unselfish. That is, when a mass of individuals are working in harmony for a common object for the betterment of their condition, the accomplishment is a just one, because equally shared, though the inspiration of each individual is partially, at least, selfish.

The only thing which prevents the immediate carrying out of a successful campaign on the part of the massed individuals or "outsiders" is, that there are so many of them who have a lingering hope that they may break, sneak, or be invited into the trust enclosure with the "insiders," or possibly be able to organize a group or trust of their own, and consequently secure richer pickings than if merely one of the great mass.

That the reader may not misapprehend the viewpoint of the writer, it may be well

to state that he is an individual who has had very slim pasturage, for one or two reasons, either because too cowardly break in, or too conscientious to accept an invitation to join one of these groups or aggregations.

Once the great mass of outsiders is convinced there is no reasonable chance to break into the close corporation of insiders, as individuals, it will be ready to move at once. It will not be difficult to find a way; if not by an inheritance tax, or a graduated income tax, which will be a virtual confiscation above a certain amount, then in some other way. Few great questions are ever solved in the way originally proposed. This was true in reference to the impositions of our mother country and also in dealing with the question of human slavery. When the impulse to action becomes irresistible, the proper way will be found to curb this great evil of concentrated wealth. Legal technicalities, constitutional quibbles, the obstruction of a subsidized press and servile courts, will melt away before a thoroughly aroused public sentiment, as mists before a rising sun.

It is because the wisest of the insiders are intelligent enough to appreciate this, and see, too, that the masses are getting rapidly educated up to the point of demanding a fairer share of their earnings, that some of these favored ones are preaching a fairer distribution of the products of toil. Some are wise enough to know when they are satiated, others are so hoggish they can never get enough. The greatest wisdom does not always go with the largest appetite.

The question is often asked, "If the action contemplated were taken, would we not gradually drift back into the former condition?" Possibly, I think, even probably. No game can expect to be continuous. In cards every new game starts with a new deal. In the game of politics it is necessary to have a new deal, in order to secure a "square deal."



By Himself

SOMETIMES a boom is a boomerang.

* * *

It is no loss to lend money to a bore.

* * *

Too MUCH red liquor invites blue laws.

* * *

A SENSELESS giggle is no laughing matter.

* * *

WE live in a Christian country among heathen.

* * *

LOVE at first sight is often deposed by second sight.

* * *

GRACE at table: Better be a blessing than ask one.

* * *

A GOOD wife is an investigating committee of one.

* * *

THE stone age for woman is any time after eighteen.

* * *

A DESK is a repository for writing materials and feet.

* * *

A TALL man looks most bedraggled when he is short.

* * *

WE judge of a woman's age by reading between the lines.

MONEY talks — usually in a joint debate with conscience.

* * *

ON the primrose path of pleasure everybody pays a road tax.

* * *

MARRYING for love is easier than keeping the object in view.

* * *

SUITS and shirt waists are most agreeably pressed conjointly.

* * *

It would be an odd man who wouldn't get even with his enemies.

* * *

FEW men can pay an honest debt without an air of philanthropy.

* * *

WHEN a lawyer says, "There's no money in it," he means there isn't enough.

* * *

STATESMANSHIP is the science of holding office successfully or successively.

* * *

HEADACHES and heartaches are both evidences that we have had a good time.

* * *

THE most dangerous confidence men are those in whom we have confidence.

* * *

WE often hear of a lovely tramp in the country, and yet nobody ever saw one.

IT is noteworthy that Diogenes didn't have to use a lantern to look for trouble.

* * *

SOMETIMES a man thinks he is a fixture in public life when he is only a gas fixture.

* * *

PROSPERITY is a condition which results from taking advantage of other people's folly.

* * *

MANY a lawyer and doctor practices his profession in order to learn something about it.

* * *

THE difference between philanthropy and benevolence is merely a matter of publicity.

* * *

PEOPLE who think the world owes them a living find the greatest difficulty in collecting it.

* * *

ONE reason why so many men patronize saloons is because the drug stores are inhospitable.

* * *

THE love of money is the root of all evil; and it is "Root, hog, or die," with most of us.

* * *

If a dollar kept a diary, its publication would make a good many people ashamed of themselves.

* * *

WOMEN don't have as many temptations as men, because they furnish the men with most of theirs.

* * *

SOME of the pleasures we have that are not all that they might be are more than they should be.

* * *

IT depends on the tone of voice as to whether a woman will feel cheap when told that she is dear.

* * *

CHILDREN are different from grown people. Sometimes they behave better than they know how.

* * *

IT is a golden wedding whenever the rich are married, but other folks have to wait fifty years for theirs.

WE can't all be aeronauts, but that doesn't prevent many of us from being up in the air a good part of the time.

* * *

WALL street has a long record, but the fact remains that most of the financial disturbances occur in the family.

* * *

IF there is anything that will excite a married man's wonder, it is the fact that other men will pay to go to a lecture.

* * *

DURING prosperity the American people haven't time enough to eat slowly, and in hard times they haven't the patience.

* * *

EVERY day nervy men go to jail without a quiver, when they would faint away if their wives asked them to go to church.

* * *

A MAN considers it a privilege to wait on a woman for months before marriage, but a burden to do it five minutes after.

* * *

THE tale of the whale swallowing Jonah is not more remarkable than the innocence of those who swallow the story.

* * *

THE progress of prohibition is encouraged by the scientists who figure that this planet will be dry in fifty million years.

* * *

SINCE high finance came in vogue, it is believed that the Recording Angel has turned stenographer and uses a handkerchief.

* * *

OPPORTUNITY doesn't hang around and wait for an introduction; it expects to be recognized when we run into it in the dark.

* * *

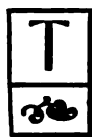
WHEN loaning money to a friend, it is a prudent thing to think of Kathleen Mavoureen. It may be for years, and it may be forever.

* * *

A MAN with a good bank balance has no worry, except that the financiers may get it if he leaves it in, or the footpads if he takes it out.



Pensions for Ex-Presidents



HERE will not be unanimous approval of Ex-President Cleveland's views regarding government aid for former presidents of the United States. Mr. Cleveland advocates a pension

for such statesmen, first, on the ground that they are required to maintain in private life a certain dignity incompatible with poverty or the necessity of working for a living; second, that, in justice to this required dignity, all forms of employment cannot be open to ex-presidents, as they are to ordinary people; and, third, that ex-presidents are so pestered with requests for participation in public affairs and for the bestowal of charity that they cannot respond under conditions of life not rendered easy by adequate fortune.

It is difficult to see that any one of these alleged reasons for pensioning ex-presidents is sufficient to justify this departure on the part of the government, and it is not indisputable that all three of them considered together are sufficient. Many people will maintain that a man who has been president of the United States requires no further dignity than arises from the innate qualities which made him thought worthy for that high office by a majority of the people. The experience of any man who has been president, provided he has brains and character to begin with, must be such as to afford him an equipoise and dignity of conduct at all times entitling him to respect. If during the active period of his life he has not been prudent enough to save a sufficient fortune to meet the requirements of retirement without want, perhaps some degree of that respect he may rightly forfeit.

On the other hand the gospel of work assures us that there is no honorable employment which an ex-president, as well as an other citizen, may not pursue with justice to himself and the approval of thinking people. His political experience could hardly fail to make remunerative employment more readily obtained than would be the case in the absence of it. The very fact that he is an ex-president ought to be an asset in his subsequent career. It would seem that a working ex-president should not necessarily be a professional man; true American sentiment regards a business career as equally honorable, and there is no good reason why an ex-president of the United States should not engage in business.

As for the demands made upon an ex-president's purse and patience, it would be difficult to show that they would be lessened, or his ability to meet them increased, by awarding him a government income. On the contrary, if the charity-seekers and human leeches knew that he was the recipient of such a bounty, it is reasonable to apprehend that their insistence would be rather increased than decreased by that fact.

Finally, civil pensions are against the policy of this government, from its foundation. If we are going to pension an ex-president to preserve his dignity, it would seem equally reasonable to pension former senators and representatives in congress on a graduated scale, so that the nation would lose nothing of the individual dignity supposed to come from public service. All things considered, Mr. Cleveland is not as convincing in his latest contribution to current thought as he has been in reference to other subjects on other occasions.

Standard Oil in Ohio



THE leading article of the current number of THE OHIO MAGAZINE, under the title, "The History of the Standard Oil Company in Ohio," by Attorney General Wade H. Ellis, will be read with widespread interest. It is a plain and succinct narrative of the origin and growth of this greatest of corporations on Buckeye soil. The spirit in which it is written is one of fairness to both the company and the public, and only the palpable wrongs of the former are complained of. In this respect Mr. Ellis writes very differently from the many authors who have been tempted to rant and tear their hair when discussing this subject.

Like the majority of great men and great things, the individuals who made the Standard Oil company, and the institution itself, came out of Ohio. As Mr. Ellis says, however we may view the operations and usefulness of the Standard Oil company, it cannot be regarded otherwise than as one of the greatest achievements of the age. Regarding it from this point of view it is gratifying to note that it is a product of Ohio genius, and it is only fair to admit that the results of its operations have been beneficent in many respects. So far as it has not violated the law, the Standard Oil company is one of the greatest factors of practical usefulness and helpfulness in all civilization.

How it has violated the law Attorney General Ellis relates without prejudice and goes on to show that by conforming with reasonable legal requirements neither the company or the public will be an ultimate sufferer. We believe that no such reasonable consideration of the subject has been offered elsewhere in periodical literature.

The Ohio Girl



THE muscular heroine is not extinct in Ohio, if she is elsewhere. We have no Amazons, but Buckeye soil still nourishes young women of the character of Joan d'Arc, but who have a double advantage over that feminine

knight in the fact that they can wield a broomstick or a chair as well as a sword, and even in the place of it.

Witness the reception which a burglar got in one of the small towns of this state, not long since, from two daughters of Ohio who are described as "beautiful and accomplished." They were sisters and belles of the neighborhood. They had been educated in the public schools and lived on a farm, but their accomplishments doubtless included an ability to pound the piano and discuss the latest novel, as well as make pies and milk the cows. And they had one accomplishment — the rare characteristic of feminine courage — that is not discovered every day in their sex.

The old folks were away from home and the girls were alone on the farm. They were at breakfast, prepared by their own hands, when a burglar entered, presented a revolver at the head of one of them and demanded her money or her life, or words to that effect. Did this Ohio girl quail? History does not disclose the whole truth about this, but her sister certainly did not. On the contrary she picked up a chair and let it fly across the table, striking Mr. Burglar in the place where he thought he kept his thinking apparatus and incidentally knocking the revolver to the floor. At this Sister Number One let fly her trusty right, and Mr. Burglar measured his length on the floor. Victory seemed now to perch upon the banners of the Buckeye beauties, when appeared upon the scene another burglar, in response to the cries of his pal. He got a sugar bowl in the jaw, at the same time beholding the plight of his companion in trouble, and thereupon took to his heels.

By this time the blood was flowing freely from the wounds which Burglar Number One had sustained, and the chair also suffered marked injuries. The two girls set the latter on its unsteady legs, dragged the burglar to his feet, deposited him on it and began to wash the gore from his face; but he, ungrateful brute, not appreciating this beneficent attention, while one of his captors turned for a wet towel took advantage of the opportunity by bolting through the door and across the fields. After a manner suggestive of Tam O'Shanter with the Devil after him. Then those

thoughtful and considerate girls went to the barn and turned loose a couple of bloodhounds, and at the last report burglars and dogs were all afield, with a fair prospect of disastrous results to two pairs of trousers.

This is the Ohio girl, whatever her environment. Let no pampered son of fortune, coddled in the lap of luxury, under-rate her prowess; and let no burglar, at morn or dewy eve, think to terrify her with a fierce expression or a measly gun. The real Ohio girl will not be deceived by the blandishments of the former or dismayed by the demands of the latter. She will snap her fingers at a dude and hit a burglar with a chair.

Handwriting



THE phenomenon of individuality has often been pointed out as one of the greatest evidences of a divine purpose in the universe. In the human family no two individuals are alike, and

this rule goes down through all the animal, vegetable and mineral kingdoms. Even the tiniest natural objects visible to the eyes of man bear no perfect resemblance to one another.

So far as the microscope can determine, there are no two blades of grass just alike in all of God's creation — no two leaves on all the countless trees that bless the earth with their grateful shade, no two grains of sand on the trackless shores of all the seas and oceans. Everywhere is individuality.

If one knew nothing to the contrary, one would naturally suppose that children educated to follow the same models in making certain characters would make each character like the model of its kind, and that this practice would develop with time. But the fact is that no two persons, young or old, can train their pens to the same models of handwriting. The individuality of handwriting is one of the inexplicable things in human nature; why it exists is a question as difficult to answer as why men and women differ as they do in character, abilities and physical aspect. A mystery enshrouds the whole subject.

Without attempting to penetrate it, it

is interesting to consider what would be the result, if the individuality of handwriting should suddenly disappear — if all people should begin to write alike. Immediately there would be an end of many institutions now regarded as fundamental in civilization. There would be no reliable attested record of anything. The law and the courts, it would seem, would cease, from lack of means to authenticate their own transactions. The whole commercial system would be shaken to its foundations and business become chaotic. Securities as evidences of value would be worthless, and the present banking system, except for hoarding purposes, would be swept away. Correspondence would fall to the mere exchange of manuscript not requiring authentication. Business between individuals, in order to insure safety, would be required to be transacted almost exclusively in person. The whole fabric of civilization as represented by government, law and commerce would return to a primitive stage, and, while it was in process of doing so, anarchy would reign.

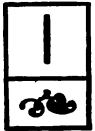
All this would be bad enough but — Heaven save the mark! — what would become of the love letter? That primary institution of our forefathers and sole reliance of the rising generation respecting the loves of the present and the families of the future, would suffer its final catastrophe from the disappearance of individuality in handwriting. It would be bad enough nowadays, if a tender missive of this character were to be worked off on the typewriter or printing press, with a characteristic signature attached; but what value would it have at all, if the signer could not be identified by his or her written name, and the use of "longhand" would be equally vain as establishing the sender in the mind of the receiver? How many delightful thrills and tremors would be lost to both sexes, if there were no longer any anticipation in the receipt of a letter! And how utterly flat, stale and unprofitable would be the diction of our most glowing emotions, if we knew every other person on earth able to write would produce exactly the same characters, if inditing the same words!

Perhaps, after all, it was in the interest of the love letter that individuality in

handwriting was given to humanity by a beneficent Providence. At any rate, we can more readily afford to have our business disturbed than our affections, and it is the latter which therefore receive the greater protection from the present invariable rule applying to the handwriting of men and women, that makes forgery a science instead of a practice so easily pursued that its operations would entail no effort and its result have no value.

We may therefore wisely refrain from some of our usual criticisms, when we encounter handwriting that appeals to our sense of understanding in about the same degree that chicken tracks do in the snow. If it were not for the extreme types, there might not be any individuality in the common types. All things considered, and on mature consideration, THE OHIO MAGAZINE will stand for all handwriting, good, bad and indifferent.

Wealth



It is a trite saying that wealth is not happiness, but it is also true that wealth is not wealth. That is to say, the constant piling of dollars upon dollars to monumental proportions, is not a corresponding increase of wealth as an actual possession. This is not said in contempt of money, as Longfellow wrote:

Whereunto is money good?
Who hath it not, lacks hardihood;
Who hath it, hath much trouble and care,
Who once has had it has despair;

but it is based upon the evident fact that, since money is a medium of exchange, the man who has more of it than he can exchange to his own gratification has no more wealth than was his before his fortune crossed the line drawn between affluence and opulence, the one signifying useful and the other useless wealth.

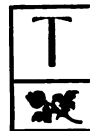
Our multi-millionaires cannot use their latter millions as they used their first hundreds of thousands. A man who owns a private car cannot possess a whole railroad as a luxury. That is where his care begins. A man who owns a yacht has no use for a fleet. The individual who is credited with possessing many millions is

in fact only a trustee as related to the greater part of them. He may not be able even to spend their usufruct, and he can direct their employment by others only to a limited degree. Millions in excess are not personal wealth; essentially they do not belong to the man who owns them.

On the other hand, the "blessings of poverty," which we hear so much about, are more fixed in reality than the supposed advantages of great wealth. There is undoubtedly a happy medium for individual cases, but there is none that applies to all cases. Yet it may readily be seen that poverty is relatively advantageous, inasmuch as it cannot breed the weaknesses of great wealth, while great wealth frequently begets those of poverty.

As for that fortune which is neither opulent or pinched, it is undoubtedly the one of readiest usefulness to the possessor. It involves the necessity of mental and physical energy to retain it, and that is far more than half the battle for both usefulness and enjoyment. When we regard the condition of the very rich and that of those who, in the common parlance, "work for a living," we may regret the latter with sincerity but it will not always be with good judgment. The regret and its accompanying sympathy might better be bestowed in the places that breed selfishness, ill temper, dyspepsia, nervous prostration and suicide.

Profit Sharing



THE Grand Trunk Railway recently announced the early inauguration of a pension system retiring employes at sixty-five years of age and providing for a pension after fifteen years' employment of those still in its service and receiving pay. Other features of this general plan are equally liberal. Shortly after this announcement was made the Pere Marquette Railway made public a plan of profit sharing among its employes. This action of these corporations affords the latest evidence, so far as known, of a growing disposition on the part of capital, both corporate and private, to promote industrial welfare by practical measures of co-operation based on the doctrine of the

survival of the fittest in most instances but also predicated on the best kind of philanthropy, which is simple justice.

The profit sharing system is the equalizing reform that has grown in greatest favor in recent years. It emphasizes the fact, which should have been generally recognized years ago, that the intelligent and faithful employe of a prosperous business is entitled to something more than his daily wage and that that something should not take the form of charity. Charity is well enough in its way, but there would be far less need of it than now, if a system of just reward prevailed in favor of the wage earner. The profit sharing system is not only a just one in principle, but in application it has vindicated itself. Under its operation its beneficiaries become better producers than they were before, and profits are accordingly increased to all concerned. The employe, under this system, feels his pride exalted in the same degree that his pocketbook is fattened, and honest pride is essential to the well-being of every individual and every enterprise. The employe feels himself a part of the business promoted by his labor; he becomes a partner as well as a "hired hand;" he has an interest in greater productiveness that was never his before, and the improvement in his condition thus resulting is an inspiration to others, at present beneath him in earning capacity, while it gives him a clearer conception of the true relations that should exist in the world of labor from the standpoint of efficiency, legitimate competition and the ultimate independence of honest success.

It is not contended that under present conditions the profit sharing system is wisely applicable to all businesses or to many at their inception. But experience demonstrates that there are few successful ones that would not receive benefit from it and that there is none which cannot reasonably hope to adopt it in the full course of time, meanwhile striving to realize it by every possible means. This experience points to the success of the system in private business, among firms and co-partnerships, public service corporations and the smallest as well as the greatest enterprises. It is no dream of optimism to predict that, with the development of a broader

brotherhood among men and of a community of interests not founded on supreme selfishness, profit sharing will be well nigh universal; and that day is nearer than many people suppose.

State Aid for Crippled Children



At its last session the General Assembly of Ohio provided for the establishment of a hospital for crippled and deformed children under State aid, after the same policy pursued by the State in reference to its many other eleemosynary institutions. All things considered, Ohio is perhaps the most generous state in the Union in the care of its unfortunate wards, and any material addition to its responsibilities in this direction must be a subject of interest. Acting under authority of the legislature, a commission appointed by the Governor has recently located a site for the new hospital, and the work of inaugurating this department of the State's charities will soon begin in earnest.

Other states may well watch this departure on the part of Ohio with a view to observing the degree of its success and following Buckeye example, if it proves to be all that is anticipated. Ohio expects to be a pioneer in this organized care of crippled and deformed children.

The arguments in favor of such an institution as that contemplated are many and apparently convincing. It is not proposed alone to treat the unfortunate children who will come under the State benevolence contemplated by the act and restore them, when possible, to something at least resembling normal physical conditions. It is not proposed alone to straighten crooked limbs, afford artificial aid to the crippled or treat deformities, both curable and incurable. These objects in themselves would be quite praiseworthy, provided they may be undertaken consistently by state aid. But this project goes farther. While treatment is in progress the state intends to make the patient as nearly capable of fulfilling the average requirements of life as may be possible under the circumstances. It will endeavor to make self-sustaining in after life, in-

stead of a burden on the family and the community, the boy or girl who otherwise would be helpless to earn a living. If the little patient has some ailment of the lower limbs disqualifying them for ordinary uses, he or she will be taught to do something with the hands calculated to make some useful pursuit possible. The State not only aims to cure the unfortunate child when it can be done, but to fit it for an unequal struggle with the world, whether a cure can be effected or not. Surely this has the aspect of a practical benevolence and one more likely to bring appreciated returns to the patient than many other charities now sustained by the public.

If any taxpayer as such objects to the proposed hospital for crippled and deformed children, his objection will be met with the argument that by making the deficient child useful the State will relieve society of the necessity of supporting it and thereby reduce taxation. Considering the project in many phases, it appeals to the average man from the common sense viewpoint of practicability, as well as a charity that may be destined to bring invaluable relief into many youthful lives which in the absence of it would be painful, useless and desolate. Ohio's experiment in this direction deserves the attention of the world.



The Trend of Opinion

Reading Aloud

From the Columbus Ohio Sun.

THE *New York Evening Post* has raised again the question of the decay of the fine old custom of reading aloud. A recent editorial in its columns takes a tart fling at the college professor who recently put himself into the way of much gentle abuse by advising the "skimming" of many books and the thorough reading of very few. Just why this particular professor made his statement was probably because he really believed he was doing some good by so advising, and though there are many of the extreme modernists who will champion his stand, the folks who were children a long time ago will remain true to the old cause. That is because they know the value of some of the splendid classics in fiction, history and verse, books which were read aloud to them in their younger days, and they have ever remained loyal to the fireside customs of the time when hearts were young and life was gay.

Just why the custom of reading aloud is gradually dying out, as it assuredly is, is something worth thinking about. There is no reason to justify its passing, except, perhaps, the trend of the modern mind to things of novelty. Just now, for instance, all London and part of New York are catching the craze for "bedside books." The fashion now prevalent is for novelettes barely long enough for a goodly-sized plot, and, at that, entirely too long for sensible persons to bother with. It is just such freakish movements as this that have deadened the good old custom of having father gather the family about him in the glow of the evening firelight and read aloud such wondrous tales and poems as only those of a past day could pen.

Perhaps the day will come when this custom will have been forgotten sufficiently to warrant its "revival" as one of the ear-marks of fashion. It will then be as useless as the andirons made for fashion's parlors for a season or two, and then discarded. The family will be too much scattered at parties and

theaters and dances for father and the fire-side; indeed, the chances are that father will himself be at the club, discussing the relative merits of a bob-tail flush and a straight open at the middle. And Dickens, Scott, Macauley, Irving, George Eliot, Thackeray, Longfellow—pouf! Let the schoolrooms attend to them!

The Boy Problem

From the Columbus Evening Dispatch.

IN the current number of THE OHIO MAGAZINE, there is an interesting study of the problem of the boy, by Judge Samuel L. Black, of the probate and juvenile courts. Judge Black, during the years since the establishment of the juvenile court, has had exceptional opportunities to observe the dangers and temptations that beset the boys and to know how weak is the law for their protection. His whole article centers about the thought that adults are ruining the children and there is no adequate means of punishing the guilty. Note this startling statement:

"The law quoted permits the adults to make the drunkards, the criminal and the insane out of the children, and then punishes the child when he becomes a drunkard, a criminal or insane."

Parents, guardians and others send or take the boys into saloons or immoral places, accustom them to drunkennes and vice, and thus tempt them to their own ruin. Tracing many cases that have come to his notice back to their incipency, the judge finds an adult, sometimes a woman, but more often a man—the father or guardian—responsible for the wrong-doing of the lad involved. There is in too many cases an utter lack of a sense of responsibility for the right training of the child, sometimes amounting to actual desertion. The youth are being corrupted by their elders, who ought to be their guides to right-living, and there is no adequate method of punishing the real offenders.

This is no idle opinion, but the judgment

of a man who sits twice a week in the court where these boys, corrupted, abandoned and misled, are brought for offenses which are the natural sequence of their training. If there is any whom it does not startle, he is neither right-minded nor patriotic.

The Nation's Opportunity

From the Toledo Blade.

DIRECTOR General John Barrett, of the bureau of American republics, is very confident that the greatest benefit derived from the cruise of the fleet will be the good impression it will make among South American countries. And the chief value of this will lie in the fact that it was wholly outside the purposes of the administration when the cruise was planned.

In his address before the American Political Science association, Mr. Barrett showed the importance of preserving the integrity of the Monroe doctrine and declared that our naval demonstration, intended primarily for practice and its influence on the great powers of the world, would greatly strengthen our relations with South American countries, convincing them that we are abundantly equipped to defend our position against any nation.

The recent work of the Latin American peace congress should impress on this country the need of paying more attention to our immediate neighbors, who are destined to become important factors in American development. And we assume that Mr. Barrett believes the time propitious for beginning an active campaign in Latin America, that we may secure the commercial prestige to which we are entitled.

It is a fact that owing to neglect on the part of our merchants and manufacturers, and also a lack of interest on the part of the government in the maintenance of steamship lines between this country and South American ports, European traders have gained an advantage which never should have been theirs, and from which they can be dislodged only by prompt and intelligent effort.

Secretary Root's southern tour accomplished much toward clearing the way for the invasion; the prominent part the administration took in assembling the Central American peace congress was another link in the chain

of fortuitous events, and now the cruise of the fleet focuses the attention of our neighbors on this country as their great ally and protector. Surely the hour is here when we should seize the fruits so temptingly displayed and thereby cement relations which have been held all too loosely.

Judson Harmon, of Ohio

From the Cincinnati Enquirer.

EVER since Ohio entered upon the dignity of a commonwealth she has been prominently associated with national affairs, and has been almost uninterrupted in leadership or great influence in Presidential campaigns. She has furnished some of the most distinguished Chief Executives herself, and several of her eminent men have only been kept out of the premier honor by natural exigencies which have placed them in the minority party. Ohio is a battle ground now for the internal affairs of either party, and conservative men of all parts of the Union look to her to help as a guide back to cardinal principles, as well as a bulwark for the advancement of the recent years. She is the heart of the country. She is still the center, not merely of a growing section, but of the great developed West. She is a mighty station on the most perspicuous line of march from the East to the West. She cannot be sidetracked or avoided by a detour in any matter of great national consequence. She is always at the front with ideas and men, not because her greed for place is more than is common, but because she is so essential in the general vitality.

The Enquirer has from time to time fairly presented the qualities of those who are the most prominent as possibilities for the Presidency in either party. A native modesty has prevented and show of partiality in this journal for our own state, which has sent more for our own state, which has sent more thorough men and more enduring lessons East and West than any other state in the Union. The Hon. Judson Harmon, our townsman, who has a record in which the people of this, the state of his nativity, take abiding pride, and who has a flawless record in important Federal positions, has been the subject of frequent commendatory allusions in this paper in connection with the prin-

cial honor of the country. It has been said that every county town in the Buckeye domain has at least one man who would be fit to preside over the republic. The entries have been kept open to all. The time for concentration on somebody or something, though, is now close at hand. Reasoning from a pure standpoint of close observation and justice to all men, here or to come, Judge Harmon, in the opinion of a great contingent of Democratic and conservative voters, stands now as the strongest and most available statesman for the Ohio delegation to the Democratic National Convention to unite on. The Enquirer has no personal preference. It is as well aware as even its enemies are, that it has no right to dictate; but we are looking at the situation as it undoubtedly is at this moment. We may sing the praises of William J. Bryan for the splendid campaigns he made when the hope of Democracy was almost fictional. We may admire Judge Gray as an honest and accomplished man, and as a true-hearted genius, and as an expounder and leader in the great principles of our civil establishment. We may take a high pride in the meteoric but unsensational career of Governor Johnson, of Minnesota, and vote for him with the faith that a winner is out from the boundless Northwest. We may even look with more than polite consideration on Lieutenant Governor Chanler, of New York. The Democratic party, embarrassed by mistakes and misfortunes though it has been, is not out with the plate of a beggar. It presents a salver filled with jewels, and invites the rank and file and the body politic generally, to take its pick.

But none of the distinguished men named in the preceding paragraph of this article is an Ohio man. And a Presidential campaign in 1908 will be a general dissatisfaction unless this commanding apex of the Union is the struggle. This represents a much wider range of judgment than may be compassed in our local environment. If Judge Harmon has stood back and given everybody else a chance, that is no reason why, if he is the most available man now, he should not be rallied around

by every Democrat and every independent Republican and conservative elector in Ohio.

His celebrity is an achievement. There is no accident or mere favoritism in his high standing. As a lawyer in public and private practice, as Judge of the Common Pleas and Superior Courts, as Attorney-General of the United States, as a publicist and public speaker and as a straight-away citizen and commander in the general society of men he is a leader and originator. And not a safer man has been born in the last sixty-two years. With him as the Democratic leader there would be nothing to defend, but, on the contrary, everything to exploit and dare the enemy to meet, foot to foot and blade to blade.

Ship Subsidy

From the New Orleans Picayune.

THE ship subsidy people appear to have been encouraged to make a fresh start, and it is now announced that they will introduce a new subsidy bill in the present congress reviving the old demand for a tonnage subsidy on all vessels engaged in foreign trade. They seem to believe that the American people have experienced a change of heart and are now less opposed to subsidies for shipping than they formerly were.

What grounds these advocates of taxing all branches of business and industries for the benefit of a few ship owners have for supposing that the American people have become converted to a belief in ship subsidies does not appear, but they have evidently deluded themselves with some such belief, and will endeavor to make congress share in the delusion.

While the advocates of subsidies are entitled to their opinions they would do well to fight clear of absolute misinformation. Some of their leaders declare that the shipping of foreign countries has been built up by a system of subsidies. That is not the fact. The vast bulk of the British shipping engaged in the foreign trade receives no aid at all from the government and ships are absolutely free.



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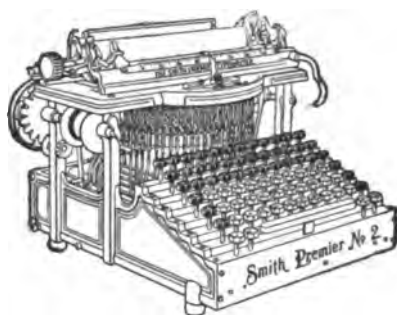
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Vol. IV

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The Woman Suffrage Movement in Ohio

By Elizabeth J. Hauser



OHIO occupies a unique place in the history of the woman suffrage movement, for in no other State was the agitation for "woman's rights" so general at so early a date. Separated only by her river from slave-holding territory, and by Lake Erie from Canada, the State became the storm center of the Abolition movement; and those impassioned orators who came here to denounce "the black laws of Ohio" raised their voices also in behalf of greater freedom for women. The fact that better educational opportunities were offered women here than elsewhere may have made the people more than usually receptive to this message of these agitators.

As early as 1832 Catherine Beecher opened a school for girls in Cincinnati, which offered them higher education, and in 1833 Oberlin, — the first college in the world to admit girls — was established on a co-educational basis. Three young women were graduated with degrees in 1841, the first women in the world to bear such honors. Though it is recorded that Catherine Beecher gave an address in Columbus in 1846 by sitting on the platform while her brother Edward read her paper to the audience, and though Lucy Stone was not permitted to deliver her own essay when she graduated from Oberlin in 1847, still woman's right to speak in public was fairly well established here in the decade marked by the years 1840 and 1850. Antoinette Brown,* a student at Oberlin, de-

livered a temperance lecture at several places in Ohio in 1847.

In 1844, Ernestine L. Rose, a beautiful Polish woman, a political exile from her native country, lecturing in the United States on the "Science of Government," in which she advocated the enfranchisement of women, made addresses in Cincinnati, Dayton, Zanesville, Springfield, Toledo and several back-wood settlements.

Abby Kelly Foster, William Lloyd Garrison and other Abolitionists, were familiar figures in Ohio in the forties, and impetus they gave to the cause of human liberty cannot be measured. The sainted Lucretia Mott was wont to pay occasional visits to relatives on the "Western Reserve," and she, too, left her impress on the minds and hearts of those with whom she came in contact.

But the State had women of her own who were keenly alive to vital issues. In 1842 Josephine Griffing (then twenty-two years of age), who was destined to play so important a part in the Freedman's Aid Bureau at the close of the Civil War, had moved to Ohio. Frances Dana Gage, a natural orator, stirred women by voice and pen, and for years continued to be a power. Then there was J. Elizabeth Jones, whose scholarly papers, it is said, would have done credit to a statesman. Hannah Tracy Cutler, Emily Robinson, Maria Giddings, Betsy Cowles, Caroline M. Severance,* Martha J. Tilden, Rebecca A. S. Janney and Elizabeth Wilson were others self-respecting enough to desire their own freedom; and when a Constitutional Convention was called in 1850, these

* Madam Severance, known as "the Mother of Woman's Clubs," is still living; she resides at Los Angeles, and is to this day active in woman suffrage work.

* Antoinette Brown, now Rev. Antoinette Brown Blackwell, resides in New Jersey. She enjoys the distinction of being the first regularly ordained woman minister in the world; graduated in Theology at Oberlin in 1850; ordained by the Congregational Church in 1853.

women determined to press their claims for recognition. It was because of this Constitutional Convention, therefore, that the second "Woman's Rights" Convention† ever held in the world occurred in Ohio.

This meeting took place at Salem, Columbiana County, April 19-20, 1850. The officers of the convention were: President, Betsy M. Cowles; Vice-Presidents, Lydia B. Irish, Harriet P. Weaver, Rana Doty; Secretaries, Caroline Stanton, Ann Eliza Lee, Sallie B. Grove; Business

distinguishing characteristic of this meeting was that it was officered entirely by women. No man was allowed to sit on the platform, to speak or to vote. The "History of Woman Suffrage" records that "never did men so suffer. They implored just to say a word; but no, the President was inflexible, no man should be heard. If one meekly arose to make a suggestion, he was at once ruled out of order." (History of Woman Suffrage, Vol. I, Page 110.)



TRUMBULL COUNTY COURT HOUSE, WARREN, OHIO,

In Which the Headquarters of the National Woman Suffrage Association are Located.

Committee, J. Elizabeth Jones, Josephine S. Griffing, Mariana Johnson, Esther Lukens, Mary H. Stanton; while the call was signed by ten women, but one of whom also appears as an officer of the convention. Twenty-two resolutions, covering the whole range of woman's political, religious, civil and social rights, were discussed and adopted; also a Memorial to the Constitutional Convention and an earnest "Address to the Women of Ohio." The peculiarly

A lengthy and favorable report of this convention was published in the *New York Tribune*, other leading newspapers commented upon it, and the proceedings in pamphlet form were widely distributed. Even from the old world came words of congratulation and sympathy. But it is not pleasant to record that the discussions in the Constitutional Convention, occasioned by the Memorial above referred to, "were voted to be dropped from the records because they were so low and obscene."

† The first was held in Seneca Falls, N. Y., in 1848.

The following year a convention was held at Akron, where the larger attendance attested an increased interest and spoke eloquently of the educational value of the Salem meeting. Mrs. Gage was President of this convention, and men as well as women participated in the proceedings. Maria L. Giddings, daughter of Joshua R. Giddings, presented an able digest on the common law. Betsy M. Cowles gave a

York State, was in attendance, and, in her "Reminiscences" Frances D. Gage describes the colored woman's appearance at the meeting in a vivid word picture, part of which follows:

"The leaders of the movement trembled on seeing a tall, gaunt black woman, in a gray dress and white turban surmounted with an uncouth sun-bonnet, march deliberately into the church, walk with the air



INTERIOR OF HEADQUARTERS, NATIONAL W. S. A., AND OHIO W. S. A. AT WARREN.

The Desk in the Lower Left Hand Corner was for Years Used by the Late Susan B. Anthony.

report on "Labor" and Emily Robinson one on "Education." Hon. Alfred Elwell and his wife, Martha H. Elwell, made their wedding journey in a carriage from Cleveland to Akron to attend this meeting. Both were converted to woman suffrage, and years afterward Mrs. Elwell became President of the Woman Suffrage Association.

Sojourner Truth, once a slave in New

York, was in attendance, and, in her "Reminiscences" Frances D. Gage describes the colored woman's appearance at the meeting in a vivid word picture, part of which follows:

"The leaders of the movement trembled on seeing a tall, gaunt black woman, in a gray dress and white turban surmounted with an uncouth sun-bonnet, march deliberately into the church, walk with the air

went on. Morning, afternoon and evening exercises came and went. Through all these sessions, old Sojourner, quiet and reticent as the 'Lybian statue', sat crouched against the wall on the corner of the pulpit stairs, her sun-bonnet shading her eyes, her elbows on her knees, her chin resting upon her broad, hard palms. At intermission she was busy selling the "Life

Methodist, Baptist, Episcopal, Presbyterian and Universalist ministers came in to hear and discuss the resolutions presented. One claimed superior rights and privileges for man, on the ground of 'superior intellect'; another, because of the 'manhood of Christ, if God had desired the equality of woman. He would have given some token of His will through the birth, life and death of the



HARRIET TAYLOR UPTON,

Treasurer of the National American Woman Suffrage Association since 1890; President of the Ohio Association since 1899.

of Sojourner Truth," a narrative of her own strange and adventurous life. Again and again, timorous and trembling ones came to me and said, with earnestness, 'Don't let her speak, Mrs. Gage, it will ruin us. Every newspaper in the land will have our cause mixed up with abolition and niggers, and we shall be utterly denounced.' My only answer was, 'We shall see when the time comes.'

"The second day the work waxed warm.

Savior.' Another gave us a theological view of the 'sin of our first mother'.

"There were very few in those days who dared to 'speak in meeting'; and the august teachers of the people were seemingly getting the better of us, while the boys in the galleries and the sneerers among the pews were hugely enjoying the discomfiture, as they supposed, of the "strong-minded". Some of the tender-skinned friends were on the point of losing dignity, and the atmos-

phere betokened a storm; when, slowly, from her seat in the corner, rose Sojourner Truth, who, till now, had scarcely lifted her head. 'Don't let her speak!' gasped half a dozen in my ear. She moved slowly and solemnly to the front, laid her old bonnet at her feet and turned her great speaking eyes to me. There was a hissing sound of disapprobation above and below. I rose and announced 'Sojourner

One after another, Sojourner took up the objections which had been urged and answered them all.

"Amid roars of applause, she returned to her corner, leaving more than one of us with streaming eyes and hearts beating with gratitude. She had taken us up in her strong arms and carried us safely over the slough of difficulty, turning the whole tide in our favor. I have never in



CAROLINE M. SEVERANCE,

"The Mother of Women's Clubs." Age 88.

Truth', and begged the audience to keep silence for a few moments.

"The tumult subsided at once, and every eye was fixed on this almost Amazon form, which stood nearly six feet high, head erect, and eyes piercing the upper air like one in a dream. At her first word there was a profound hush. She spoke in deep tones, which, though not loud, reached every ear in the house, and away through the throng at the doors and windows."

my life seen anything like the magical influence that subdued the mobbish spirit of the day and turned the sneers and jeers of an excited crowd into notes of respect and admiration."

Massillon was the place of the next State Convention, which occurred in May, 1852. Here "The Ohio Woman's Rights Association", the first State society of this kind in the world, was organized, and Hannah Tracy Cutler was elected President. The

first annual meeting of the Association was held in Ravenna in 1853, when Mrs. Severance was appointed to prepare a Memorial to the Legislature. This she presented in person March 23, 1854, being introduced by her neighbor, Hon. John A. Foote, of Cleveland. The Memorial was laid on the table, but ordered to be printed.

The fourth National Convention was held at Cleveland the same year (1853),

elected chairman. Of her, the *Plain Dealer* said: "Mrs. Gage is not a handsome woman, but her appearance altogether is prepossessing. You can see genius in her eye." The same paper reported fifteen hundred persons present when one of the sessions opened. Hon. Joshua R. Giddings on being called to the stand, expressed his sincere interest in the cause and his regard for the workers. Among the letters read



HON. EZRA B. TAYLOR,

Garfield's successor in Congress from the 19th District. The only majority report on a 16th Amendment providing for the enfranchisement of women, ever made by the Judiciary Committee of the National House of Representatives was given while he was Chairman of the Committee.

with delegates present from New York, Pennsylvania, Massachusetts, Connecticut, Ohio, Michigan, Indiana and Missouri. Ohio delegates were prominent in this meeting and included some whose names had not previously appeared in connection with such meetings. Lucretia Mott called the meeting to order, and Mrs. Gage* was

*Mrs. Gage resided in St. Louis at this time.

from distinguished people was one from Horace Greeley. Susan B. Anthony was chairman of the Finance Committee.

The President of Oberlin College, Rev. Asa Mahan, was at all of the sessions and took part in the debates. One of these, on the Bible-position of woman, waxed so warm, and in the course of it William Lloyd Garrison so badly worsted the Rev.

Dr. Nevin, that at the close of the session the latter, meeting Mr. Garrison in the vestibule of the hall, seized him by the nose and shook him violently. Garrison offered no resistance, but when released calmly asked, "Do you feel better, my friend? Do you hope thus to break the force of my argument?"

Henry B. Blackwell, then living in Ohio, and Lucy Stone were prominent in this meeting, and when the Cincinnati Convention (also National) was held two years later, they had become man and wife.

But meagre reports of this meeting were preserved, though the newspapers of the time said that some of the women wore bloomers and some of the men shawls, that the audiences were large and that the women speakers aroused intense interest.

The work of the Ohio suffragists commenced to bear a little fruit about this time. In 1857 the Legislature enacted important laws affecting property rights of married women, said measures having been warmly recommended by Governor Salmon P. Chase in his annual message. At this same session the Select Committee of the Senate reported favorably on the petition asking the right of suffrage for women, backed by 10,000 signatures, and recommended the adoption of a constitutional amendment enfranchising women. The bill was defeated, the vote standing forty-four to forty-four in the Senate.

The right of free speech and woman's right to higher education had been established, and now her right to labor outside the home was fixed by Necessity, which makes no distinction of race or color or sex. The dearth of men caused by the war, forced women into occupations hitherto closed to them.

The conventions which had been held annually for a number of years were given up. Into the awful maw which yawns in the wake of war, the women of Ohio, like those of other states, poured their means, their energies, their talents; not less than the men who went forth to sanguinary conflict, did they give themselves to their country's service.

Lucretia Mott was a frequent guest in the home of her brother-in-law, Richard Mott, of Toledo, in the 50's and 60's, and doubtless planted some of the seed which

was to bear such rare fruit a few years later, for on the occasion of a visit by Elizabeth Cady Stanton and Susan B. Anthony to the home of Mr. and Mrs. Israel Hall in 1869, a woman suffrage society was organized, which exists to this day under the name of The Toledo Woman Suffrage Association. And to this Association, more than to any other one influence, perhaps, are the women of our Commonwealth indebted for their civil status. Julia Fillmore Harris, a sister of Presi-



REV. ANTOINETTE BROWN BLACKWELL,
First Ordained Woman Minister in the World. Graduated at Oberlin in 1860.

dent Fillmore, was a member of this society. Mrs. Sarah L. Williams, another member, established a paper called *The Ballot Box*, in 1876, which did good work for some years. Hon. Edward Bissell, husband of one of the most devoted members, prepared the bills equalizing the dower laws and married women's property rights. The dominant figure in the Toledo Association for nearly two score years was Mrs. Rosa L. Segur, a woman who would unflinchingly have faced the cannon's mouth for her cause.

The year 1869 is memorable in the

annals of the suffrage movement as the one in which the first appeal to Congress for a 16th amendment was made. A delegation of women has appeared before every Congress since, asking for such amendment. While Hon. Ezra B. Taylor, of Ohio, was a member of the Judiciary Committee of the House of Representatives, he rendered invaluable service to the woman suffrage cause. The only favorable report ever made by the Judiciary Committee on the 16th amendment measure was given in



MRS. ROSA L. SEGUR.

1890, when he was chairman of the Committee. Judge Taylor was elected President of the Ohio Woman Suffrage Association in 1884, but was obliged to decline. He is still a staunch believer in the principles and optimistic as to the outcome of the long struggle for woman's political freedom. It was largely through his influence that his daughter, Mrs. Harriet Taylor Upton, President of the Ohio Woman Suffrage Association since 1899, became interested. Mrs. Upton is Treasurer of the National American Woman Suffrage Association and has charge of the headquarters of this society which occupy

the ground floor of the west wing of Trumbull County's beautiful court house at Warren. The headquarters of the State Association are here also.

A meeting to organize the American Woman Suffrage Association* was called at Cleveland in 1869, with representatives present from many states. Mrs. Severance and Dr. Hannah M. Tracy Cutler were prominent at this meeting. It would be a pleasure to record the names of all Ohio men and women who participated, but to pay tribute to all such would be to prolong this narrative indefinitely.

For the purpose of testing their citizenship, a number of women voted in Toledo in 1872, just as Susan B. Anthony did in Rochester, N. Y., the same year. Who shall say that it is merely coincidental that the most independent electorate in any American city is to be found in Toledo today, and that this same city has for nearly forty years been the seat of operations of as consistent and persistent a woman suffrage society as has ever existed anywhere in the United States? In his dream of Equality, "Golden Rule" Jones included women with men, and the present mayor of Toledo, Hon. Brand Whitlock,† deserves to share with Jones the gratitude of Ohio women for his advocacy of true democracy.

The Toledo Woman Suffrage Association and individual men and women throughout the State contributed to the progress of the movement, year after year. David D. Taylor, editor of the *Guernsey Times*, (Cambridge), promised his mother on her death bed that so long as he conducted a newspaper the cause of woman suffrage should never lack an advocate. Mr. Taylor lived to be an old man, remained in active management of his paper to the day of his death and faithfully kept his promise.

Giddings and "bluff Ben Wade" were the first friends among Ohio Congressmen that the women of an earlier day had, and those of later times found friends

* The National W. S. A. and the American W. S. A. united and formed the National American Woman Suffrage Association in 1890.

† Whitlock's book, "Her Infinite Variety", is a definite contribution to woman suffrage literature.

as true in Hon. J. Warren Keifer and Hon. Henry L. Morey. Once only did the 16th amendment measure come to vote in the United States Senate, on which occasion Sherman, of Ohio, voted aye.

In 1879 the American Woman Suffrage Association held its tenth annual meeting in Cincinnati. Sarah M. Perkins, then of Vermont, was one of the speakers. Later Mrs. Perkins took up her residence in Ohio and until her death in 1906 was actively engaged in woman suffrage work. She conducted a paper, called *The True Republic*. Her daughter, Professor Emma M. Perkins, a teacher in Western Reserve University, is a member of the executive committee of the Ohio Woman Suffrage Association. This Association was formally organized at a meeting held in Painesville in 1885, when Mrs. Frances M. Casement was elected President and Mrs. Elizabeth Coit Treasurer.* Mrs. Coit held this office for sixteen years, and in 1900, when a younger woman succeeded her, she was elected Honorary President of the State Association, which position she held until her death. Besides Mrs. Segur and Mrs. Coit, Mrs. Casement, while president, numbered among her active helpers Mrs. Martha H. Elwell, Mrs. C. Schrader and Mrs. Louisa Southworth. The latter, a rich and influential citizen of Cleveland, was especially interested in enrolling names of sympathizers and collected tens of thousands of signatures.

It was while Mrs. Caroline McCullough Everhard, of Massillon, was president of the State Woman Suffrage Association that School suffrage was granted to Ohio women. Mrs. Everhard and her able recording secretary, Mrs. Katherine B. Claypole, of Akron, were the chief promoters of this measure, and to them is due the lion's share of the credit for the victory. Mrs. Sarah C. Schrader, of Cincinnati, and Mrs. Alice E. Peters, of Columbus, assisted at the Capitol. School suffrage became a fact in 1894, after repeated efforts and many discouragements. The law was declared constitutional in 1895, the test case being brought against the Board

of Elections of Columbus and Mrs. Ida M. Earnhart, wife of one of the senators who had championed the bill. An effort to repeal the law in 1898 called forth a storm of protests, and the measure was lost by a vote of 76 to 22 in the House. By some chance the State Constitution had delegated school matters to the Legislature, and this made school suffrage for women possible. The Constitution presents an insurmountable obstacle to any further extension of the suffrage by the Legislature, and the women



MRS. CAROLINE McCULLOUGH EVERHARD,
To Whom Ohio Women Owe Their Right to Vote
in School Elections.

interested in this reform therefore confine their petitions to one for a constitutional amendment submitting the question of full enfranchisement to the voters. The Constitution imposes some civil disabilities, too, which further emphasize the difference between man's position and woman's.

The woman suffrage movement in Ohio is no longer picturesque; it has long since passed the stage of ridicule; its promoters are level-headed, practical women of affairs. They hold annual conventions, much less because such meetings make some impress on the public mind than for the

* A Men's League for Woman Suffrage was organized last spring in London (England), with a son of Mrs. Coit, Stanton Coit, Ph. D., as treasurer.

purpose of counseling together. They send fraternal delegates to conventions of other societies, and the cause has received the official endorsement of the State Association of Letter Carriers, the State Grange, the State Federation of Labor, and of many organizations of minor importance. They urge women to vote in school elections and attempt to secure the election of well qualified women to boards of education.* They ask each Legislature to submit an amendment providing for full suffrage, and will ask the 1907-1908 Assembly to pass a resolution calling upon Congress to refer to the various states for ratification a 16th amendment to the United States Constitution. This measure was endorsed by the Ohio Federation of Labor at its annual meeting in Columbus. The more conservative organizations of women are the unconscious allies of the Woman Suffrage

* Mrs. Upton, President of the Ohio Woman Suffrage Association, is a member of the Board of Education at Warren, and Mrs. Pauline Steinem, Vice-President of the Association, is a member of the Toledo School Board.

Association, and have done much to influence favorable legislation.†

Suffragists rejoice exceedingly when a great man like Mayor Tom L. Johnson, of Cleveland, leaves home in the midst of his own exciting campaign for re-election to be present and speak at a State convention, as Mr. Johnson did at the 1907 meeting of the Ohio Woman Suffrage Association.

They rejoice, too, when an expert in municipal affairs and an author of the standing of Frederick C. Howe pleads for woman suffrage in his ideal city. Again they rejoice at the increasingly favorable attitude of State legislators.

But in all this they see not so much the service of individuals to a just cause, as the spirit of a new time, in which women are to share with men the burdens and the responsibilities of citizenship, as well as its privileges.

† It should be borne in mind that the civil and legal position of women has been modified even more than their political position by the persistent efforts of the radicals of their own sex.



An Appeal for Oleomargarine

RECITING PAST, PRESENT AND PROPOSED LEGISLATION

By Henry C. Pirrung



FEW people appreciate the close relation existing between butter and butterine, because they either don't care, or, from a spirit of wanton indifference, they accept these food commodities with the sufferance of necessity.

More interest, however, has been manifested since the Government, under the Department of Animal Industry, has taken up the origin, production and value of all food products which are manufactured or in any way susceptible to adulteration or debasement.

Not only has the Government undertaken to enhance the physiological value of food products, but to standardize their value and their characteristics, such as labels, packages and colors. At the present time, more than ever in the history of our country, is the science of food production a subject of national importance.

Adults, at least, should familiarize themselves with the quality of the food consumed, and then regulate the quantity, to insure complete digestion and perfect nutrition. It is a safe and at least a sane prediction that, ere long, the science of food production and food value will become a prominent study in our public schools, because there is no more valuable treatise for the young student to sense, than that which provides and promotes mental and physical endurance.

Without proper food nourishment the child will become emaciated in body and mind, degenerating into an auto-static condition and doing only compulsory acts of study and tasks. To produce the marvelous achievements of brilliancy that every parent expects, or, at least hopes, for his child, the same care for its food must be followed as parent Nature naturally provides

in its infancy. Think of the care, precision and study mother Nature exacts for the infant at the breast; then, a few years later, what stoical indifference prevails for the young child's food! Oftentimes not only unhealthy but even poisonous foods are tendered, not by inhuman but thoroughly thoughtless and ignorant parents, who either cared nothing for or have neglected the study of food value.

Nearly every infant is first weaned from nursing to solid food, through the medium of bread and butter, and, after its first introduction, bread and butter are a thrice daily acquirement and therefore should have *three times the attention* of any other food product.

The product, butter, is, relatively, lesser known than the product, bread, yet nevertheless of equal importance, for, while butter is consumed in lesser quantities, it is *vastly more intense in food value*, so that its nutritive strength, even in the differential quantities, can reasonably be equally compared with that of the "staff of life."

Butter made from milk and cream and the product of a dairy, whether it be produced on the farm or manufactured in a creamery, has for its basis a certain fat value, and it is this value that chiefly concerns nutrition.

Chemically speaking, after deducting the water, salt, ash and other non-oleaginous substances from butter, there remains a residuum of 100 per cent. fat. This fat is of extreme importance to the destruction or promotion of health, because of its susceptibility to contamination, and, more particularly, to atmospherical changes which cause butter to become rancid. Great care is exercised in manufacturing butter to keep it sweet, large quantities of high grade

salt being introduced for this purpose; yet science has so far failed to discover an effective remedial agent to prevent speedy deterioration, on account of these fats being manufactured in their raw state.

Coupled with its non-keeping and variable qualities, differing with each churning and maker of butter, a far more important reason for a butter substitute presented itself, namely, "*quantity*." The de-

milk, being the direct natural result of Nature's marvel of converting the mammary fat glands of the animal into the fluid product milk, why could not a new butter be made from the primary fat? Further reasoning admitted that this method would lessen the danger of contamination, lessen the process of manufacture and thereby lessen the cost of the product. Also, *greater qualities could be*



HENRY C. PIRRUNG.

General Manager of the Capital City Dairy Company, of Columbus, Ohio, Who Last October Completed His Twentieth Year as a Butterine Producer.

mand for a uniform grade of butter was far in excess of the supply, consequently, the luxury of fresh butter was beyond the purse of all except the rich, and the inferior grades of butter were used for baking and cooking.

Inventive, adaptable and appreciative genius immediately *combined reason and science*, concluding that, if butter were the fat extract from milk and cream, and

produced, assuring, above all, *uniformity of quality*.

Science followed reason by selecting the choicest fat of the beef, freeing it from tissue and fiber by a simple but effective cooking process, from which resulted a choice oil called "Oleo Oil," which was microscopically and chemically the counterpart of butter fat.

Another fat was later discovered which

proved an equivalent to beef fat, in that by the process of melting and cooking the select leaf fat of the pig, called "Neutral," which, added to the beef fat, made a combination more acceptable and adaptable for butter purposes than the original "Oleo Oil." To these two ingredients were added milk and cream, sufficient to blend and harmonize the other fats, and the same amount of salt and color usually used in making butter.

To the satisfaction of reason and science this "*new butter*" product proved a revelation, not only in that a more uniform, equally nutritive and cheaper product was discovered, but one which *would not become rancid*, because all of the fats used in the composition were thoroughly cooked.

The fact that this new process of butter-making necessitated the cooking of fats, was more satisfactory than any other, because it *eliminated the use of the only raw fat on our table*, and brought into use a thoroughly cooked butter product.

Unluckily, but subsequently fortunate for this new discovery, manufacturing pirates and unscrupulous dealers debased this food article and sold it for butter with such abandon and audacity that many states passed stringent laws to regulate its sale. In 1886, Congress enacted a law that not only regulated its sale, but manufacture also, placing the enforcement of the legal provisions under the critical and unrelenting Department of Internal Revenue. This enactment immediately drove the unscrupulous manufacturer and dealer out of business and placed prominent and responsible men in control of industries for the manufacture of this "new butter." As a result, the manufacture of butterine is confined to less than fifty large producers in the United States, enabling not only the Government but the various states to give the enforcement of this law closest scrutiny.

The main feature of the law concerned itself in the manufacturer's tax of \$600 per annum, requiring a registration of the place of manufacture and the names of the officers of the corporation. The manufacturer has, from that time on, been compelled to make a monthly return to the Government of each and every pound of ingredients used in his product, together with each and every sale, showing, in de-

tail, the amount produced, sold and on hand at the end of each month. This report must be made in duplicate for the Government, one being sent to the Collector of Internal Revenue of the district in which the factory is located, and the other to the Honorable Commissioner of Internal Revenue at Washington. This report must be sworn to by the officers of the corporation, to which their seal is affixed, and innumerable severe penalties follow failure to make full and accurate returns.

Factories must be kept open, subject to the inspection of Federal officials at all times, so that they may inspect not only the premises as to their sanitary and hygienic condition, but that the materials composing butterine shall be pure, clean and free from contamination and adulteration.

The law of 1886 further provided that butterine must be packed in "new wooden" tubs or boxes and that a package once used could not be used for butterine again. A label must be pasted on the side of the package announcing this dictum to the public.

The law imposed a tax of two cents on every pound of butterine produced and sold, which fact is announced by a stamp affixed on the outside of each tub or box of butterine, giving the name of the manufacturer, his location and the number of pounds of butterine the package contained, to which is added a prescribed stencil for the lid of the package, detailing all information contained on the revenue stamp, so that the package is almost entirely surrounded by safe-guards against deception.

After this package is registered, stamped and stenciled, under the Federal enactment, it is subject to seizure and forfeiture in event of irregularity or fraud.

The wholesale dealer, in turn, is required to keep a record of his purchases and sales, giving, in detail, the source of his purchase and each individual sale, attesting to his monthly return and forwarding, in duplicate, to the Internal Revenue Officials. A wholesale dealer in oleomargarine is required to pay \$480 per annum. If a retailer in butterine, he must first procure a government license costing \$48 per annum for the sale, which must be conspicuously displayed in his place of business.

Many states enacted separate laws requiring retail dealers to display a card approximately 12 x 14 inches, bearing the words "Oleomargarine Sold Here."

The retail dealer is further required to stamp upon each paper or package of his sale the advisory legend that it is "oleomargarine," also his name, address and the number of pounds sold.

At first the law of 1886 was considered oppressive and unjust because of the *then* imagined "red tape" requirements, but soon the manufacturer, through the public, began to appreciate the advantages of this law of inspection and regulation, which, through its very forcefulness, *became an acknowledged "boomerang" to its instigators and constituents.*

Each year the sale of oleomargarine overshadowed the past one, until, in 1902, the sales for the year reached the astounding amount of 126,315,427 pounds, which, at the rate of two cents per pound tax, and the amount collected for licenses from manufacturers, wholesale and retail dealers, *netted the United States Treasury \$2,944,492.46.*

During this year Congress amended the original law of 1886 in the particular of taxation, increasing the two cents per pound tax, which carried with it the privilege of using "butter color," to ten cents per pound, if, in the manufacture of butterine, any artificial coloration was introduced, providing, however, that if no butter color was used the tax should only be at the rate of one-fourth cent per pound.

The enforcement of this law, which went into effect July 1st, 1902, proved during the twelve months succeeding, according to the report of the Honorable Commissioner of Internal Revenue, that the oleomargarine industry had been dealt a severe blow, as the sales for that year *only aggregated 71,211,244 pounds*, or nearly *one-half of the amount of the year previous.* This report further shows that the total collections from all butterine sources were only \$736,783.31, or a total *decrease* to the Government, compared with the year previous. *of \$2,207,709.15.*

This decrease in receipts to the Government was clearly due to the almost discontinued use of butter color in the manufacture of butterine, which, at the rate of

ten cents per pound tax, was prohibitive, as it made the cost of butterine higher, on the average, than butter, during the year. Consequently manufacturers had only the alternative of making an uncolored product at the rate of one-fourth cent per pound tax.

During the succeeding year of 1904, a still further reduction resulted from this amended law, as only a little more than 46,000,000 pounds of uncolored butterine were sold, *showing a decrease of 25,000,000 pounds* from the first year of the amended law. In 1905 about the same amount of butterine was sold, and in 1906 an increase occurred, which, while slight as compared with the stupendous decrease, amounted to nearly 5,000,000 pounds.

During the season of 1905 and 1906 statistics of the Elgin Butter Boards, both East and West, proved that the quantity of butter was short and, in consequence, the price correspondingly high, and as the year progressed the quantity grew less and the price higher, until forty cents per pound was asked for butter by the retailer.

Just at this time statistical events prove that a transposition of the old adage, "Necessity is the mother of invention;" occurred, as "*invention was the mother of necessity,*" because the sale of butterine, even in its uncolored state, increased until the shortage was relieved. The sale of butterine for the year ending June 30th, 1907, aggregated 71,366,775 pounds.

In addition to all of the foregoing stipulations for regulating the sale and manufacture of oleomargarine, the Pure Food Department of our Government has placed inspectors in all factories, whose duties require the inspection of all materials composing butterine, sanitary and hygienic conditions, in fact — *every infinitesimal detail pertaining to the product.*

We therefore find that this product has been under governmental supervision and inspection since 1886 and that under the stringent laws enacted to safeguard its purity and healthfulness the Government has, during this long interim, approved of its manufacture and sale.

It seems only reasonable to assume that if this product had not been exceptional in all of its qualifications, to even satisfy the most scrupulous, its manufacture and

sale would have been prohibited. Yet, in the face of this incontrovertible and sweeping governmental indorsement, the "Dairy Press" has insistently belittled, maligned, bedraggled and falsely accused this product and its manufacture, and unreservedly denounced legislation and legislators that in any manner favored butterine.

Can this not be construed as an indirect affront to our Government?

What motive is back of all this "Dairy Press," "Dairy Union," "Elgin and Butter Board" agitation?

It is justifiable to assume from a competitive standpoint that butterine has kept butter to a normal standard of quality and price.

Figures of the "Elgin Butter Board" show that creamery butter is, on the average, five cents per pound higher since the amendment of 1902 became effective, and this average increase means a *gain of 23 per cent.* over former prices. This, however, is *only the average increase* in the price of butter, which, at certain seasons of the year, mainly the severe Winter and early Spring months, is nearly doubled, on account of the insufficient quantity.

This is all the more significant when one considers that only a few years ago our exporting of butter was a conspicuous item, while today, and during recent years, our exports of this commodity are and have been so meagre as to almost escape notice in our foreign commerce. And yet — retaining all of the butter production of our country for home consumption, the dairy industry has been unable to supply either the demand for butter or milk — as forcibly evidenced by the several milk famines, especially in New York and Chicago, during the past two years.

We never experienced a milk or butter famine prior to 1902, but with the encroachment of municipalities on our farm and prairie lands, owing to the tremendous and astounding increase of population, it is only reasonable to assume that more frequent shortages of dairy products are awaiting us.

In the light of these conditions and facts, and in justice to those whom *all* food laws should serve as a benefactor — *the consuming public* — is it not high time

to lay aside either the hypocritical or pantomime mask worn by the opposition and declare their intention as to their desire for future legislation?

Past legislation has been decidedly of the "class" variety, and was enacted, no doubt, partly from lack of knowledge or indifference, or perhaps bias or prejudice, but *surely the enactments emanated from, through and with politics as the dominant factor for such measures.*

Butterine is not now and never again will be an unknown product, and *will and should be made under Government supervision*, to guarantee its purity and healthfulness, and then, when the law of our land has stamped its approval on its manufacture, competitive and other interests should be made to recognize the paternal edict and extend a fraternal hand, that there may be *an evolution of quality and quantity* of butter products for those of our citizens dependent upon our supply. We should work hand in hand to produce an article of diet in its most acceptable form or sightliest color, in order to please the consumer to his fullest satisfaction.

It is not meet or just to ask of Congress the privilege of using artificial coloration for butter and at the same time to estop the same privilege for butterine. *"Equal rights to all" should prevail*, with a spirit of brotherly love manifested, and *not the "survival of the political fittest."*

Manufacturers of butterine are on record before Congress in 1901 and 1902 with the broad assertion that *if butterine is found to be prejudicial to health, it is the duty of Congress to prohibit its manufacture and sale*, but if the contrary is true, it is the *Government's first duty to encourage and even demand its manufacture* in the most superior manner and free it from any badge of debasement or discoloration.

There seems to be but one remedy to please all interests, and that is, to put up butterine in individual "Government stamped" packages, ranging from one to ten pounds each, with such superscription containing the word "oleomargarine" that will safeguard the consumers and prevent deception in its sale. A small tax of say one-fourth cent or one-half cent per pound should be placed on this product, to re-

imburse the Government for the actual expense of supervision, and *make the penalties for deception or fraud so heavy and severe that no one will dare infract.*

With the enactment of a National law providing for a betterment of manufacturing conditions and a product satisfactory and sightly to the consumer, surrounded with safeguards to prevent deception in its sale, the various states would undoubtedly harmonize their laws for this product, just as they have adopted Govern-

ment regulations and requirements for many others.

In conclusion, let it be understood that "*color*" in butter or butterine does not enhance its "*quality*" — that either product, uncolored, would be just as healthful and nutritious, and that our appeal to be permitted the use of "butter color" without paying the prohibitive tax of ten cents per pound, is based upon that interpretation of our Constitution which provides "*equal rights to all — special privileges to none.*"



A Counterfeit Coin

By James Ball Naylor

CHAPTER X.



THE Chalkly Grafton house, as has been said, was a barn-like structure and in a dilapidated condition, standing on the bank of Douda Run, about a half mile from the river. At the point where the house stood the little valley narrowed to a deep and dark ravine or gulch, and rock-ribbed, precipitous hills rose on both sides. The building was old — very old; and time and elements had sportively twisted and warped it, curled shingles and weather-boards and played havoc with windows and doors.

It was a two-story structure, with three or four rooms on each floor and flag-paved cellar extending under the whole of it. An immense stone chimney had its origin in the basement and overtopped the comb by three feet. The building was upon a gently-sloping elevation, a few hundred yards from the highroad, which at this point left the valley and climbed the hill on the opposite side of the brook.

It was evening, and Bud Fogle and his two companions sat in one of the rooms on the first floor, engaged in earnest conversation. The soft night air stole in at the open casement, bringing with it the moist odor of the woodland and the babble of the purling brook. The condition of the atmosphere betokened rain; distant sounds could be heard with startling distinctness. Bullfrogs down at the brookside croaked dolorously, and a katydid in the big elm at the corner of the house made night hideous with its rasping complaint. A small lamp upon the table at which the men had eaten their evening meal dimly lighted the room, leaving the remote corners in dense shadow. The three individuals were puffing away at short black pipes, and the smell of rank tobacco smoke over-

powered all other odors and scared away all venturesome nocturnal insects.

"When did young Cassel tell you this, Bud?" Stoneman was asking.

"Today," Fogle answered, refilling his pipe, which had burned out.

"His communication, taken in connection with the letter Miss Haskins received from Gimp, leaves no room for doubt; Raymond is a detective and is here to make us trouble."

And "Professor Bob" readjusted his spectacles, thoughtfully stroked his long gray beard and was silent.

Crogan removed his pipe from his half-toothless gums, spat upon the floor, and, meditatively passing his hand over his bald head, said:

"Right you are, Pr'fessor. Gimp says in de letter to de young woman dat de feller w'at was nosin' round de bank was named Raymond. Cuss Gimp! If he hadn't overshot de mark by bein' too smart, dere wouldn't 'ave been nobody *nosin'* round. But Gimp wants to save hisself in case anyt'ing happens. / can read Gimp!"

Crogan relighted his pipe, which had gone out through neglect, and continued:

"I'll bet ten as good dollars as was ever shoved by de perfesh dat dis Raymond is de same chap dat run down Micky Clayton an' Bill Godfrey, up at Portland, a few years ago. An' if he *is*, he's one o' de slickest men dere is on de force — dat's all. Raymond — Raymond; it sounds to me like de same name. It's de same man — course it is. An' he's a houn' to smell out t'ings an' a bulldog to hang on w'en he gits a holt; so de best t'ing *we* can do is to send in his resignation fer him — an' do it soon an' quick."

"That's my opinion, exactly," Stoneman mumbled, without removing his pipe from his lips.

"What do you mean?" Fogle inquired in a hard, cold tone.

Crogan and Stoneman exchanged glances, and the Irishman facetiously winked one of his red and watery eyes. Then he remarked:

"Bob, let me have another nip from dat bottle. I can talk better w'en my whistle's wet."

"It seems to require a good deal of wetting to keep it in order," Fogle grumbled. "But I want to know what you two mean by 'handing in Raymond's resignation.' Speak out."

Stoneman did not offer to reply. Crogan took a drink of liquor, wiped his lips upon the back of his rough hand, coughed apologetically and said:

"We mean just dis: Raymond's a detective; he's onto our game, an' he's here to give us trouble. Dere's no scarin' him off — he ain't built dat way; an' de best t'ing we can do is to help him let loose right quick."

"Do you mean we must persuade him to abandon the case?" Fogle asked.

"Persuade!" Crogan chuckled, hoarsely. "Come — dat's *too* good."

"Then what the hell *do* you mean — that we shall frighten him off?" Fogle cried, irritably.

At this both Crogan and Stoneman laughed uproariously; and the former said sneeringly:

"Oh, yes; we mean to frighten him, we do! Le's stort right out tonight an' tell him we mean to take a stick to him. He'll never stop runnin' — *he* won't!"

Fogle brought his hand down upon the table, with a crash that made the dishes dance and jingle, shouting: "I don't want any more of your cursed fooling! What do you *mean*?"

"We mean to *kill* him," Crogan answered coolly.

Fogle sprang to his feet, his eyes ablaze; and, shaking his fist in Crogan's face, thundered:

"No, you don't — not while I'm around! I told you two scoundrels —"

Crogan also leaped to his feet, a dangerous light in his red eyes, and interrupted:

"Draw it mild dere, pardner — none o' y'r hard names! Dey don't go. See?"

But Fogle drew himself to full height, stiffened his muscles, struggled a moment with his tempestuous, temper, and said quietly — but without a tremor of fear: "You *are* infernal scoundrels — and I'm not afraid to fling it in your teeth! There — none of your threatening gestures; just wait till I'm through. Then, if you want satisfaction, you can have your fill of it."

He dropped his voice to a lower and milder tone, and went on: "I told you when I joined you in this enterprise, I was willing to give up my honor, my manhood, my position as master pattern-maker in the Pittsburg shops and take the risk of serving a term in the penitentiary. I was discouraged with hard work and poor pay, and I was hungry for a chance to make money — and lots of it. But I plainly told you that I wouldn't stand for any crime but counterfeiting; and I *meant* what I said. I'm willing to defraud the government; but I won't have murder done — not if the last one of us spends his days in the penitentiary."

Crogan sat dumbfounded, offering not a word in reply; but Stoneman took a pull at the bottle, smacked his bearded lips, and said softly and soothingly:

"Come, Fogle, don't be sentimental and squeamish. Sentiment and business don't go well together — especially in *this* business. Look at me! I used to be a professor in the schools, years ago; but like you I grew tired of the drudgery, and made up my mind to make money — literally *make* it. Well, I've been in prison a number of times and may be again before I die; but I've learned that the way to keep out is to let nobody meddle with my business. Our safety depends upon having this man Raymond out of our way; and there's no way of getting him out, but to *kill* him — and hide the job."

Fogle's voice was again cold and inflexible, as he answered: "You'll never kill him — or anyone else — with *my* help or consent; and if I learn of your doing such a thing, I'll help to bring you to justice, if I swing for it. Do you suppose for a moment that Miss Haskins would countenance such a thing? You know as well as I do that Gimp deceived her to get her into this thing and that he has resorted to the threat of exposure and imprisonment to

keep her at it. Kill Raymond, and she'll have us hung — that's all. Besides, what good will it do to kill the detective?"

"Just dis," Crogan snarled: "Put Raymond out of de way, an' we can go on shovin' de queer, fer quite a spell, w'ile de gover'ment's wonderin' w'at's become o' him. Dey knows where he is, but dey *don't* know w'at he's found out; 'cause it ain't de habit o' dem chaps to blow deir game till de trap's all ready to spring. Over dere in Washin'ton dey'll t'ink he's lost de scent an' is huntin' it some'rs else; an' dey won't make no move fer quite a spell, waitin' to hear from him. It'll give us plenty o' time to shape up ev'ryting wid Gimp an' cut loose from him an' de gal an' start in a new place. An' I's had enough o' Gimp's way o' doin' business; he's all fer Gimp an' nobody else."

"I can't see what good can come of the killing," Fogle insisted, stubbornly. "In the first place, Raymond don't know we have a plant here —"

"Oh, don't he?" Crogan interrupted with a sneer.

"No."

"W'at's he here fer, den?"

"He's here taking an outing."

"Seems to be workin' purty hard durin' his vacation." And Crogan and Stoneman both laughed.

Fogle bit his lips, and continued: "He may *suspicion* what we have here, but he don't *know*; and while he's trying to find out, we can gather up our stuff and slip away."

"Oh, yes — course we can!" Crogan sneered. "De detective's here fer his health, an' he ain't watchin' ev'ry move we make — oh, no! Don't you t'ink it fer a minute; he knows w'at he's doin' — *dat* bloke does. You ain't had de experience wid dem fellers dat I's had. By dis time he's got a pal in Pittsburg shadderin' Gimp — Raymond has; an' he's only waitin' to make de connections an' den he'll bag de whole outfit — Gimp, de gal, an' all. Naw. Fogle, me boy, you's got to leave dis job to older hands at de biz, we'll all do time fer it. An' wid one term starin' me in de face I ain't takin' no chances. I's tired o' runnin'; an' I'll do some fightin' 'fore I gives in *dis* time."

"And you mean to kill Raymond?" Fogle asked, quietly.

"Of course," Crogan answered, coolly. Fogle's eyes flashed dangerously.

"If there's any killing done, I'll take a part," he said.

"All right," Crogan replied, carelessly. "It's a game more'n one can play at." Then, his anger rising: "But if you set in dat game, you want to keep y'r eyes on de dealer — dat's all."

"Here — here!" Stoneman called out. "We can't afford to be fighting among ourselves. Fogle, you must give in; our safety depends upon this step."

The younger man was silent for some moments. Then he exclaimed passionately: "I wish to God I had never seen any of you!"

"An' I wish dat I'd never seen you — n'r Gimp, n'r de gal," Crogan cried, with an oath. "Dis trouble all comes of de perfesh associatin' wid amatoors. You ain't got no blood in y'r veins, Fogle — it's just milk an' water. I's goin' to save my own napper, I is, an' de rest o' you can do w'at you pleases."

"And I'm going to save myself and the plant, too — if the killing of the detective will do it," Stoneman remarked in a matter of fact way.

"And as for me," Fogle said in a low, suppressed tone of voice, "I'll shoot the man through the heart who kills Raymond. I'll —"

"Hist!" whispered Crogan. "I hear someone 'r somethin' movin' in de weeds out dere."

Fogle walked over to the window and looked out. The room in which the three were seated was at the back of the house and the window opened out upon the steep hillside. Presently the younger man returned to his companions, and whispered:

"I saw something moving up the hillside, and I'm going out to see who or what it is."

With the words he passed through the door, disappearing in the darkness. Crogan leaned toward Stoneman, muttering:

"W'at's de matter wid dat cuss, anyhow?"

"He possesses one of those wholly useless inconveniences known as a conscience," Stoneman chuckled in reply. Then, sob-

erly: "We're going to have no end of trouble with him, if we don't let him have his way; and if we *do* let him have it, we'll land in the penitentiary."

"Let him have his way — an' play checkers wid our noses?" Crogan snarled, ending with an oath. "Not by a plenty! I'll kill him an' de detective both an' burn deir bodies in dis ol' shackletrap, 'fore I'll be took. Dere ain't no use a-talkin' —"

"Sh!" cautioned Stoneman, his finger on his lips. "Not so loud; I think I hear Bud coming back. Now, I'll tell you what we must do, Crogan. We must get away with Raymond without Fogle knowing it — if that's possible. Then, if he finds out what we've done and kicks up a rumpus, well — we'll know what to do. Not another word! Here he comes."

Fogle stepped into the room and, seating himself, remarked: "There was somebody out there; and he disappeared over the hill, in the direction of the village."

"The detective!" his companions exclaimed, in a breath.

"I don't know," Fogle answered; "I saw nothing of him but his back."

"Course it was him," Crogan cried irritably. "But 'cordin' to you he was just out takin' an evenin' stroll fer his health. Oh, no; we ain't got not'ing to fear from him!"

A half hour later the three had retired and the big house was wrapped in darkness.

The man Fogle had seen prowling upon the hillside was Raymond. As he passed Miss Haskins' door on his return to the farmhouse, he saw her sitting at her table, writing. She was clad in a loose wrapper, and her hair fell in a rippling cascade about her shoulders and waist. One daintily slipped foot peeped from the folds of her skirt, and one bejeweled hand shielded her eyes from the light, as she wrote. Raymond paused, attracted by her beauty. She was unaware of his presence, apparently, and wrote on. He stood watching her for several minutes, all the love and passion of his strong nature ablaze. At last he coughed to attract her attention, and she sprang up, with the startled cry: "Why, Claude — Mr. Raymond! How you frightened me!"

He walked into the room, unbidden and,

taking a chair, motioned her to be seated. Then he said:

"I'm sorry I startled you. But whom are you writing to?"

"Mr. Raymond! What a question!"

"Say 'Claude' — as you did before," he said, smiling.

"Well, 'Claude,' then," — with a jerky laugh.

"Myra, you're writing to your brother-in-law, Harold P. Gimp, of Pittsburg."

She stared hard at him, wonder and admiration in her eyes.

At last she murmured, almost inaudibly: "Yes, I'm writing to my brother-in-law, Harold P. Gimp, of Pittsburg."

"Myra," he went on, earnestly, "I told you today that I love you." She put up her hand in protest; but he continued: "I wanted to save you from yourself — from your own rash folly. But tonight I know more of the true state of affairs, and I change my plea. Let me save you from Gimp. The inevitable is rapidly approaching; and Gimp and the others will pay the penalty of their crime. But I would save *you* — I love you! Won't you let me?"

She turned very white; and, hiding her face in her hands, moaned:

"Don't say any more — please don't! I've gone too far; I — I can't turn back. Please, please leave me! You must not be seen in my room, at this time of night."

"Pardon my thoughtlessness," he answered quietly, almost coldly. "I didn't think of that. Good night."

She made no further reply; and he withdrew.

CHAPTER XI.

Several days passed and Raymond did not spring his trap. He had two good and sufficient reasons for his delay: he desired to save Miss Haskins and he desired to make sure of his evidence against the others. He had seen very little of Myra since the evening interview in her room. She held aloof; but he noted, when they did meet, that she was less buoyant than was her wont and that her face wore a distressed and haggard expression.

"Curse the luck!" he muttered, grumblingly, as he sat alone in the dusk of his room one evening. "Things get worse in-

stead of better. I'm a fool, no doubt, to delay matters on her account. Probably she doesn't care a straw for me; but I care for *her* — and that's the worst of it. I can't bear the idea of ruining her life, since I have learned what I have. I flatter myself that I played it pretty cunningly upon Fogle and his pals, the other night; they hadn't the least idea that I was hid in those tall weeds back of the house, and overheard all they said. It appears that Fogle was honey-fugled into the business, too, and that his soul revolts at the thought of violence and bloodshed. So much the better for me; there's one less to fear and avoid. But look out for Crogan and Stoneman! No conscientious scruples keep that pair of worthies awake of nights. They'll kill me at the first opportunity; and they'll not rest easy till the opportunity presents itself. Well, fore-warned is fore-armed."

He lighted a cigar, elevated his feet upon the window-sill, and mused on: "But there's no use in fuming and fretting. I can't strike the blow till things are ready at both ends of the line. I must wait till I heard from Kennard—or whoever Travis has sent to Pittsburg. If Kennard is there, then everything's all right; I've worked with him before. Well, I won't have long to wait; Miss Haskins sent her letter to 'Mrs. Sarah H. Ormsby,' three days ago; and this morning she sent another box to the same mysterious personage. As soon as Kennard has determined the contents of box and letter, I shall hear from him — probably to-morrow or next day. Then things must come to a crisis. The only thing that concerns me about the Pittsburg work is that I'm afraid Travis may not have sent Kennard to do it."

He knocked the ashes from his cigar, and continued: "I must come to an understanding with Myra — and at once. I'm sure she isn't in sympathy with the dirty work she's helping to do; she *can't* be — the thought is preposterous! But Gimp has her in his power, and she fears him. Does she love me — or doesn't she? I wish I knew — and I *must* know!"

Then, with sudden resolve: "I'll go and ask her at once."

With Raymond, to resolve was to act. He arose, crossed the hall, and knocked

upon Miss Haskins' door. Receiving no response, he turned the knob and entered the room. It was in perfect order, but Miss Haskins was not there.

"How thoughtless of me not to remember that she went to the village," he muttered, and turned to retire.

At the door he paused irresolutely, murmuring: "It's a detestable act to contemplate; but it's in the line of duty — and for her good. I'll do it!"

He returned to the room and began a thorough search of it. He examined the things upon the table, peeped into the cabinet, tried the drawers of the bookcase and chiffonier and looked under the bed in the sleeping apartment. The drawers were locked, and he discovered nothing unusual. Of a sudden he heard footsteps ascending the stairs; and he started, and mentally began to frame an excuse for being in the room.

"This will do," he muttered, taking a book from the table.

In the hall he came face to face with the black-eyed Ruth.

"I've been in Miss Haskins' room, to borrow a book," he remarked, carelessly, as he passed her.

He went on to his own quarters, dropped into a chair and listlessly turned the leaves of the volume — wondering why Miss Haskins had not yet returned from the village. An envelope dropped from the book and fell upon the floor. In a pre-occupied, mechanical way, he recovered it, returned it to its place, and went on turning the pages. Suddenly, however, he stopped — and turned back to the envelope. It bore the Pittsburg postmark and was addressed, "Miss Myra Haskins, Malta, Ohio," in the crabbed handwriting of one unaccustomed to wielding a pen. Raymond withdrew the enclosure and found it type-written throughout — even to the signature. It ran:

PITTSBURG, PENN., July 7th, 18—.

"Miss Myra Haskins, Malta, Ohio:

Let's have an understanding, once for all. You say I've deceived you, that you're sick of the whole thing, and that you're going to quit. I've heard all that before — and have answered it, too. However, I'll answer it again.

"In regard to my deceiving you: I told you the truth in the beginning, and if you have blindly misinterpreted my words, I am not to blame. I told you the silver dollars you were to help put in circulation were genuine dollars. So they are — almost. They contain within a few grains of the requisite amount of silver, they are of the usual size and appearance, and to all intents and purposes they are as good as any dollar. Many good people believe that the government should again grant free-coinage privileges to the owners of silver bullion; we have *taken* the privilege that the government has not seen fit to *grant*. You say the coins are counterfeit. That's an ethical question that it would be idle to discuss.

"As to your being sick of the work: If I remember right, at the time I offered you the position — and persuaded you to take it, if you wish to put it that way — you were sick of the drudgery of school work. Now you are anxious to return to it. It seems to me that you are just a little over-particular — just a little uncertain in your mind about what you really desire to do.

"You say you are going to quit the business. I would impress upon your mind that you are absolutely in my power, and that you *dare not quit*. I have laid my plans too well to protect myself; I can send you to the penitentiary any time I choose, but you have no hold at all on me. Let me show you: No coin is shipped to me; no letters come to me, except your letters of sisterly affection; no crookedness can be traced to me; I stand well in business circles; I have been the first to call attention to the counterfeits, as you are pleased to call them; 'Sarah H. Ormsby,' to whom all stuff is shipped and all business letters sent, has no existence, yet my connection with the convenient number on Blank Street cannot be traced. Do you see? Even should you keep this letter — which you will not, but will return to me in the next box of 'specimens,' as heretofore — you could not use it against me. The whole thing is typewritten and in a court of law would have no weight.

"No, there is but one thing for you to do. If you try any of your tricks with me, I'll show you no mercy, but will send you to the penitentiary, even if I have to go my-

self. But if you will go on attending to business, we'll be rich in a short time. I mean to do the handsome by you. Then, if anything *should* occur, I'll stand by you and do my best to clear you; and with the help of wealth and influence that would not be hard to do.

"Don't be worried over the presence of the detective. Leave the management of him to the others; they'll know what to do.

As Ever.

G.

"P. S. — You will note that 'Sarah' addressed this letter — as she has all others of the kind. Now, what scrap of evidence could you bring against me?"

"A combination of slick scoundrel and egregious ass!" Raymond muttered, in a tone of deep disgust. "He holds the poor girl in his power, he makes her think; and he fancies himself secure from detection. Well, he has worked the thing pretty shrewdly; but we'll see how it all comes out. I guess I'll take a ramble over towards Douda, and see how things are coming on over there. I wish I could get a peep inside that old rookery. I wonder why Myra doesn't come back."

He returned letter and book to Miss Haskins' table. Then he took up his hat and field-glass and set out. As he passed through the front gate he observed Frank Cassel and the two house-maids in earnest conversation, near the corner of the house. Smiling superiorly, he proceeded to the river, embarked in a rowboat, and pulled away in the direction of Douda Run.

As Raymond was passing down the lane to the river, Janey was saying to her companions, in vixenish tone:

"Jest to see the way she carries on with Mr. Raymond! If one of us girls 'ld traipse 'round over the country with a man, like *she* does — oh, my! but *wouldn't* folks talk! An' I saw him in her room, t'other night when I went to the head o' the stairs to put down the hall winder — *that's* what I saw!"

"It's scanderlous!" echoed Ruth, with a shocked expression of countenance. "An' her so stuck up an' mighty!"

"You say she wouldn't listen to you, Ruth, when you went to tell her of

Raymond's sneaking actions?" young Cassel asked.

"No, she wouldn't—jest ordered me out o' the room."

"Well, you'll tell her about seeing him in her room this morning, won't you?"

"N'deed I won't!" Ruth answered, with a positive toss of her pretty head. "If *you* want to snoop round the'r business, you can do it; *I'm* through."

"Of course you don't care anything for me, then," he said, in as plaintive a tone as he could command; "and I'll devote myself to some other girl."

He thought to wheedle her into doing what he desired; but in that he was mistaken. She replied promptly—snappishly: "You can do jest as you please, Mr. Frank Cassel! I know you don't care for me; you're jest tryin' to git Miss Haskins mad at Mr. Raymond, so's you can have her all to y'rself. An' you can't fool me no more—I'm on to y'r tricks. You needn't think I'm goin' to pine away an' die 'bout you, neither; I've got another feller that I'm writin' to all the time. So there!"

And Ruth with a defiant toss of her head, that set her black curls a-dancing, bounced into the house. The irrepressible Janey giggled at the young man's discomfiture; and, with an angry light in his eyes and an oath upon his lips, he strode off to the barn, muttering: "The cursed little minx! I thought I could fool her into helping me out in the matter, but she's too suspicious. I've a notion to go over on Douda for a little walk; I saw Miss Haskins return from town and drive on down that way. Maybe I can find out what she goes over there for. I think I know, though; and if I make sure I'll have a club to hold over her."

Thus musing, he passed through the barnyard and took the shortest route across the hills, toward the old house on Douda Run.

CHAPTER XII.

On reaching the mouth of Douda Run, Raymond concealed his boat beneath the drooping limbs of a willow, in such a manner that it could not be seen from the bosom of the stream nor from the road along the river-bank. Then he ascended the hill on the south side of the little

valley, till he reached a broad bench or terrace. Following a path along this, through the woods, he came to a point where he could look down upon the narrow valley spread out beneath him. Douda Run was at his feet; and across it—and a little way up the hillside—was the house of the counterfeiters. The highway, shimmering white in the hot rays of the summer sun, wriggled along the sparkling brook and crawled off into the grateful shade of the wooded hillside.

Seating himself upon a mossy rock, Raymond unslung his field-glass and leveled it upon the house in the valley. He was heated from the climb he had made, and the close air of the forest and the stings of buzzing insects added to his discomfort. He gave little heed, however; his mind was fixed upon more important things than his own small troubles.

"Smoke pouring from that big stone chimney," he muttered. Then, shifting his position; "I can see through the open doors and windows, and there's not a soul in sight. The plant must be in the cellar; and they're down there at work."

He lowered the glass and wiped the sweat from his eyes. "Whose horse and cart is that standing at the side of the road—just where it starts up the hill?"

He pointed the glass at the spot.

"Miss Haskins' rig, I declare! But where's she? Ah—see her now, in that clump of trees and bushes half way up the hill, toward the house. What can she be—"

He did not finish the sentence but caught his breath sharply, and silently watched the figure on which his interest was centered. His glass was a strong one and he could note every movement. He saw her place her tin box upon the ground and look about her in a cautious, half-fearful manner. Then she drew from a crevice in a small ledge of rocks a canvas bag, and quickly transferred its contents to the tin box; after which she threw the empty bag back into its hiding-place.

The glass was so powerful—the illusion was so perfect—that Raymond felt he could reach out and touch her, almost; he saw the silver dollars, as she dropped them into the receptacle, as plain as though the whole scene was not ten feet from him.

He continued to observe her. She was screened from the highroad by intervening trees and bushes; but he, being so far above, could overlook them. She closed and fastened the lid of the box, picked it up and began the descent of the slope toward her conveyance but had gone but a few paces when a man sprang from the underbrush and confronted her.

"Frank Cassel!" muttered the detective, without lowering the glass from his eye. "Here's a complication."

Young Cassel and Miss Haskins held an animated conversation, for some moments. This Raymond knew by their attitudes and gestures, though he could not catch the sound of their voices. The young woman appeared pale and worried; the young man, flushed and triumphant. Presently Cassel sprang forward and caught Miss Haskins in his arms.

"The presumptuous, cowardly puppy!" cried Raymond, dropping the glass and leaping to his feet, as one long piercing scream for help came to his ears.

The detective shoved the field-glass into the case that hung at his side and — leaping, scrambling, sliding — he descended the precipitous slope, at breakneck speed. On reaching the road he ran swiftly toward the scene of the struggle. His clothing was torn and disarranged, his hands and face were scratched and bleeding; but he gave no heed. He reached the turn of the road, where Miss Haskins' horse was tied, leaped over the low rail-fence and dashed up the slope.

Miss Haskins was still struggling in the arms of young Cassel, and neither was aware of the presence of the detective until the older man had the younger by the collar and was soundly kicking him. With a final cuff Raymond flung the youngster to the ground and turned just in time to catch Miss Haskins in his arms — to save her from falling. She was white and trembling and could not speak; and, after a few vain attempts at composure, she broke down and wept — her head upon Raymond's shoulder. As for him, although his heart was filled with righteous indignation toward her tormentor and with pity for her, he was ecstatically and foolishly happy.

"I'm so glad you were near," she found her voice to say, at last.

Then she attempted to disengage herself from his arms; but he held her fast.

"Myra, do you love me?" he whispered.

"Can you ask?" was the blushing reply.

They looked *into* each other's eyes and forgot the slinking wretch upon the ground, forgot where they were, forgot that she was a criminal — he, a sworn officer of the law; forgot everything but that they loved each other and were happy for one brief moment, at least.

"I must go," she said, shiveringly.

"Let me assist you down to the cart," he replied. Then, turning to Cassel: "Stay here till I come back; I want to talk with you."

The younger man answered with a nod and a scowl. Raymond picked up the tin box and led the way to the conveyance, Miss Haskins silently following. He assisted her into the cart, and handed her the tin box, with the words: "Here is your box of *specimens*, Myra."

Again she shivered as she replied: "Put it in the bottom of the vehicle."

After a moment of embarrassing silence, he asked: "Shall I drive you home?"

"No," she answered, quickly; "I'm feeling much better, I can go alone. When shall I see you — to thank you, you understand?"

"This evening, if you're feeling well enough. There's a number of things I desire to talk over with you—some arrangements to make. Drive home now and lie down for a rest. And lose this box on your way. Do you understand?"

"Y-e-s."

"The bottom of the river will be a good place for it."

"I understand."

"All right. Good-bye till I see you again. I want to devote a little time to your too ardent admirer — Mr. Frank Cassel."

"Claude!"

"Well — Myra?"

"You won't — won't punish him any further?"

"I ought to thrash the life out of him."

"Don't — please don't!"

"Didn't he insult you?"

"Y-e-s, but—"

"Then I won't promise anything."

"Please — for my sake!" And she bent toward him till their lips met.

"Very well," he said, smiling. "Go, now; and do what I told you — lie down and take a rest."

He stood watching her as she drove away. When she had disappeared around a bend in the road, he returned to the place where he had left Cassel. The younger man stood leaning against a tree, in a nonchalant attitude, a half-sullen, half-defiant expression upon his face.

"Why did you assault Miss Haskins?" Raymond asked.

"None of your business," was the bold but indiscreet reply.

The detective made a move to seize the youngster by the collar again, but remembered his promise to Miss Haskins and checked himself. Cassel retreated out or reach; but kept up his show of defiance by asking: "Why did you attack me?"

"Because you insulted Miss Haskins," Raymond answered, coolly.

"You lie," was the hot retort. "I didn't; you're just jealous — you're a meddling some —"

"Hold on!" commanded the detective sternly. "I promised Miss Haskins that I wouldn't chastise you further. Be careful how you fling around your epithets, though, or I may forget my promise and give you the hammering you so richly deserve. You followed her here; you forced your presence and attentions upon her; you insulted her. I was watching and saw you. Now, you're going to answer some questions for me; or I'll take you across my knee and *spank* you."

Cassel simply glowered and offered no reply.

"Why did you insult Miss Haskins?" Raymond again asked.

"I didn't — I didn't mean to, anyhow. I was just — just —"

"Well?"

"I was just trying to kiss her."

"Indeed! That was all! You followed her over here for that purpose?"

"No, I didn't."

"You followed her."

"Yes."

"What for?"

"I wanted to see what she came over here so much for."

"Oh, you did! And you found out, I suppose."

"Yes, I did," — a ring of malicious triumph in his voice, — "and you're welcome to her, if you want her. You don't know all I do. She's a counterfeiter, and I'll help to send her to the penitentiary."

Raymond turned pale. His suspicions in regard to Cassel's real mission to the place were confirmed; his worst fears were realized. He sprang forward and caught the young spy by the arms.

"You'll do nothing of the kind, Cassel," he panted in a half-whisper. "You'll keep your mouth shut — and breathe not a word of this affair, or I'll choke the life out of you, here and now. Look at me! I mean every word I say."

Cassel was a craven at heart; he cowered before Raymond's look and manner of fierce determination — and gave in.

"Promise me!" the detective commanded, with a light in his eyes the other could not face.

"I — I promise," the poor coward faltered. Then, with a weak assumption of courage: "But don't you threaten me any more, or I'll have you arrested — that's all."

"Listen," Raymond said, impressively. "I can have you arrested on two charges: for assaulting Miss Haskins, and for counterfeiting — of which you have been so glibly talking. If these men up here are counterfeiters, your father is guilty of harboring them in his property. Besides I find you in the immediate vicinity of the plant and giving me the information that it is a plant; and that would serve as proof that you have been aware of the illegal business for some time and haven't reported it to the authorities. Then, Bud Fogle comes to the farmhouse and carries away supplies of food. All these things together put you and your father in a tight place. But I don't want to take advantage of the compromising circumstances — I don't want to give you any trouble; yet I can and *will* do it, if you meddle in the matter — if you try to frustrate my plans. Keep a still tongue — in other words, mind your own business and leave mine alone — and

all will be well; but breathe a word of what you have seen or learned to-day, and I'll give you and your father a chance to prove your innocence."

"I — I won't say a word," the youngster stammered. "I'm innocent — you know I am, Mr. Raymond; and father —"

"Very well," the detective interrupted, hardly able to repress a smile at his companion's manifestations of alarm. "I bear you no lasting ill-will. Remember to keep your mouth closed. Good day."

Raymond strode away toward the river, leaving Cassel alone with his thoughts. The younger man ground his teeth and muttered: "Oh, no — you bear me no ill-will; but I do you! I'll get even with you, Mr. Claude Raymond, if I go to the penitentiary for it. You kicked me and slapped me; but I'll make you pay for it. You're a detective, eh? Well, that's no news to me; I suspected as much. And Fogle and the rest are counterfeiters: and the uppish Miss Haskins is a common criminal. I know what I'll do: I'll kill Raymond and let the gang swing for it — the haughty Miss Myra included."

Then, after a few moment's thought and sundry shakes of the head: "No, that won't do; it's too dangerous. Perhaps they'd kill him themselves, if they knew all I know. I'll go up and tell them, this minute; Raymond 'll never know."

He skirted the clump of trees and bushes, ascended to the house, and knocked upon the half-open door. The sound of his timid blows reverberated through the crazy structure, but no one responded to the summons. He knocked again with more force and a moment later heard steps approaching from the dusky interior. It was Crogan, and his appearance was not prepossessing nor reassuring. His suspenders hung at his sides; his cotton shirt was open, revealing his hairy chest; his hands and face were grimy and his red eyes were scintillant with defiant anger.

"What's wanted?" he growled, suspiciously eying the intruder.

"Is — Is Bud Fogle here?" Cassel inquired, retreating a step.

"S'pose he is — w'at den?"

"I want to see him a moment."

"W'at you want wid him?"

"I have some business with him."

"Is *dat* so?" Well, out wid it."

"I'd rather see Fogle."

"Well, you *can't* — so dere!"

"Are you Crogan?"

"Sure — you bet! An' you?"

"I'm Frank Cassel, son of the man who owns this building."

"Well?"

"I want to tell you that the detective has been watching this place all morning."

The repulsive Irishman did not start nor appear surprised or concerned, as Cassel had expected.

"W'at detective?" he demanded, coolly.

"Raymond, who boards at our house; Fogle knows him."

"Well, w'at's dat got to do wid us?"

"He thinks you're counterfeiters."

"Does, eh?"

"Yes."

"Dat don't *make* it so."

"N—o," answered Cassel, somewhat taken aback at the other's coolness.

"W'at're *you* doin' over here — spyin', too?"

"No, I was over here looking after stock."

"W'at made de side of y'r face all red?"

An inspiration came to Frank Cassel. He would gain Crogan's gratitude and friendship. He answered:

"I caught the detective at his dirty work, and he struck me — tried to do me up."

"Dat's a lie!" Crogan cried, sharply. And, with the agility of a monkey, he sprang forward and caught the surprised and terrified young man by the throat. Then he dragged him into the house, shoved him into a chair, and demanded:

"Now, fer de truth; out wid it!"

Cassel was gasping for breath, but he managed to pant:

"Don't — touch — me; and I'll tell you."

"Oud wid it, I say!" Crogan insisted, fiercely.

"Raymond caught me making love to Miss Haskins; and he struck me. He's jealous of me."

"You was makin' love to Miss Haskins?"

"Y—e—s; I —"

"W'ere?"

"Down by the road."

"W'en?"

"Just a little while ago."

"W'at was you doin' over here?"

"I followed Miss Haskins."

"What fer?"

"To make love to her."

"Go slow!"

"That's the truth."

"Did she ask you to foller her?"

"N—o."

"W'at did you do it fer, den?"

"I—I don't know."

"Who is dis Miss Haskins?"

"Don't you know her?"

"You answer *my* question!" Crogan growled, savagely.

"She's the young school-teacher boarding at our place."

"W'at was she doin' over here?"

"I—I don't know."

"Take care!"

"Hunting flowers and things, she said."

"W'at did you *see* 'er doin'?"

Cassel bit his lips and was silent. He wished in his inmost soul that he had not encountered the ogreish Crogan — that he had not come to the house at all. What should he say? Crogan did not give him much time to think.

"Out wid it — 'fore I choke you ag'in!"

"I—I saw—saw her take some silver coins—" the young man began; but Crogan brought him up with:

"No, you didn't!"

"Didn't I?"

"No! Remember dat, now — 'r it'll be de worse fer you. See?"

Cassel nodded sullenly.

"You saw de gal pickin' posies. See?"

"Y-e-s."

"Did de gal see de feller swat you?"

"Yes."

"Purty figure you cut, didn't you!" Crogan sneered.

Cassel bit his lips, and made no reply.

"W'at you goin' to do to him fer swattin' you?"

"I'd *like* to kill him!" Cassel cried, recklessly. "Curse him — I hate him!"

"Well, w'y *don't* you kill him, den?"

"I'm—I'm afraid."

"Bah!"

"You kill him, Crogan," the weakling whined, wheedlingly. "I won't tell; and he's trying to send you fellows to the pen."

"Tryin' to send *us* to de pen? W'at

fer?" And Crogan assumed an expression of grieved innocence.

"Because you're counter—" Cassel began; but Crogan shut him off with: "Naw! *I* ain't goin' to kill him; *I* ain't not'ing ag'in him — you keep dat in mind. But if *you* wants to stop his wind, *I* won't make no blow 'bout it. See?"

Cassel made no reply, and Crogan continued:

"Dat's all; you may go. But keep y'r trap shut; you don't know not'ing 'bout dis place. If you cheep — well, look out fer *me*!"

Glad to escape, Frank Cassel retraced his steps to the farmhouse. And as he went he resolved: "I'll do it this very night. It will be laid at the door of the counterfeiters. He kicked me and slapped me! Oh, I'll be even with him!"

Crogan returned to his companions in the cellar.

"Who was it?" Fogle inquired.

"Dat young Cassel from de farmhouse."

"What did he want?"

"Said he was just passin', and t'ought he'd make a neighborly call."

"It took him quite a while to make it."

"Yes; we was talkin' over de lates' fashions, an' all dem society t'ings." And Crogan winked facetiously at Stoneman.

"Why didn't you ask him down to see the plant?" Fogle laughed.

"No, t'ank you; he knows too much a'ready."

"Does he suspect?" Stoneman inquired, with some concern.

Crogan shook his head and silently pointed at Fogle, who had his back toward the other two. Stoneman nodded knowingly, and nothing more was said on the subject — until the two were alone. Then Stoneman asked:

"Are we going to have trouble with that smart young guy, Crogan?"

"Naw, he won't say not'ing; he hates de detective too bad to play into *his* hands. But dat cuss's got ev'ryt'ing ready to nab us; an' we must git away wid him to-night — 'r skip out."

"Which shall we do?"

"I say kill him — an' take de chances. You see him an' de young smarty, Cassel, had a scrap to-day, 'bout de gal; an' de kid's b'ilin' mad 'cause de cop smashed him

in de mug. Tol' me he'd like to kill him, an' all dat. If Raymond's found dead, Miss Haskins 'll swear she saw 'em scrappin'; an' nobody'd t'ink of layin' it on us. W'at's de young blood's first name?"

"Frank."

"Yes, dat's it. Well, I'm goin' to stamp his name on de gun dat I use to kill de detective wid, an' leave it close to de body. I'm goin' over tonight an' try fer a pop at him. Don't he go to de town 'most ev'ry night?"

"Yes. But, really, I don't know but it would be better for us to skip at once, Crogan."

"Look here, Stoneman! Dat don't go; you promised to stand by me."

"All right — have your way; but we'll probably swing for it."

With an oath Crogan replied: "I'd kill dat Raymond, if I *knowed* I had to swing fer it."

At this point in the conversation Fogle rejoined them, and no more was said on the subject.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE SAND MAN.

By Harvey B. Gaul.

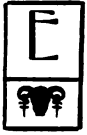
Have you heard tell of the wonderful man
Who looks so tired and his cheeks so wan?
He comes stealthily 'round at close of day
To scatter sleep — so the good folks say —
Sh! its the Sand Man.

He's weighted down with a rusty brown sack
That's full of sand, and is tied to his back.
And he puts his hand in ever so deep —
Then gives the children the gift of sleep.
Sh! its the Sand Man.

When golden heads nod, and sleepy eyes close,
And little people are 'ginning to doze —
And then journey off to the faraway land —
Some one's around with his bag of sand.
Sh! its the Sand Man.

Margaret, the Spinning-Girl

By Nina Clarke Parsons



EVER since Lilith, the first wife of Adam, ensnared her victims by twining a thread of her wonderful hair around their hearts, men have been led captive by golden-haired enchantresses, whether called angels, demons or women.

And from the time when "Adam delved and Eve span," the spinning girl has been a subject for poet and painter. Of this truth, Faust's Margaret, Bertha, the lovely queen of Helvetia, and our own Priscilla, are illustrious examples.

My heroine combined the attractions of Lilith with those of the earth-maidens. Her story was told me by one who remembers many a tale of the time when the Nineteenth century was young, more than seventy summers ago. The scene was laid in what was then known as the "New Northwest," near the present capital of Ohio. It furnishes another proof of the old saying, that "truth is stranger than fiction." This is

AUNT HETTY'S STORY.

From the time when I can first remember, Margaret Werner used to come to our house every summer, to do the family spinning. Nearly all our clothes were made of homespun linen or woolen, when calico was scarce at seventy-five cents a yard.

Margaret's services were in great demand. She was the best wool-spinner for miles around. The farmer's wives had to engage her as long beforehand as you now do your fashionable dressmaker. After the yarn was ready, it was sent to the weaver's to be made into our winter flannel, and there was quite a strife among the mothers, each wanting to get her yarn to the loom first.

We children were always delighted to have Margaret at our house, she was such good company for us all. She was the most

beautiful girl I ever saw. When I heard you read Tennyson's "Dream of Fair Women," the other evening, it brought back the old story I am going to tell you, for I think Helen of Troy must have looked like her.

She was tall and stately, with a complexion like wild crab-apple blossoms. Her eyes were as brown as a chestnut, only when she was excited, then they were black and could flash like lightning. Her hair was wonderful. Every thread of it looked like spun gold, and when she unbraided it, it fell to her knees and she seemed to be wrapped in a sunset cloud.

She and her mother lived seven miles west of the river, which ran past our farm, but she was away from home from Spring till Fall, spinning for us and our neighbors.

I loved to watch her as she moved back and forth with the step of a queen, as I thought, (although I knew that queens did not go barefooted, or dress in tow-and-linen petticoat and short-gown). I can see her now, as she drew the soft roll of wool into a fine thread and then wound it upon the spindle, to be reeled off in skeins. Twelve "cute" of warp, or sixteen of filling, was a day's work. Margaret's was always done by the middle of the afternoon. Then she would change her dress, and, as fresh as a daisy, be ready to lend a helping hand with the housework, although she was not paid for that, but only did it because she loved to be of use to her friends.

Mother had brought a good many flower seeds and roots from her old home in the East, and we had flower beds all around the house. It was a great treat to the children, to sit with Margaret on the doorstep just at sundown, and while the "pretty-by-nights" (four-o'clock's, you call them), filled the air with their spicy odor, and the brown thrush sang his evening song, to hear her tell stories of princesses

and fairies. We always thought there never could be a princess as handsome as she was.

Everybody had a good word for her, although it was known that she had a sharp tongue which she could use if she was imposed upon, as one of our neighbors found out. who tried to get her to spin more than the usual number of skeins in a day. She threw the band off the wheel, — not hers that time, or she never would have left it, — and walked off. saying, "Spin your own wool!" and no coaxing could bring her back.

The young men would hang around the house where her wheel was buzzing, like bees in the hollyhocks in our door-yard, but she never seemed to care for any of them. She always said she was married to her wheel. She never liked to spin on any other. There were no roads but narrow bridle-paths, but the horses of that time were used to bearing strange burdens, and never refused to carry anything that could be held upon their backs, except the body of a wild animal. The spinning-wheel could be taken to pieces and carried in this way from house to house.

Dear me! when I hear girls talking now-a-days about their "wheels," I wonder if they think as much of them as Margaret did of hers. If it had had a cyclometer, it would have told a pretty story of the miles she had traveled, drawing out the thread and winding it upon the spindle. Well, times and fashions change, but to my mind she was a more graceful creature, stepping back and forth beside it in her shapely bare feet and homespun gown, than her latter-day sister is in the latest style of "cycle" boots and divided skirt.

About four miles down the river stood an old mud-floored log cabin, which nobody had thought fit to live in for a long time. The year my story begins, before Margaret came to do our spinning, a family from Maryland, a widow and her son, moved into it. The mother was called "Granny Snow," and her son's name was Billy. He was a little mite of a fellow, who looked bashful enough to run at the sight of a girl. They were very poor, and the old woman was a sort of herb-doctor. We often saw her in the woods digging roots, and she had been to

our house once to sell her medicines. She must have picked up some money in this way, for there was no doctor in this new country within many miles.

Billy never came near a neighbor's house. He had none of his mother's industry, but would spend whole days away from home hunting or fishing.

We used to think Granny Snow must be a witch, she had such bright eyes and was always brewing herbs and roots in a great kettle in the fireplace, where a big black cat sat and blinked at every one who passed the open door.

Margaret ran a thorn into her foot one day, and it became so inflamed that mother thought she ought to have some of Granny Snow's liniment, and offered to go with her to get it. Early one afternoon they set off on horseback for the cabin. Mother rode her own gentle Dolly, a pet which she had raised by hand from a little colt. Margaret was mounted on father's Black Prince, that would never let any other woman sit upon his back.

I remember how beautiful she looked, as they rode off through the woods. The air was sweet with the odor of wild grape blossoms, while the feet of the horses bruised the wild flowers that grew close to the path. In some places the trees met overhead, and it was like twilight in the woods; again the path would bring them through an open field where the meadow-lark was teaching her young ones to fly and sing.

When they reached Granny Snow's cabin, the black cat was keeping house alone, her mistress being out gathering roots and herbs for her medicines. As they were riding away, they met Billy, who was bringing home an armful of green stuff for the brewing kettle. He looked up from behind his load to the girl sitting on her horse, as one might gaze at an angel. They stopped and told their errand, and Billy promised to bring the liniment the next day, which he did, and that was the beginning of his acquaintance with our Margaret.

She was not at our house all the time, for she had other spinning-places, but we heard from one neighbor and another that, wherever she happened to be, there Billy's feet were sure to take him in his daily

wanderings. It was easy to see from the first what his mind was towards the beautiful spinner, and to everybody's astonishment, she encouraged his bashful wooing with every glance of her bright eyes.

Whatever possesses a girl to choose a crooked stick when plenty of straight ones are ready to her hand, it would take a wiser woman than I to tell.

When the two were walking together, Billy looked for all the world like a little work-bag dangling by her side. Their favorite meeting-place when she was at our house, was down by the spring-house, shaded by a large willow tree, which had grown from a twig planted by father years before. It had a twist in the trunk near the roots, which made a capital seat for Margaret, and Billy would lie on the ground at her feet like a little spaniel. He was a very silent lover; his eyes did most of the talking for him. The field of flax back of the spring-house was opening its blue eyes to the summer sky when the wooing began. When the witch-hazel bushes in the edge of the forest dressed themselves in their strange yellow flowers,—witches' gold, the children used to call them,—Margaret had promised to be Billy's wife.

Mother once ventured to ask her what she saw in him which she had never found in a lover before. She only answered:

"I love him, that's all."

"But will he make a living for you?"

"I can work for both!" was the quick reply, and there seemed to be nothing more to say.

I think Margaret's friends becamed almost reconciled to her "throwing herself away," as they called it, the girl was so happy. She was more beautiful than ever, and her lover fairly worshipped her. Only it did seem dreadful to think of this splendid, high-strung creature going to live with Granny Snow in the mud-floored cabin. But when the old dame found out that Billy was expecting to bring home a wife, she set her foot down as solid as Bunker Hill Monument. She declared that she was not going to have her son degrade himself by marrying a spinning-girl!

For the first time in his life, probably, that son refused to be managed by his

mother. Then she did the next thing. She went to see Margaret.

What passed between them can only be imagined. But Billy never came near his sweetheart, and in less than a week he had started back to Maryland. It was years before she saw him again.

I remember how sad she looked, and there was no spring in her step, as she tried to go on with her spinning. She kept up for a while, and then stopped work. Her strength seemed to be all gone. She was with us when she gave up and went home to her mother, and for two years she never touched her beloved wheel. It was said that she was in a decline; but she was fighting with her pride and love, and it was a terrible battle.

We hardly heard from her in all that time. She did not intend that we should, she felt so humiliated that she wanted to be away from everybody and everything that could remind her of her happy summer. There were no bridges across the river then. The only way one could cross it was by canoe or row-boat, and the stream was much wider and deeper than it is now, with the forests all cut away.

She was still at home with her mother, when Henry Ellsworth came to our new country from down near Boston. He was a fine looking young man, with all the qualities that go to make a man successful in life. He and his two younger brothers were born in a town ten miles north of us, and after their mother's death the three boys were sent east to her friends. As soon as Henry was old enough to make his own living, he came back, for the blood in the veins of a Western-born boy, stirs in his young manhood like the cider in its barrels in the cellar in apple-blossom time, in memory of its first life.

He was riding through the woods one day, looking for suitable timber to use in his work—he was a cabinet maker—when he passed through the clearing where Margaret and her mother lived. He stopped to inquire about some trees, and so saw Margaret. After that he made several visits to her mother, with a view of buying these trees, at least that was the reason he gave for coming. He was attracted to the girl from the first, like a bee to a clover blossom, but she was slow to listen

to a new lover. Henry Ellsworth was not a man to be discouraged when once he had made up his mind to anything, so he persevered. Then, like the true woman she was, she told him the story of her first love, before she would listen to him at all.

When she found that nothing she could say had any other effect than to make him more determined to win her, she began to consider, and that of course meant that she said "yes," at last.

They were married, and for a while Henry worked at his trade among us. But cabinet-making was not a prosperous business among pioneers, who had a way of making their own furniture, or doing without, and the young couple soon went to Cincinnati.

They had very little money with which to start in a new place, but both had willing hands and plenty of energy. They opened a boarding house and Margaret did the work of half a dozen women, and did it well, too. This seemed an easy matter to her when the markets were overflowing with provisions. After a while the idea came to her husband of sending East to his two brothers for some articles of merchandise not found in the West. Then he opened the first auction and commission store in the Queen City.

Everything he touched turned to money, good, clean money, too, it was. The boarding house was soon given up, and his beloved wife, now a truly happy woman, had a beautiful home of her own with servants to wait upon her. Her fingers did not forget their old knack of helpfulness, but they could be idle in her lap all day now, if she chose.

When there were two children in the home, she made her first visit to us, bringing them with her. It is like a beautiful dream to me. I was so proud to have the handsome carriage, with its glossy horses and their colored driver, stop at our door. The national road had just been opened, and was used instead of the old bridge paths.

If our Margaret had seemed like a queen in her dress of linsey and homespun, imagine how she appeared now, in her satin and velvet! If she had any pride in

coming back to the old place in that way, she did not show it in the least towards the family who had always loved and admired her.

She stayed a week with us. The day before she left, she had her servant drive her over the new bridge to Granny Snow's cabin.

Billy had come back from Maryland not long after Margaret left for Cincinnati, bringing a wife with him. She was not a spinning-girl, but a cousin, a pale, doleful kind of creature, who lived just long enough to make him the father of two weakly children, and then left the world, making but a small gap in it when she passed out. Billy had taken to his cups at the time he had to give his sweetheart up. Now he was generally more or less in liquor, and the poor cabin was poorer and dirtier than ever.

As the fine carriage came near it, the old grandmother was seated in the open door, with the puny baby in her arms, while another just beginning to walk, was crying and fretting beside her. Outside, on a wooden bench in the sun, sat Margaret's old love, nodding in a drunken sleep. He roused at the sound of horses' feet, and stared in a bewildered way at the carriage and the woman seated in it. His mother sat like a graven image, never moving hand or foot, as, with a grand sweep, the driver turned his horses and drove away.

As our guest left us the next morning to go back to her husband and her beautiful home, she said to mother:

"How much better Providence does for us than we had planned to do for ourselves."

It may be that Granny Snow and her son were not such firm believers in a Providence which had spared this queen among women the misery of a drunkard's home, to make her the wife of a man who had won the esteem of all by his honorable, upright life, and who was to become a millionaire by the time he had reached middle age. But he always said that the most successful venture he ever made was the one which gave him his beloved wife, "Margaret the Spinning-girl."



FORD ON THE MUSKINGUM, NEAR EAGLEPORT. WHERE MORGAN CROSSED.

Recalling Morgan's Raid

By Nan M. Swingle-Martzolff

The writer of the present personal reminiscences of General Morgan's raid through Ohio in the dark days of the Civil War, obtained them direct from witnesses still living, foremost among whom, perhaps, should be mentioned Mrs. Jacob Weaver, who at the good old age of eighty-four, yet dwells in the modest home at Roseville, whence Morgan's men in 1863 carried off her soldier husband's favorite horse and other belongings of the family too numerous to mention. The accompanying illustrations are from photographs for THE OHIO MAGAZINE, showing the present-day aspect of the scenes described by those who relate these incidents of that period.

ON July 22nd, 1863, Jacob Weaver returned from Marietta, whither he had gone with the National Guard to intercept Morgan's army, to his home on Island Run, in Morgan County, Ohio.

It is said that in a speech delivered some time before on the steps of the State House in Columbus, Vallandigham had made the assertion that if the Confederacy would send a general into Ohio he would guarantee that fifty thousand men would follow him. In one sense he was right. History says that more than 40,000 men were armed and in pursuit of Morgan!

But the men at Marietta had seen nothing of Morgan and his army, and the citizen soldier had returned to his home. He had been gone a week; he was tired, and his bed was a welcome relief from this slight foretaste of camp life, which was

like a preface to the longer, more vivid chapters which were written in his future.

For several days, in his absence, his family had heard rumors that the Raiders were approaching, and all that night his rest was disturbed by the almost ceaseless tramp of horses going by, and men, calling: "Get up! Morgan's coming!"

But he did not rise till morning, when, too late to protect his horse, he learned that all that remained of Morgan's army had camped on the farm adjoining his own, and which belonged to his brother, John Weaver.

John Weaver and his family had retired for the night, but were awakened by a great noise of horses and men; and, rising, he and his wife beheld their yard, garden and all the surrounding premises filled with men and horses. They soon invaded the house, too, and made the whole family get

out of their beds. The soldiers then took all the bedclothes these people had and spread them on the ground for their own use. The family, including little children, had to sit up all night. The Raiders kept these bedclothes and robbed Mr. Weaver of his overcoat, besides, although it was July weather. They also ransacked the kitchen and cellar so completely that there was nothing left for the family's own breakfast.

Several sat at the cupboard, helping themselves to "Aunt Susie's" good home-made bread and butter.

And to all this devastation they compelled John Weaver to be an unwilling witness. His big, black Newfoundland dog, who had never shown fear before, followed around at his master's heels in a cowering, frightened manner.

They had some prisoners with them—men whom they had captured and brought along for various reasons, some as guides, some because they had shown evidence of resistance or hostility, and some because they had followed, trying to recover stolen horses and other property.

These men were paroled here. That is,



JACOB WEAVER'S BELT, WITH BAYONET AND AMMUNITION CASES,
AND THE OLD CANTEEN.

"You make nice, sweet butter," remarked one.

"I tried to make it good," replied the frightened woman.

"You'll not make such good butter any more," said he, threateningly.

They overran the place. Rail fences were all thrown open, two panels left standing in a place, and each of these fence corners a stall in which to tie horses.

They compelled Mr. Weaver to show them his wheat in the field, which they fed in sheaves. They fed all the old wheat from the granary, the growing corn in the field, and even pulled up growing oats for feed, on this and the adjoining farms.

they were allowed to depart, after taking a solemn oath that they would never take up arms against their captors. General Morgan himself administered this oath, the men standing with bared heads, uplifted hands and faces expressing that emotion which can easily be imagined as the feeling with which one would take an oath, the only alternative of which was death.

They took John Weaver with them to guide them to the nearest point at which they could ford the Muskingum River. They took his best horse, also, but would not let him ride it himself. They went down Island Run, past Helmick's Mill, and when they reached Fisher's Mill the



DAM ON THE MUSKINGUM AT EAGLEPORT, AMID THE SCENES OF MORGAN'S RAID.

squad having Weaver in charge commanded him to hold their horses, while they went in Fisher's barn and appropriated a fine, young black mare. Weaver could not get away on a horse without being shot, but he quickly slipped off his bridle, ran in the woods on one side of the road, and hid till they were gone. They did not hunt for him. When he returned to his despoiled home he and his family were obliged to go to a neighbor's and ask accommodation for the night, as they had no beds and nothing left to eat.

Neighbors collected things for them to begin housekeeping again. Mr. Weaver bought a pair of ordinary woolen blankets, and they cost him eighteen dollars. He never heard of his horse again. His brother, Peter Weaver, had been hauling hay. The Raiders unhitched and took both his horses, leaving his wagon standing in the road.

The father of these men, Peter Weaver, Sr., then lived several miles distant, in

Brushcreek township, Muskingum County. To his place had Jacob Weaver taken one of his horses, so that while he was absent at Marietta his little wife and small children would not have so many to care for. But Ben was in the barn — beautiful Ben, only three years old — a fine, light bay horse, the pride of his owner, whose first care that morning after his restless night was to feed and attend him. While he was in the barn his little boy of eight years was doing chores. He had brought the cows, and his sisters, aged twelve and ten, were milking. Suddenly they all came running to the house, frightened and excited, their milk flying from their buckets in every direction, and their voices screaming in chorus:

"Oh, Mother! Morgan's Coming!"

Sure enough, riding through all that was left of the growing corn and oats, as though the fields were a public highway, came a squad of nine Confederate soldiers. They made straight for the barn.

As these armed men entered the stable Jacob Weaver stepped up into the barn floor.

"You needn't run off!" sneered the men who were robbing him of his horse. He slipped out of the barn into a cornfield, and made his way to the house, to the frightened women and children. His wife, who was preparing breakfast, and her mother, who lived with them, saw the men with their horse.

"Oh," cried Mrs. Weaver, They're taking Ben!"

"Oh, I hope not!" replied her mother.

men came by. These asked for breakfast. "Why, I haven't enough in the house," said Mrs. Weaver.

"Oh, you can scare up enough to feed a couple of men," said one, who turned on his horse as though about to dismount. He may have smelled the veal Mrs. Weaver was frying for breakfast.

"Indeed, I have only enough for my children," said she, and the men rode on, leaving a scared group on the old porch, one end of which was shut off for a kitchen.

Soon another squad came by and wanted



THE BARN FROM WHICH "BEN" WAS STOLEN, AND THE RUINS OF JACOB WEAVER'S CABIN.

But they did take Ben, and as they passed the house, said insolently, though politely:

"Good morning, Ma'am. Did you know Morgan was about?"

"No, sir," said the timid little woman.

"They say he's camped up on the hill," was the taunt with which the Raider departed.

Without waiting for breakfast, Mr. Weaver immediately left for his father's, to see if his other horse was safe. Finding everything there undisturbed, he, with many others, followed Morgan's men to Eagleport, and was gone all that day and the next.

In the meantime another squad of six

cheese, bread and butter, which Mrs. Weaver did not have. They were already eating bread and homemade cheese, obtained at Mr. Derringer's. They went on probably thinking the log cabin home, (it is long since in ruins, as seen by the accompanying photograph) an unpromising place for forage. The picture shows the same barn from which Ben was taken.

The above mentioned Mr. Derringer had hidden his stock in the woods. The Raiders demanded his horses.

"I have none."

"A big farm like this and no horses?"

"I had horses, but some men came and took them away," replied Derringer, and

the Raiders, supposing it was their own men who had taken them away, left them unmolested.

These squads of foragers kept passing the Weaver home until eight or nine o'clock. Some asked:

"How far is it to Eagleport?"

"About five miles."

"How far is it to the forks of the road?"

"Only a quarter of a mile. You can see it down there."

Soon after, Henry Weaver, another brother, arrived, and not much more than an hour after the last Raiders were seen passing, at about ten o'clock, one of the children said:

"Oh, look, Uncle Henry, there goes more!"

Uncle Henry looked, and said:

"That's the Union Army!"

And in the breasts of that excited little group there somehow thrilled a great wave of gladness. It was true; about 700 of



"ISLAND RUN."

The Path to the Left Leads up to the Hill to Morgan's Old Camp.

Along this main road leading from Porterville, Perry County where they entered Morgan county, Mrs. Weaver and her family soon beheld the main army passing, about nine o'clock, riding moderately, four abreast. They were about five minutes passing this point. There were over 600 of them. No such sight had ever before been beheld by these country people.

"Come and see! The road is black with men and horses."

"Why, there is the whole army!"

Shackelford's pursuing troops were not much more than an hour behind Morgan, and yet they did not overtake him. They, too, were riding moderately, and more scattered. Both armies were exhausted with the long flight and pursuit. The Raiders had but little ammunition, their clothes were worn and horses jaded. Many stolen things were thrown away on their route. Old clothes and worn out horses were left behind. One of the latter was left in the orchard at Jacob Weaver's. It was poor, bruised and exhausted. It

lay down, and Mrs. Weaver pitied it. She went up to it, holding out her hand, when suddenly it rose, stamped and opened its mouth as though to bite her.

"You rebel!" was her appropriate exclamation.

On the next farm Mr. Warren's young horse was lying dead, and he had gone to mill with the other two, so the Raiders got nothing there.

They crossed the Muskingum River below the dam at Eagleport.

There was a skirmish here. A gunboat came down the river from Zanesville and fired a few shots which tore the tops off of some saplings, rolled some stones down the hillside, but otherwise did not do much damage.

A Mr. Kelley, from near Logan, had joined Morgan's pursuers. It is said they had stolen his horse, made him take the oath and warned him not to follow. He had gained the river bank when the Raiders had crossed, and they shot him from clear across the river. Mrs. Weaver saw men taking his dead body home that afternoon, in a wagon.

There were a few of the Raiders captured at Eagleport. Some were sick and wounded, and some of the women at Eagleport fed and attended them. These prisoners were taken to Zanesville and were afterward exchanged. Mr. M. L. Swingle, Jacob Weaver's son-in-law, met and talked with one of these men in Texas about twenty-five years afterward. He described the "Weaver Camp" and the little village on the Muskingum, perfectly.

But the troubles of the inmates of the log house on Island Run were not yet ended. Night descended, and "Father" was still absent; Uncle Henry had gone home; rumors came flying that the Raiders were turned back on their route and were now burning and killing as they came. People were warned to secrete everything they could. So the two women went to work, tore down their beds and took their clothes and bedclothes out and hid them. They hid everything they could carry, even kitchen utensils. One hid her little store of money behind a log quite a distance away, and the other placed hers beneath a stone in the garden. Many of the things were carried to the creek, (Island Run,

shown in the accompanying picture, where, many years after, Jacob Weaver's daughter sits ruminating on the bank.) and hidden among the willows. Mrs. Weaver is now a dear old lady of eighty-three and says:

"It was a year before we found everything we hid that night. One of the children found a skein of yarn a whole year after we threw it among the bushes. Mother fell over a pile of rails and hurt her limb, and it afterward developed erysipelas and was never rightly healed to the day of her death. It was a night of terror. The children lay down, dressed, on the bare bedticks. We watched for the light of burning buildings, which was to be the signal for us to start to the woods. It was like a wake. All at once Mother said:

" 'Nan, the cows are in the corn.' "

"I said, 'I can't help it if they eat every stalk that's left.' The fences were all thrown open, and they could go where they pleased. In the morning they were lying around, full to stupidity."

In a few days several men came by who claimed they were authorized to gather up the horses, clothes, quilts, etc., which Morgan's men had scattered on their journey. They took everything of this kind, even from those whom Morgan had robbed. They took the "rebel" horse that had been left in place of Ben. They even "borrowed" some halters of Mr. Weaver and told him that the things would be taken to McConnelsville and advertised, and that he should then come and get his halters. That was the last he ever heard of the things. People said these men were the notorious "Shep Tinker's" sleek gang.

After Morgan was captured at New Lisbon, Provost Gibson, of Zanesville, who knew Jacob Weaver, sent the latter word to bring proof and get his horse. He and his father went and brought Ben home. He was nearly starved, but in time he became his old self. None of the other horses taken in that neighborhood was ever returned.

In November, 1864, Jacob Weaver was drafted in the army. He left his wife and her aged mother, with five young children. That was a sad day. Sadder, if possible, was that day, a few weeks later, when, having donned a soldier's uniform, he had

sent home his citizen clothes. There were the familiar articles of clothing he had worn, but not himself, and the heart-broken family gathered around that box of clothes as we gather around a coffin at a funeral, and shed tears, unashamed, and almost uncomfortable, for the father, loved and lost awhile, but happily not always. In July, 1865, he returned, after having shared the hardships and the glories of Sherman's march to the sea. But he had more of hardship than glory, for his health was broken, never fully to mend. Exposure had brought on a throat disease from which he literally starved to death — not in Libby Prison, but at home, in sight of plenty, and with weeping friends around him, powerless to aid. He died in 1874, and again he is "loved and lost awhile, awhile — but not always."

In a modest home in Roseville his widow still treasures his old bayonet and belt and canteen, which have been photographed for us. On the 4th of July they are exhibited to public view, with flag of the Union he helped to save.

That canteen inspired the following poem, by his daughter, Rosanna Maria, now Mrs. M. L. Swingle:

FATHER'S OLD CANTEEN.

It is hanging rusting on the wall,
The battered old canteen;
Its day of service long is past,
Yet the scars of war are seen.
No more will it go forth again
Amid war's blood and fire,

Nor e'er will press the thirsty lips
Of him — my soldier sire.

I often think if it could speak,
Pathetic tales 't would tell;
How oft 't was filled with weary hand
With drink from southern well.
And oft perchance from stagnant swamp
With water foul and rank;
And doubtless oft from sluggish stream
The famished soldier drank!

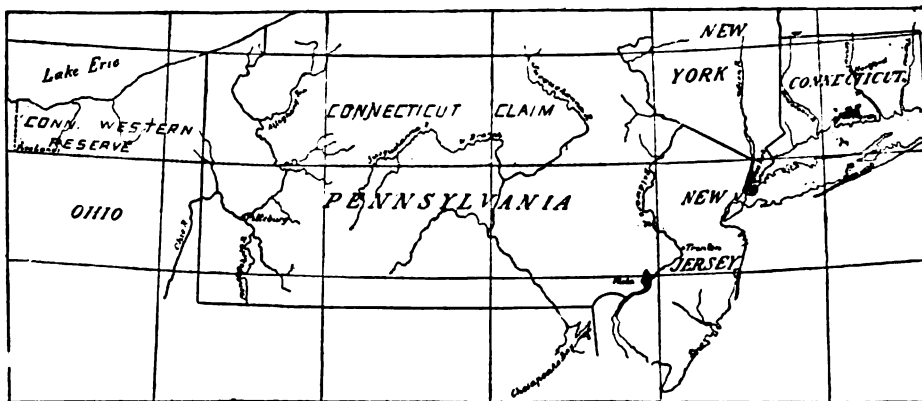
And as he took the sick'ning draught
Came visions o'er and o'er,
Of crystal waters of a well,
Close by a cottage door,
Where loving hands would gladly give
The overflowing cup,
And loving words would gently cheer,
As eagerly he'd sup.

Yet, doubtless, oft with grateful heart,
Refreshing draughts, I ween,
When sore exhausted, still he drank
From out this old canteen;
He bore it strapped upon his back,
When weary, faint and sick,
While marching on with slackened step,
Or on the double quick.

It was his friend and succored him
Upon the field, in camp,
And when he slept upon the ground,
So hard and cold and damp;
When stifled in the battle smoke,
When 'neath the old flag, i.e.
With loyal "boys" went marching on
With Sherman to the sea.

Twine wreaths of rarest, sweetest flowers
For each dead hero's grave,
And deeds of gratitude bestow
Upon the living brave;
And waft a prayer of thankfulness
To Him who e'er presides
Above the Nation's destinies,
And, faithful, still abides.





MAP SHOWING THE CONNECTICUT CLAIM IN PENNSYLVANIA AND THE WESTERN RESERVE IN OHIO.

Ohio the Last Stand of Puritanism

By P. P. Cherry



UNLIKE other states of the Union, Ohio has never had its public documents and historical data published at the State's expense. It has never gathered together, properly arranged, classified and cared for its historical papers, as other great commonwealths have done; hence the great difficulty in research to our historical students and the many conflicting reports as to facts which should be known, not guessed at.

Unlike the other states, Ohio has never had a great historian, and this is largely due to the niggardly policy that has failed to provide for editing, classifying and printing public papers at the State's expense. There is no private fortune that is available, that is large enough, no single life that is long enough, to do this work.

The most that has been done for Ohio's historical interests has been done by aliens. What Howe has endeavored to do for the State, Judge Mathews has tried to do for the Western Reserve; yet some of the statements of both would be laughable if many were not so pitiful, showing the dearth of certified facts and the lack of interest of the people and their newspapers in gathering and preserving them. Both

of these, while doing notable and commendable service to the present age and posterity, yet have woefully failed in giving us a correct view of our past, the greatest (I say it without qualification) of any state in this union of states. Both have merely skimmed the surface of fact and of tradition, leaving the great mass of truth and knowledge entirely undisturbed or mis-stated. It is true that the life of a historian is not a desirable one. No one ever made any money writing history; what others do for money and for gain, the poor historian, for he is always poor, must do for the love of truth and the people, — not alone for those of his generation, but for posterity that comes after him.

To save the past from oblivion, it should be required to paint the characters of our noble pioneers in the colors which they deserve, to show their greatness, their simplicity, their earnestness, their love of knowledge, of fair-play, of God, and all things good. To them purity, truthfulness, honesty and love was no dream, but a stern reality, painted by the finger of Omnipotence upon the tablets of their hearts. Their patriotism and self-sacrifice was untarnished and unquestioned, and it should

be the privilege and the pleasure of the historian to make their memories revered and sanctified for the good that is in them, and for the impetus they may give the hearts and the consciences of their children and their children's children, that come after them. The world would have been

were even then striking against oppression and wrong. The seeds of life — of a future life — were being sown.

All that we are and have today we owe to our progenitors. The time will come, as Ohio grows older, when the deeds and characters of the Reserve pioneers will be



SUGGESTING PIONEER DAYS.

worse today if these pioneers had not lived, although, like our Revolutionary sires, who dared so much and realized so little, in the blessings they gave to humanity they knew not what great gifts they were bequeathing to the principle of right. — what sledge-hammer blows they

sung in song and told in story as much as those of their illustrious predecessors, the Puritan and the Pilgrim. Certain it is that the cubal-cains of a forest wilderness inherited all the virtues, with but few of the vices, of their mighty ancestors.

Historically, however, they have left us

but little to go upon; there are no ponderous volumes of records kept with almost religious fervor, as with the pioneers of the Atlantic coast, no family diaries, telling the story of that early life, day by day. There



AN OHIO PURITAN HOME IN 1820.

are even no early township, church or school records, but what have been lost or destroyed. The national archives were burned by the British in 1813, and of the territorial documents no man knows where they all are, while those of the State are in hopeless chaos. But let us bind together the fragments we still have, as they appeal to posterity through a buried past, for a return to the faith and morals of our fathers, through the education and intelligence of today.

No real student of the history of the Reserve, but will say that the salvation of the great Republic was largely due to the middle section — at least through Ohio and her Western Reserve — to the sentiments engendered therein, and to the great men raised upon this soil.

But the past had been but a preparation for all this. For centuries previous to the middle of the Seventeenth century the southern shores of Lake Erie had been held against all encroachment by an almost unknown race of giant warriors. When the whites first came, and after the forests had bowed their heads and fallen, there was found at the mouths of the streams entering Lake Erie from the south, and up and down the Cuyahoga, the Rocky, the Killbuck, and the Chippewa Valleys, the remains of numerous village walls, earthworks and mounds, with supporting signal stations. These works were erroneously

credited to that mystical race known as the Mound Builders, but the real builders were a lost race — a giant race — the civilizers of their time and country. From a state of semi-civilization the Reserve again relapsed into a state of barbarism about the latter half of the Seventeenth century, for the country became at that time the hunting grounds of the Six Nations.

Thirty years ago, the Akron Daily Beacon, speaking of the writer said: "He has been making the evidence of a prehistoric civilization a study and has succeeded in locating a line of ancient signal-stations running through the southern, east and west portions of Medina county, the southern west portion of Summit, and the northern parts of Wayne and Stark counties. He has been recently appointed as agent for the Northern Ohio Historical and Antiquarian Society, and it is his opinion that centuries ago all parts of the western country could be and probably were 'telegraphed' to in times of danger and peril."

Like the crags of Scotland, in times of danger, the prehistoric signal stations, with the same objects of modern telegraphy, leaped and sparkled with a hundred fires, warning an isolated and semi-civilized people that their foemen were near at hand.

About this time, Faith sent out on un-



THE SAME HOME IN 1840.

known seas a band of Pilgrim Fathers; and, although they did not know it, the God of their fathers was already preparing a place for their children's children beyond the southern shores of that great

unknown "Felis Lake," where the last stand for Puritanism would be made.

Standing on the shores of the old world, it was Faith that enabled Parson Robinson to say to that little band of the strong in heart: "There will never be an age when there will not be a better one to come. Whatever happens to this one or that, it matters not; it is the destiny of these people to sail. God's time has come. The sea may rage. The savages of an unknown land may uplift their weapons of war, but the time has come for the truth to make a new nation of free men, who may own their own souls and found a new nation in faith."

Brave words! words of prophesy and of a sublime trust. The finger of destiny was already writing of the coming Western Reserve.

The Pilgrim Fathers sailed, firm in the faith that they were fulfilling the will of God. Then came that long, cold and terrible winter in an unknown land, upon an inhospitable shore, surrounded by savages who were an enemy to their race. Before the grass grew again, or the balmy southwinds blew, more than one-half of their number were either dead or dying, "but in those terrible times the faith of the Pilgrim Fathers never failed or faltered, and the star of destiny hung in the clouds over those eight or more rude houses by the sea."

It will be well for the rising generation to remember Elder Brewster's sublime words of faith during those days of tribulation and trial, for they contain for us the true word of prophecy, the handwriting of destiny upon the walls of time; the way of the coming Western Reserve was being prepared.

"Blessed will it be for us," said this old hero. "blessed for this land, for this vast continent! Nay, from generation to generation will the blessing descend. Generations to come will look back to this hour and these scenes of agonizing trial, this day of small things and say: 'Here was our beginning as a people. These were our fathers. Through their trials we inherit our blessings. Their faith is our faith; their hope our hope; their God our God.'"

A little later, as settlements began to

multiply, the population to increase and good land to become scarce, the eyes of a younger generation began to glance longingly towards the West. By the reason of a royal charter granted the Colony by King Charles the Second, March 19th, 1631, Connecticut claimed all the land lying directly west of its limits, with the exception of New York, which held its claim by special charters; consequently the northern part of Pennsylvania, as well as that part of Ohio afterward known as



DR. BURKE AARON HINSDALE,
College President, Historian and the Son of a Puritan.

the Connecticut Western Reserve, was claimed as her preserves. Immigration to Northern Pennsylvania came as a matter of course and rapidly increased. This William Penn and his government opposed by force of arms, but the settlers had obtained too firm a foot-hold to be easily ousted from the land they claimed under the charter of Charles the Second.

This internecine war continued with varying success, until the massacre of the beautiful Wyoming valley. The journey through the "Shades of Death" was never forgotten by those of the settlers who sur-

vived that terrible experience. Some sought residence at "Old Redstone Fort," while others returned to the Nutmeg State. Shut out from Pennsylvania, they eagerly turned toward the Great Northwestern Territory of which they claimed a part. The story of the Reserve is, then, largely a story of three states—a story of blood and war and Indian massacre. Puritanism which had made its first stand on the Atlantic coast, made its second in the Wy-



CAPT. T. D. WOLBACH,

Antiquarian and Owner of the Largest Collection of Antiques in the Western Reserve.

oming Valley, and its last stand in the Connecticut Western Reserve.

This section, although for years a territory without a government, without laws or legal officers, and owing allegiance neither to the United States, the Northwestern Territory or any other of the constituted powers, was yet remarkably free from lawlessness or disorder. This condition was largely a matter of heredity, of blood, of years of oppression, of religious observance, of self-suppression, of education, of fidelity to the traditions of a class—it was, in other words, the last stand of

Puritanism, with all that applies, of love of freedom and justice, of love to humanity and to God.

The territory of which the law makers of the country had undertaken to make them a part was for the first time in history *born free*. Other states and counties had acquired freedom, but this was born free, before ever a settler trod its sacred soil.

For the third time the hand of Destiny had pointed its warning finger to the southern shores of Lake Erie; here was to be the hot-bed of freedom, here were to be bred hearts and consciences for national honor. The shackles of 4,000,000 bondmen were to fall, and upon the ruins of slavery, through blood and carnage, self-sacrifice and the tears and moans of women a Great Republic was to be born, whose flag was not to be a living lie.

The importance of the Western Reserve as the last stand of Puritanism cannot well be overlooked by men of letters and students of political economy. This section has a character and an individuality all its own, that is not found in the history of any other section of our country; an individuality of its own that in time of moral need or national stress was to furnish the great men, the courage, the plans and the conscience that were to save that nation in its hour of most deadly peril. It is your duty—mine—to keep alive its memories and the traditions and principles of our fathers in the hearts of the rising generation and the generations yet to come. This is freedom's ground; aye, call it holy ground! Let us keep its essence of liberal thought, of love, of liberty, patriotism, home and country and of God, still burning in the hearts of her sons and daughters.

As a geographical division we are but one seventh of the great State of which we are a part; yet, as a section of that State, mighty in all things it has undertaken, we have struck powerful blows for humanity, for liberty and commonweal; greater by far than any geographical division which wears the garb of statehood. Although the Reserve has 175,000 more acres of land than her mother, Connecticut; although her population now exceeds that of Maine, Connecticut or West Virginia, and greater than that of Vermont and

New Hampshire combined, and nearly as great as the combined population of Delaware, Rhode Island and Vermont, and aggregates more than four times the population of Delaware alone, the old Reserve is not entitled to a United States Senator except as part interest with those of the State to which it belongs.

Judge Mathews has said: "It becomes thus apparent that in numbers, in commercial importance, in geographical extent—in all save mere organization—the Connecticut Western Reserve constitutes the equivalent of a state; while in its unity of purpose and power of influence it has unquestionably exercised in the affairs of the Nation and in the broad interests of the people a sway such as few states, large or little, have equalled. It is this achievement in people, in perpetuation of principles and individual character as complete as if bounded by state lines or lofty mountains and wide rivers, that accounts for the unquestioned fact that, more than any other similar body of people west of the Alleghenies, the Reserve has impressed the brain and conscience of the people."

The Reserve was as peculiar to itself in its manner of settlement, as in all other things. In wooded countries it was always usual to commence on one side and gradually to eat inwards to the interior, but in the Reserve the pioneers commenced nearly at the same time in all the different townships. The settlement of the entire territory was nearly simultaneous.

It has been said that in 1796 there were but two settlements in this territory, and four years later there were thirty-two, the population in the same length of time having increased from seven persons to 1,200. "The pioneers who first broke

ground here accomplished a work unlike that which will confront the lot of any other succeeding generation. The hardships they endured, the obstacles they encountered, the life they led, the peculiar qualities needed in their undertakings, and the traits of character developed by their work, stand alone in history. These pioneers knew well that the three great forces which constitute the strength and glory of a free government are the family, the school and the church. These they planted here, and they nourished and cherished them with energy and devotion scarcely equalled in any other quarter of the world. The glory of our country can never be dimmed while these three lights are kept shining with undimmed lustre."

At one time this was the Eldorado of the Puritan, the Pilgrim, the Hollander and the Virginian. All that was pure, that was noble, that was of humanity and of God, we have inherited through the commingling of the best strains of these various bloods into one common stream. Ohio, born free, was the only state in that position. She was the first state in the Union to be settled by native, white Americans. Other states had been settled from other nations, but Ohio was settled by natives to the manor born, mostly Revolutionary soldiers who had wrung freedom for the whole country at the cost of blood and wounds and treasure. These were a chosen people—children of destiny. God-risen, we have yet a mission to perform in the world's works, and when, through commercialism, we forget it and all that made us great, we shall sign our death warrant and seal the doom of our children.



SNOWBIRD

A NOVEL

By S. N. Cook

CHAPTER XVII.

JACK stood inside the gate watching Dave closely and when the latter saw the major and officer O'Grady drive away he knew Mrs. Everett was not at the Fallis home. The young man was about to follow the carriage when Jack said:

"Yuh better wait. The sheriff wouldn't like it ef yuh rode off an' left him."

Wilson did not reply. He knew the soft spoken request was a veiled threat. Sheriff Briggs soon returned from the house. He had asked Mother Fallis about Mrs. Everett and the old lady told him she had not been there since she left to bury her husband. The officer knew she was telling the truth and did not seek further. As he drew near, Jack opened the gate to let him pass through and the sheriff paused and said:

"I wish yuh would tell me fair an' squar' like whar thet woman is. I got my duty ter perform an' I want ter do it like a gentleman."

"I'll tell yuh the truth, for I think yuh mean to do your duty as a man; Mrs. Everett is at Squire Peters."

"What hes she gone thar fer?"

"To give herself up fer shootin' Lige Evans," Jack said calmly.

"Why didn't yuh tell me before?"

"Because I war doin' my duty as a man."

"Thar is somethin' crooked in this move," said the sheriff as an angry flush swept over his face.

"Sheriff Briggs, let me say this. Yuh got ter du yuh duty, as yuh say, but kin yuh afford ter carry this too far? Every decent family in this part o' the country sides with Malvina Everett. The best lawyers in Knoxville planned this move an'

they will all stand by her to the last. It war done thet she could give bail an' Squire Peters hes the right ter issue the warrant."

"But Peters cannot let her give bond," Briggs urged.

"Judge Arkwright kin," Jack answered. "An' she will be taken before him at once."

Colonel Cassidy, Joseph and Arthur Hawley, the justice and Mrs. Everett were waiting for Officer O'Grady, and when that gentleman arrived the warrant was placed in his hands. Colonel Cassidy had explained the circumstances to Malvina and she thanked them warmly for their friendly interest.

"I dunno," she said, "how I kin ever pay yuh good people fer all yuh trouble. I'll try someway."

"Do not give that a moment's thought, Mrs. Everett," said Joseph Hawley. "Your husband was defending our interests when he was assassinated. It is simply our bounden duty to see that you shall have such protection as the law allows. We must now go with you to Williamsburg before Judge Arkwright and give bond that you may not go to jail."

The officer then read the warrant to her and urged that they should start at once for the county seat. As they were about to enter the carriage, Sheriff Briggs rode along-side.

"Is Mrs. Malvina Everett here?" he asked.

"She is," replied O'Grady, and I have her in custody and this is the warrant."

"But I have a warrant that was issued before yours," said the sheriff.

"There is no need of argument, gentlemen," broke in Colonel Cassidy. "The lady is in charge of Officer O'Grady, but it

is simply courtesy to the sheriff of this county that he accompany us. Dismiss your men and go with us."

Dave Wilson was inclined to rebel at first but when told that he would only do the sheriff harm instead of good, he, with his companions, rode away and were soon being entertained by the widow of Lige Evans.

The entire party which accompanied Malvina, were worn and hungry, as many hours had passed since the early breakfast in Knoxville. As they approached the Fallis house, Jack invited them to stop for a much needed rest and something to eat, an invitation eagerly accepted.

The Honorable Joseph Hawley made it a point to entertain the sheriff and soon had that officer feeling proud that a famous man from the north should pay such attention to him.

Jack suggested, when they had resumed their journey to Williamsburg, that the sheriff leave his horse and ride with Mrs. Everett and Officer O'Grady in the carriage. This was satisfactory to the sheriff, but he did not take advantage of the proposal, in fact, he suggested that Malvina should ride with her friends, and the two officers go in another carriage. Joseph Hawley rode with the officers.

Judge Arkwright was waiting for the party, and after the legal forms had been observed, gave an opinion that he had the right to fix the bail in a case of homicide where the circumstances seemed to justify it.

"I am led to this act of leniency and at the same time of justice and mercy, because the accused is a woman of untarnished reputation. Therefore I will fix the bond at ten thousand dollars for her appearance at such time as the court decrees under the laws of the common wealth."

The sheriff was astounded as was Jack Fallis at the amount of the bond, but Joseph Hawley arose and with great deference of manner thanked the court for permitting such a deserving woman the right to mingle with her friends without the taint of imprisonment.

"We are ready, your honor," he said, "to sign the bond. It is true that my brother and I are not residents of this state, but

in this county we own property that we would not sell for twice that amount. We are also permitted to use the name of Jackson Fallis, a man who is a property owner and a gentleman whose honor is beyond question."

"Where is your property?" asked Judge Arkwright. The deeds to the property were shown to his honor, who said:

"Affix your signatures, gentlemen."

Colonel Cassidy and Officer O'Grady returned with the party to Fallis' and were the guests of the mountaineer that night.

Arthur played for them the music of the north and the south and at last when he wearied of the piano he said to Bess:

"Come, I've scarcely had a word with you alone since the day Yancey Everett fell."

Lina's eyes followed them and a frown gathered on her brow. It was dispelled when Joseph Hawley said:

"I wonder if you would care to entertain a sad old bachelor by telling of your life, your amusements, or if you do not find the lonely grandeur of the mountains sometimes wearisome?"

"Shall we go to the rustic seat by the walnut?" she asked. "That is better than in the house."

"Let us seek the rustic seat by all means," he replied.

Lina recalled her conversation with Arthur at this spot, and remembered what she said about his uncle. Now she might learn if he was so matter-of-fact that no touch of romance clung to him. That her heart beat more rapidly she knew, and yet she felt a sort of awe in his presence.

When Mr. Hawley asked her to talk to him about herself she felt that she was speechless. When they were seated and she did not speak, he asked her gently if he had imposed upon her by wishing her to leave her friends and talk to him.

"Certainly not, Mr. Hawley, and if I had the gift that some girls possess, I might hope to entertain you. Some girls, you know, can talk on and on about anything or nothing, but I am badly equipped for such duties."

"Do you consider it a duty?" he asked.

"Yes, the duty of a hostess to entertain. I stand in the place of daughter to my uncle. I scarcely remember either of my

parents. He has been everything to both my brother and myself. My opportunities to become mistress of the art of being agreeable have been very limited, as you can readily understand. With the exception of the term spent at school I have had few social advantages, my acquaintances being confined to simple mountain folk here about, and you realize how little they know of the usages of society."

"Your uncle is a kind friend to you, is he?"

"A father could not have loved us more tenderly," she answered.

"Has Arthur talked to you of life in the city?"

"Yes, he has spoken of it."

"And have you no desire for the life we lead?"

"I sometimes wish I may not always live in the mountains and yet I love it here. I suppose I would grow homesick if I were to go away; I should long to see uncle and Nate and grandmother."

"I am very sure you would," he replied, "but what are your amusements?"

"Occasionally a country singing or spelling school. Sometimes a party is given, but I am seldom invited."

"Why?"

"I do not care to join in the games and plays common to the mountain people."

"Do not imagine, Miss Burrell, that you are on the witness stand because I am a lawyer and am asking questions; but may I ask you what they do that you do not like?"

"They play forfeit games," she answered, "and all forfeits have the same ending. This girl must kiss that man or all of them in the room, and some are so rude and coarse and rough that one shudders at the thought."

"I can imagine how unpleasant such games must be to you, Miss Burrell," said Mr. Hawley, earnestly.

Lina did not reply and he sat looking at her intently. Although she was looking away at the mountains, which loomed darkly back of Pisgah, she felt the gaze and blushed deeply. Presently Hawley observed her confusion and continued:

"I enjoy listening to you, Miss Burrell. All that you have told me of yourself or your people is of great interest. Few of

your sex have talked to me as you have. Perhaps I have given few opportunities for I am engrossed in my law practice and my political obligations take much of my time. Strange as it may seem, and few, perhaps at my age can say it, but I have never been in love and I am waiting — only waiting."

"Only waiting" her heart was saying, but she did not speak and he went on:

"I am waiting until the soul of some woman shall cross the orbit of my own, and when that time comes, I shall look into two eyes whose light to me will be tenderer and softer than any light on land or sea. I am waiting to hear a voice, sweet as a Christmas anthem, answer my first prayer to woman."

Lina could not answer. She felt his eyes upon her and she wanted to cry out:

"Go on, go on. No one ever talked like that to me before." No one in the world she thought, could utter such words, but this great one, this demi-god whom woman might worship. Then came a thought that left a chill in her heart and he observed her shiver. No he must not talk on, for he will go away and his voice will haunt me all the lonely coming years, as the kiss Malvina received once would not leave her lips even at the grave of a hero.

"Here I am talking of myself instead of listening as I intended," he said. "You will pardon me, won't you," he added.

"On one condition," she answered, with a coquettish smile.

"What is the condition?"

"Forget that you are a lawyer and must ask questions. Talk of yourself. The story of your life should be of interest to every one. Tell me of your triumphs, tell me of the great world of which I know so little."

"I know as little of the world as you, and I have no triumphs. I shall learn, perhaps, ere long, whether I shall triumph or not," he said as he rose and looked down tenderly upon her.

CHAPTER XVIII.

Arthur and Bess went to the orchard, where they knew they would not be disturbed, as would occur under the walnut. When he saw his uncle and Lina seek that retreat, he was delighted.

"Do you see, Bess," he said; "once I might not have been as happy seeing those two together as I am now."

"It's a wondah yuh don't like her best — mebbey yuh do?" But she clung to him as though he might leave her.

"My Bess," he replied; "I shall have no one but you. I shall wait for you three years. You'll be seventeen then, and I twenty-five. My little mountain girl will not know herself when that day shall come. I have asked you to come here with me to-night, here where I first knew I loved you, and listen to my plans. There is an excellent school in Knoxville, but a much better one in Mount Auburn, near Cincinnati. In this school you have not only the usual studies in the best schools or seminaries, but in addition are taught those arts and graces that will be useful when the days shall come I am thinking of always. Now this is the plan: You will go to this school, and my mother will often bring you to the city, and there I will get to see you. Do you think you would like to go, dear?"

"No, I would not like it, Arthur. I would rather go to Lone Creek, as we have so often, an' hev yuh teach me. That's right, ain't it? Yuh tole me ter say 'teach'."

"Yes, but I cannot stay here and teach you, much as I should like to. I must go back to the city."

"Ef yuh had asked me, Arthur, ef I would go, I'd tell yuh yes, jest as I would go down ter the creek ef yuh asked me ter go an' gather some flowers. even ef every squirrel thar war a lion. What's the use o' lovin' ef yuh don't feel willin' ter do somethin' yuh don't like?"

"Now, my brave girl, you made an asser-tion, and while you are as brave as few girls are, let us stop and think what would happen if every squirrel there was changed into a lion."

"Thar would nothin' happen, only I'd git ther flowers an' ther lions would set an' look at me jist as the squirrels do, fer they would know someway thet yuh wanted me ter come an' git 'em."

"Little heroine, such faith as yours might move mountains," Arthur said, as he drew her closely to him.

"Ef I go to thet school, Arthur," Bess

said. presently, "I will think most of all of the last time we studied thur tergether. Do yuh mind? Yuh war talkin' ter me, an' as yuh talked I felt myself goin' ter sleep — half awake an' half asleep, I found myself restin' in your arms, an' jist as I wakened, yuh kissed me, Arthur. Granny has talked o' heaven an' the angels ter me by the hour, an' how happy they wur, but do yuh think thur could be any place in heaven like thet spot on Lone Creek?"

"Dearest, I shall try to be worthy of you, so that all our lives shall be like that. To-morrow I shall tell my father every-thing, and then we shall go home."

"No, Arthur, no; I can't let yuh go. Someway, can't yuh stay?"

"They will be wondering where we are dear. Let us go to the house," he said.

* * * *

The next day Arthur found his father and Jack alone under the shade of the walnut, and when he had joined them, he said:

"I have something to tell my father which I want you to hear, Mr. Fallis," and he at once proceeded to tell the story of his affection for the girl who saved his life.

"A very brave little girl, my boy, and worthy of our respect and affection; but she is a child, and is not old enough to marry," the major said.

"Yes, but I shall wait," Arthur replied.

The major turned to Jack and said, "Teli me about her."

The mountaineer told the story of Bess Willard, and told, too, how grieved he was when he heard of her love for Arthur.

"Thar's not another little gal like her on airth. She'd give her life fer Arthur as freely as she'd give an apple ter yuh. If he should never try ter see her agin, he'd never hear from her. The red would fade out o' her lips an' the light out o' her eyes, an' soon I'd have no Bess. She's a strange little creetur, an' her love is like the love o' no woman I ever seed. I know how much she keers fer me — none o' my kin loves me as well — but since she saved Arthur from thet devil thet's dead, she seems to hev reached up into heaven an' found some o' thet kind o' love thet led

the Prince o' Heaven ter earth an' let him die fer yuh an' me, major."

Fallis, as was his habit when his heart was filled with sorrow, kept his eyes upon the mountain that rose over beyond Pisgah. Major Hawley sat looking at him, and Arthur saw his lips quiver, and he knew his father was thinking of that day at Mrs. Catlin's. Presently Major Hawley arose, and placing his hand upon the shoulder of his friend, asked:

"Will you give my boy this girl when she is old enough to know—. Will you let her come to us, my friend?"

"Yuh all would be good ter her, wouldn't yuh? Wall, it's wrong ter ax yuh sich a question, but she's like me—jist a bit o' the mountings, an' not fine an' eddicated like yuh all. Yuh see, I'd hate ter hev ter come fer her some day ef yuh got tired o' her; then all she could do would be ter lay her bushy haid on my breast as she uster."

"Would you rather she should marry some one in the mountains when the time comes that she will care to marry?" the major asked.

"I'd gladly call Arthur mine, too, fer I've learned ter keer fer him more than yuh know major. But some way I've been fearin' thet when he goes home he may fergit."

"She believes in me. Bess does not think that I will forget her, and I am content to wait and let her decide when the time comes," Arthur replied.

"I cain't ask no more," Jack said.

"Now as to her future, my friend; let us talk plainly, as men who honor and trust each other should do," the major began. "She has had few opportunities to receive the education that she should. This opportunity can be given her, and she made it possible to-day for me to have my son, so I ask you, as my friend of those great days that are gone, to let me share with you the privilege of giving her the opportunity she will prize some day."

"I'd share weth no one so willingly, major, but this must be done by me. Thar will be somethin when mother an' me air gone fer Lina an' Nate ter git a start in life, an' thet little one, Bess, hes been creepin' closter and closter ter my heart since thet winter mawnin' I found her in

ther snow. So, major, yuh see I must pay fer the fiddlin' an' she an' Arthur can settle it whar she goes. I would ruther it would be Knoxville, where I could see her often."

"Since meeting your niece," the major said, "I have decided that you and she must come and pay us a visit. Mrs. Hawley will be delighted and I—well, I need not tell you. It goes without saying, I want you. Now if Miss Bess will agree to the proposition, we will place her in an excellent school near our city, and that she may not be too lonely, we will bring her to our home every Saturday. Will this please you, my friend, if she is satisfied?"

"I reckon it will," Jack answered, sadly.

When it was left to Bess to decide, she put her arms about her uncle, and kissing him tenderly, said:

"I want ter go, uncle; I want ter go thet I may know somethin', but I hate ter think thet when night comes I won't see yuh. Oh, I'll want ter hear yuh say, 'Snowbird, good-night,' when I go ter sleep, as yuh hev since I war a baby. Yuh hev been the best uncle an' the lovinest dad a girl ever had—but, uncle I—I—love Arthur, too."

The whisper was so soft he scarcely heard, though her lips touched his ear.

CHAPTER XIX.

The Honorable Joseph Hawley accompanied Arthur to the cabin that Lige Evans had built. The girl, Lize, was there with her aunt, and, not expecting callers, was dressed much as she was when Arthur first saw her. She came to the door when the carriage stopped, and, seeing Arthur, turned and called: "Oh, say, heryre's thet nice Yank. He's comin' to se us an' I look like a scare-crow."

"Git back o' the curtain an' git on a dress. Git thet dirt off your face. I'll go an' see ef they're comin' in."

Arthur knew the woman would invite them to enter and was somewhat curious to know how she would act and what they were to do with her, now that her brutal companion was dead.

"Won't yuh all kem in an' set down? I reckon it's easier than me a-leanin' ovah the fence."

When the gentlemen had been seated Lize came from behind the curtain, and with the freedom begotten of ignorance, said:

"Howdy, fellers."

The Honorable Joseph stared at the tall, slim creature, who addressed them so familiarly, and who, as she drew near Arthur, said:

"Yuh look nicer than any feller I know."

"Set down thar, Lize, an' don't git fraish."

Turning to Arthur, the woman said:

"I sorter looked fer yuh all ter come an' see me 'fore yuh went away. I wanted ter know ef yuh meant ter tear the cabin down ovah our haid or not. I reckon yuh cain't hev eny good feelin' fer Lige, fer he war always sort o' onery an' ovah-bearin', but I don't think the sins o' the man should be visited on the weemin, even ef the scriptures does say so."

The young girl laughed uproariously at this and again the lawyer stared at her, a frown gathering on his broad brow.

"Lize, ef yuh all would shet up, people wouldn't think yuh war a born'd fool," the woman said.

"We came to see you," Arthur began, "about what you propose to do and whether you desire to live here?"

"Why, yes, I ain't got nowhar ter go now, an' I thort ef I seed yuh I'd jist say thet while Lige war not o' much account, a widder mought come in fer some damages. I don't mean," she continued hurriedly as Arthur was about to speak, "I don't mean to go ter cote about it. I sorter thort we could settle it between ourselves. Yuh air a great gentleman, an' we all air po', mighty po', an' I thort ef yuh all would let me live on heyre an' pay me fer the loss o' Lige, I'd keep watch o' things an' no timber thief, fer Lige war not the only one, no timber thief would steal a durn tree while I'm on hand."

"This is my uncle, Mr. Hawley, one of the owners of the property. He will tell you what he will do," Arthur said.

"My, yuh Yanks must be all rich up north thar. Yuh come down heyre an' buy whole mountings, an' the like."

"How much do you think you should receive for the loss of your late husband?"

Joseph Hawley asked, a slight smile playing about the corners of his mouth. "Let me say, however, that we should recover damages for the stolen timber instead of paying."

"I reckon thet's so, but I'm sich a po' lone creetur. I don't know how ter keep soul an' body tergether. I hev scurcely 'nough ter git terbaccar, let alone victuals."

"We are not going to be hard with you. My nephew tells me that when your husband once sought to drown him you begged the brute to spare his life. For that act we will not be hard with you. Now, how much cash will it take to console you for the loss of such a man?"

"I reckon I mought —" and she paused, pondering deeply, "I mought ax yuh, but I don't want yuh all ter think I'm tryin' to rob yuh, or be mean, but I think I ort ter git as much as eighteen or twenty dollars."

Joseph Hawley struggled to look serious. In the eyes of the woman and the young girl there seemed to be a mute appeal. This sum might stagger even the wealthy northern men, and she hurriedly added: "I'll hev ter pay most of thet fer the coffin, an' I ort ter git a black veil."

"Have you any money with you, Arthur," Mr. Hawley asked.

"Yes, enough, perhaps," was the answer.

"Give her fifty dollars and we will expect her to see that there is no more timber stolen."

Over the face where vice had left its indelible mark there swept an expression that moved the men to pity as she said:

"I'll be willin' ter be a slave fer sich men as yuh all."

"Look after things here when we are gone and we will send you more money some day," Joseph Hawley said as he rode away.

"Did yuh see th' lots o' money he hed in thet pocket-book?" Lize asked.

"No, the bill he gave me looked so big I couldn't see any more," replied the woman.

"I wondah why he wouldn't make a furse ovah me like he did Bess Willard, down by the creek," said the girl.

"What do yuh know, an' who seed 'em?"

"Pete did, an' he come home an' tole me. He goes down ter the swimmin' hole, an'

one day he snuck 'round that 'case he heard some one talkin', an' he got clus up whar the Yank war a-layin' on the bank lookin' up in the trees an' Bess was settin' up side o' him an' she whispered suthin' ter him, Pete couldn't hear what, an' then he jumped up an' grabbed holt o' her an' called her Eve, an' said, 'Thar, thar, thar,' an' every time he said 'thar' he kissed her, so he did, fer Pete seed him."

"Waal, thet fule gyrl, an' she's younger than yuh all," said Liz.

"I'll be thar some mawnin' myself, by the side o' thet creek, when he goes, fer Bess ain't allus weth him," said Lize.

"An' ef I ketch yuh all thar I'll break every bone in yuh body."

"I reckon yuh didn't furse when I tole yo' all thet he went a swimmin' in Lone Creek. I seed him then, an' Lige he went ter see him, too. I reckon I know," the girl said in reply.

The woman remembered the day Lige planned to kill him. She recalled that she refused at first to go, and Lige said: "I'll beat yuh ef yuh don't." Then when she saw him standing in front of her, waist deep in the water, his flesh white and fair as the fairest woman, only that the trained muscles displayed his manly symmetry, she had "weakened," as Lige had said.

The woman, who had known little kindness and less purity in all her life, was roused to fierce anger at the thought that those strong white arms she had seen folded over his breast as Lige was telling how he must die, should draw in loving embrace a bit of a girl like Bess, or like the slip in front of her, in whose black eyes passion was beginning to gleam.

"Dave Wilson is good enough fer the likes o' yuh all," Liz said presently, and the discussion closed.

When Arthur and his uncle were driving leisurely away from the cabin, the latter said:

"The city presents strong contrasts. The rich and the poor, the vicious and the good, and so we find it here where we would naturally expect to find all upon the same common plane or level. There exists in our city no wider contrast than is found in the persons of those whom we have just

left and the two who grace the home of our host."

"One can best appreciate the beauty and innocence of such girls as Lina and Bess after this morning," Arthur answered.

"Tomorrow we leave this land of romance and tragedy, but I shall carry back a picture that will not fade, Arthur. At least I fear it will not.

"Do you care to describe the picture, uncle?" Arthur asked.

"In the foreground of this picture stands a girl dressed in a neat-fitting white gown, that accentuates a form which must be pleasing in the sight of its Creator, as surely as He must be pleased with His perfect physical creations. This girl has two brown eyes of wonderful depth and I was foolish enough to look into those depths, and grew dizzy."

"I would suggest, my good uncle," said Arthur, "that you keep that picture well in mind. You will, perhaps, be the happier for it."

"You recall, my boy, where the Book says: 'Ephraim is joined to his idols; let him alone,' replied Mr. Hawley, and there was a tone of regret in his voice.

"The true idolater changes divinities occasionally," Arthur replied.

"If I change once it would be for always," was the answer.

"I can well believe it," and Arthur paused, knowing well that pure, sweet girl of the country and the mountains was breaking the armor that had shielded the heart of this leader of men from Cupid's darts. The weapons she used were big, brown, luminous eyes, limpid as a mountain brook and a voice as soft as the murmur of the south wind.

That evening, while Arthur and Bess stole away to the trysting place in the orchard, Mr. Hawley, of the firm of Hawley, Wade & Hawley, was braving fate underneath the walnut tree. The girl of the "picture" was sitting near him and it was he that did the talking.

"And you all are going away tomorrow?" she had asked.

"Yes, tomorrow," he answered, his voice, like hers, rich and low. "And you will be rejoiced to be alone once more. Such numbers must be a burden."

"Please don't," she said quickly. "We

have tried to make those words undeserved."

"I am a great blunderer. I know so little what to say to a young woman. You do not know all that you have done. Your perfect hospitality led me to say that for, there were so many of us, and I feared you might never let me return a part of it."

"But, Major Hawley says uncle and I must visit your city this fall. It is understood Bess goes there to school."

"And will you surely come," he asked eagerly.

"Yes."

"Miss Burrell, I am about to ask you a question so plain and blunt that you may deem it an impertinence, and if so I can only say forgive me. It is this: Have you made some man a promise that you will care for him more than all the world beside?"

He sat waiting with little hope in his heart, for she did not reply.

"As I feared," he said slowly. "There is some one else. I might have believed it to be Arthur, but he is waiting also."

"Yes, I know," she said. Jack had told her.

"There are few men I have known," she continued earnestly, "whom, if they asked that question, I would answer. I will answer you. I have wondered since I have met you why, in the circle in which you move, you did not find some woman whom you might love. Why should a man, who occupies a place you hold in the estimation of your fellowmen, not share that honor with some woman who belongs in the world in which he lives?"

"If my heart did not prompt me to say, 'Lost, lost, lost,' I could thank you for the tribute you pay my position," he replied.

"'Lost, lost,' she repeated, "what do you mean?"

"Your frankness of speech as to my marrying in the world in which I live answers my question. I told you the other night that I was waiting until the soul of some woman—the right one—crossed the orbit of my soul. I have seen that soul, and it seemed to be coming toward me, but it passed on and I am alone, alone."

The moon was near the zenith then and a beam fell upon and made radiant the face

of the sweet girl by his side. He saw in the brown eyes a wonderful light, and that the long lashes were wet. Her head sank upon her breast, and the soft sigh he caught told him he was not alone.

Miss Burrell—"Lina," he cried, "is it true—can I—may I—all these years older than you lying between us like a gulf—may I cross its expanse in thought, and—and may I love you?"

"Before I answer, let me tell you something, and then if you still wish to know, I'll tell you. When Arthur came, I thought it was one from another world. My uncle and my brother are noble and good, but I could see the difference. We were often together and, perhaps I could have learned an old, old story, but he talked of you and showed me your portrait, and sometimes I stole into his room to look at a picture that to me was unlike any other on earth. I wondered, as I looked, if I might ever see you, and then you came, and then I, too, saw a gulf, and it lay between a poor mountain girl with little knowledge of the world and a man who was a king among men. Now, you know; can you forgive my boldness?"

"Lina, my queen, my queen," he said.

There was no reason why an early start should be made the next day for Knoxville, for they were all to remain over and discuss a business proposition with Captain Cameron. It was that next morning Jack Fallis received the greatest surprise of his life.

"Yuh all won't quite know how lonesome it will be heyre when yuh're gone. Arthur has been heyre long enough ter seem like one o' us, an' I reckon I ain't seed the last o' him count o' my little one thar, but yuh, Mr. Hawley," he said to the famous lawyer, "I don't sort o' count on seein' es much o' you all as I'd like unless I visit yuh city."

"You know, Mr. Fallis," and the eyes of the orator twinkled, "you know I am interested in the timber lands."

"Yes, yuh mought hev ter come agin," Jack said.

"However, I have a favor to ask of you, if you will join me there by the walnut."

"Why suttently, suttently," Jack replied, wondering what favor he could grant the great gentleman. Lina preceded them, as

Mr. Hawley wished her at his side when he should tell her uncle the story of his love for her.

"Lina, dear," Jack said, "Yuh all might run away a little while. Mr. Hawley axed me ter meet him heyre."

"Very well, uncle," and while she blushed vividly, she did not attempt to run away.

"I prefer that Miss Burrell remain, if you do not care, Mr. Fallis. Shall we not be seated?"

"Suttently," Jack said, and Lina sat beside him on the rustic bench. Hawley drew a chair in front of them.

"I have spent two or three days in your house and in that time I have done something that I fear you will condemn, and I have come to ask your forgiveness, if not your blessing."

"Forgiveness? Yuh all sort o' jokin', Mr. Hawley."

"This is no joke. My offense is serious — I have stolen the heart of your niece and I desire to complete the mischief and make her mine."

"Do yuh mean, Lina, thet he hes axed yuh ter marry him?" Jack asked.

"He did," she replied demurely.

"And she answered 'Yes,'" broke in Mr. Hawley.

A look of loneliness and sorrow swept over Jack's face, but for a moment only, and as a twinkle came into the kindly eyes he said:

"Good Lord: 'I'm glad thars no old man weth yuh — I'd lose mother.' The hearty laugh which greeted this remark left them all at ease, and Jack continued:

"But how did it come? I thort yuh scarcely knowed each other?"

"I am many, many years her senior. Mr. Fallis, and I have been waiting all these years. I should have claimed her sooner, but I did not know where she was. I simply believed that there was in the world somewhere, a woman who, with a smile, could calm the storms that sometimes rise in my tempestuous soul. I came here to wave good-bye to a fellow mortal, as he journeyed away on a sunlit sea — and here I found the woman who had been lost to me until last evening. It is your blessing we seek."

"Ef I knowed how ter bless I mought, but, Mr. Hawley, I hate ter lose my niece. She's the stay o' my home. But accordin' ter natur', a gal like Lina would seek a nest o' her own some day an' I bless Gawd that it ain't one o' the mounting men. Thar's squar' men heyre, but they're not as yuh air an' she ain't their kind. I'm proud, Mr. Hawley, that my Nina, gal, kin look at me out o' glad eyes, like her mother's war when she married Nathaniel Burrell. I'm proud she won the heart o' a man like yuh all, fer sich as yuh mought claim the proudest. Ef thet's a blessin' yuh've got it, an may Gawd Almighty keep yuh until the end."

Just then the robins that were wont to woo and warble in the tree, began a duet so joyous that the lovers beneath them arose and listened, and when the bird song ended, Hawley placed his arm about the young girl and looking up, cried, "Sing Mr. Robin, sing my song, but your mate cannot rival mine."

When Jack Fallis turned and walked hurriedly away lest his fond old heart should betray him through his voice, Arthur and Bess came.

"What has my uncle been saying, Lina. 'The roses are early abloom?'"

"Congratulate your uncle, mv boy, and shake hands very respectfully with your future aunt," said Joseph Hawley merrily.

"How the Hawleys have plundered this home," the young man answered. "What do you think of it, Bess? This uncle of mine never seemed to look at a woman and here he is a captive within four days."

"I understood you to say the Hawleys had plundered this home — captives cannot plunder," Lina answered.

"My metaphor became tangled. I may be pardoned, surely — this was so sudden.

"But none the less welcome," said his uncle.

"None the less welcome," Lina repeated. "Arthur," she continued, "Bess told me one day when we quarreled that she would never forgive me. Will you intercede for my forgiveness?"

"She will forgive, Lina, for the past is dead. But for her disobeying you it would have been me and not Yancey

Everett who would have departed never to return," Arthur replied.

"Then kiss me, Bess, and we will go to Knoxville with the gentlemen and get you ready for school."

"Bess flew into the extended arms, crying, "It's all fergot, Lina, it's all fergot."

There was an early dinner that day and when they drove away from the home of brave old Jack Fallis, two men turned and looked back.

"What is it?" Lina asked.

"A last look at the walnut tree," Mr. Hawley said.

"Dear," she whispered.

"Was yuh lookin' fer the apple tree, Arthur?" Bess asked.

The major, Jack and Malvina, talked all the way of the past, and the story of the day at Mrs. Gatlin's was related. The quartette in the other carriage had no past to recall, but the future promised an early separation, and they were silent.

[*To be continued.*]

WHITE WOMAN'S ROCK.*

By The Rev. Stokely S. Fisher, D. D.

White Woman's Rock where shy moss cowers
In clefts with starry stonecrop flowers,
And tall and lush the wild ferns grow;
Where lightly lipping waters flow,
And warblers sing away the hours!
The charm of years dead long ago,
Old legends strange of love and woe,
Enchant the fragrant shore where towers
White Woman's Rock.

A loveliness that overpowers
The stifling, sordid world, endowers
This sheltered shrine; here soft winds blow,
A sacred incense breathing low,
Through all the woodland that embowers
White Woman's Rock.

* [EDITOR'S NOTE: A photograph of "White Woman's Rock" may be seen in the article entitled "Picturesque Ohio," in the present number of THE OHIO MAGAZINE.

Origin and Early Development of Highways in Ohio

By W. F. Gephart

The author of the present article has in preparation "The History of Transportation in the State of Ohio," which will be a study of the individual and social development of the Ohio Valley. The work is being prosecuted under the auspices of the Carnegie Institute and will be published in 1909.



WITHIN the past few years there has been considerable agitation and some legislation, which has had for its object the securing of an improved system of state highways, but this activity as applied to Ohio is only a new manifestation of a movement which began almost as early as the Northwest Territory was organized.

This local expression of the national desire to secure adequate transportation facilities for the many products of our rapidly developed industrial life is directly due to the enormous increase in the products of our own State and to the important position which Ohio occupies in the transportation of regional and transcontinental goods.

A glance at the map of the United States will at once reveal the strategic position of Ohio in the matter of transportation, for on the north is the Great Lake system, which, by the far southern extension of Lake Michigan, compels east and west lines to bend to the south and pass through Ohio; while to the south of Ohio is the mountainous region, which makes not only cost of construction, but also cost of maintenance of overland routes high, and hence there is a tendency for the east and west lines to swerve to the north and pass through Ohio. Ohio is, indeed, the transportation valley between the East and West.

The significant transportation demand at present is not for better railways nor for lower charges, but for more routes. The railways are deficient in equipment,

terminal facilities and trackage, and hence can not keep pace with industrial development and business activity. Relief must be secured in some way, and, in preference to incurring the very high costs which would result from increasing railway facilities, a more economical solution of the problem seems to be in improving water routes and highways, although one of the immediate effects of improved highways will be to increase the traffic of the railways and waterways.

Viewed, then, in its larger aspects, the improvement of Ohio highways becomes of great importance, not only to the people of the State itself, but also to the country at large. Ohio has been more fortunate than some of her sister states in securing early in her history a good beginning of highway construction, and it is probably due to this fact that she has taken so much interest in framing good highway laws, which, so far as legal enactments are concerned, have not been excelled by those of many other states.

Under the laws of the old Northwest Territory, there was a provision for petition to the justices of the court of the general sessions for opening and regulating highways. The act further provided for the working of all male citizens over 16 years of age for not more than 10 days each year, and for each day "he failed to work or wasted the day in idleness or inattention to the duty assigned him, such delinquent shall forfeit and pay to the supervisor, who warned him to work, fifty cents."

A fifty cent fine for a day's work would

seem at present not to be particularly burdensome, but in 1787 the purchasing power of fifty cents was quite different from what it now is. This was the customary sum allowed for public work at this time. In 1799 this act was amended, so

missioners to levy a road tax not to exceed one-half of the tax levied to defray territorial or county expenses.

But the real foundation of our State highway system was the three per cent. fund, which was granted after considerable



ROAD MAP OF OHIO IN 1810.

as to make the legal age for working on the roads 21 years, and the time was reduced to two days. A curious provision of this act was the one which forbade any person who was working on the roads from asking money of travelers, upon penalty of a fine.

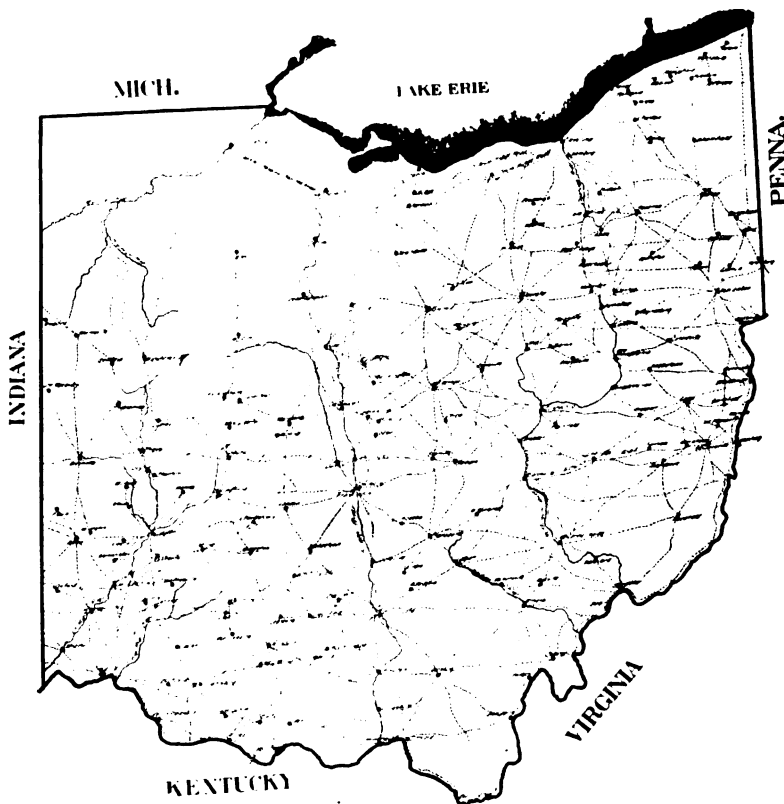
This same law ordered the county com-

missioners to levy a road tax not to exceed one-half of the tax levied to defray territorial or county expenses.

The provision of the particular part of the act referring to Ohio was as follows: "That the secretary of the treasury shall from time to time, and whenever the quarterly accounts of the receiver of public

monies of the several land offices shall be settled, pay 3 per cent. of the net proceeds of the lands of the United States lying within the State of Ohio, which since the thirtieth day of June have been, or hereafter may be, sold by the United States, after deducting all expenses incident to the same, to such person or persons as may be authorized by the Legislature of the said State to receive the same, which

The act provided for sixteen commissioners "who should cause the roads to be surveyed and plainly marked." The money set aside for each of the seventeen roads was equally apportioned by dividing the whole of each route into sections of from five to thirty miles each. It must be understood, that there were not roads, as we understand the term road, for it would be useless to think of \$17,000 building seven-



ROAD MAP OF OHIO IN 1828.

sums thus paid shall be applied to the laying out, opening and making roads within the said State, and to no other purpose whatever."

In 1804 the State Legislature enacted a very comprehensive road law, and in the same year, when the first sum under the above act was available, the Legislature passed an act specifying in detail what roads should be opened.

There was then available \$17,000, and this was divided among seventeen routes.

teen modern roads of such a length as these original ones were.

The character of the roads is described by the further provision of this act, which required "all timber and brush shall be cut and cleaned off at least twenty feet wide, leaving the stumps not more than one foot in height."

No wonder that Charles Dickens, the novelist, in his ride in a stage coach from Columbus to Toledo, moved north and south, east and west, skyward and earth-

ward. The act further stated that "all wet and miry places shall be made passable by a causeway sixteen feet wide, to be made of timbers, covered with earth." And no wonder that other early travelers, when they came to these places, thought they were descending into the internal regions. Small streams, that were difficult to be passed, were to be bridged, but this came about very slowly, and the securing and construction of bridges in Ohio affords an interesting history in itself.

At various times other sums were available, so that by 1830 the enormous sum of \$342,814.15 had been spent by the State in laying out and opening roads. The various sums appropriated and the years, are as follows:

1804	\$17,000 00
1806	7,725 00
1807	15,000 00
1808	6,000 00
1809	9,000 00
1810	23,000 00
1811	8,380 50
1812	41,000 00
1815	46,000 00
1817	60,000 00
1820	59,000 00
1821	3,092 62
1823	300 00
1825	5,576 00
1826	19,500 00
1830	22,239 95

By 1830 the greater part of the public lands had been sold, and the amounts received from the national government decreased.

The legislature always appointed certain commissioners to lay out these roads, which they, at different times, provided for, notwithstanding the fact that this work could have been done as well, or probably better, by the various county commissioners, and this at a great saving, for much of the money was used to pay commissioners' salaries and expenses related thereto.

It afforded, however, the political parties with "jobs" for their workers, and served in a smaller way what our numerous canal positions do now—the small change of political party financiering.

Another very important means of securing highways for the people of the State

was the chartering of turnpike companies by the State Legislature, and however unsatisfactory has been their history in later times, there is no doubt that they did a valuable service in early times and perhaps in the only way that it could be done. The first turnpike company was incorporated in 1809 in a long bill which minutely prescribed the conditions under which the company was to operate. The capital stock of the company was \$10,000, divided into twenty-five shares, with the subscriptions open to the public. The road must "not exceed 60 feet in width and 22 feet must be bedded with wood, stone, gravel or other proper and convenient material, faced with gravel or stone pounded, or other small hard substance, so as to secure a firm and even surface." The common pleas court was to appoint three inspectors, as soon as eight miles of the road was completed, and if it had been constructed according to the specifications of the act, the company was permitted to erect tollgates not less than eight miles apart. The toll which the company could charge was fixed by the legislature as follows:

Two-horse wagon, twelve and one-half cents, with four cents for every additional horse.

Wagon or cart drawn by one yoke of oxen, twelve and one-half cents; six cents for every additional ox.

Coaches or any other four-wheeled vehicle of pleasure, twenty cents.

Sulky, chase, chair and other two-wheeled vehicles of pleasure, twelve and one-half cents.

Sleigh or sled, eight cents.

Every score of hogs or sheep, 10 cents.

Every head of meat cattle, one cent each.

Every horse and rider, or led horse, six cents; except that all attending public worship or funerals, or jurymen going to or coming from court, armies and troops of Ohio and the United States, and all electors going to or coming from election, should pass free.

A fine of five dollars was imposed for using any bypath or round-about way. If the company neglected to keep the road in repair for fifteen days the justices of peace appointed three inspectors, who were to inspect the road as to its condition for transportation. If they reported adversely

no toll could be charged, and if the road was not repaired by the next session of the common pleas court the officials of the company could be fined not more than \$100 nor less than twenty dollars. A complete and accurate report was to be made of all expenditures and receipts. All capital stock was to be paid in and expended before another issue could be made. Dividends must be publicly declared twice a year and every three years a financial report must be made to the State Legislature. Every ten years a decennial report was made to the same body, and if the conditions warranted paying more than ten per cent. dividends, the surplus must be used in buying up the stock of the company. When all the stock was thus purchased the road was to be free.

If the following turnpike charters had followed this original act in its regulative and protective features, it is probable that the later turnpike history would have been

different and highway transportation would have been furthered.

In the midst of our present day agitation and attempts of our State Legislatures to regulate corporations and make them accountable to the investing and using public, something suggestive might be gleaned from this old turnpike act of 1809.

Such was the beginning of our State system of highways, which have since that time covered the State.

In early times these roads meant, if possible, even more than they do now, for production was wholly dependent in most sections upon the roads. Though the soils were abundantly fertile and though the laborers were at hand, though markets were in existence, yet there was no inducement for the early settlers to produce a surplus for markets they could not reach.

How these markets were reached is a long story, with many interesting chapters in it.

THE VICTOR.

By Charles Frederic Gilliam.

Adown the narrow darkened street,
Tread by the lab'ers weary feet,
Want walks.

Along the wider lighted street,
Tread by those who pleasure seeks,
Vice stalks.

The pharisee with scornful mien,
Goes on his way with proud disdain.
Satan grins.

But one whose heart is tuned to love,
Holds out a hope from Him above.
God wins.

Washington as a General

FROM TWO POINTS OF VIEW

I

By Lieutenant Charles Lloyd Wyman, U. S. A.

In the present number THE OHIO MAGAZINE offers students of military science and American history two valuable papers under the title, "Washington as a General," presenting the subject from two points of view. Neither author knew that the other would appear in the matter, and by a strange coincidence both authors selected the same title, while arriving at different conclusions. The first article, by Lieutenant Charles Lloyd Wyman, was the prize essay in a recent competition, limited to Ohio college students, conducted under the auspices of the Ohio Society Sons of the American Revolution. The author of the second is Katherine J. McKim, A. B., of Marietta College.



THE study of Washington's career as a general must not be diffused over the ground of biography, narrative and anecdote. The subject can not well be discussed by the political writer, who deals solely with results, nor by the fervid patriot, who ascribes to human agency even those successes and failures for which Providence alone is responsible. Military science is the key which unlocks the rich chest of military history. "It is to warriors alone that it belongs to designate the place Washington shall occupy among famous captains," says Fontane. It is only by the critical and intelligent study of their more or less successful application of the laws governing the art of war, that we are able to form a just opinion of the relative abilities of generals, no matter how brilliant their fame.

It is not easy to state exactly what must be the mental, physical and moral equipment of a great commander, but certain it is that, as his field of work is great and varied, so must be his ability. Baron Jomini has said that "a great soldier must have a physical courage which takes no account of obstacles and a high moral courage capable of great resolution."

In addition to these inherent and de-

veloped abilities, the successful general must know his profession. He must be thoroughly grounded in military geography and the laws of nations.

The fine points of grand and minor tactics ought to be his life-long study. He ought to be a good rough-and-ready engineer. He must know more than the elementary principles of logistics and he must be a strategist. But above all, the successful leader is he who can grasp the situation in its entirety and then adopt and maintain that policy which shall harmonize both military and political considerations.

The briefest possible summary of George Washington's military experience before the Revolution will suffice to show his fitness for the responsible position he afterward held as the head and front of the patriot army fighting for the preservation of American liberties.

At nineteen he was a major on the staff of Governor Dinwiddie of Virginia, and was even then a conscientious student of military affairs. At twenty-one he was entrusted with a mission to the French on the Ohio river. This he completed successfully and brought back with him topographical and other military maps and notes of the highest value.

The next year he led an ill-fated expe-

dition into the same country and was forced to surrender with the honors of war at Fort Necessity, a log fort or stockade built by himself. Dinwiddie wished to send another expedition the following year, but his purpose was defeated by Washington's masterly and detailed review of the military situation, which showed that every necessary element of success was wanting.

Dinwiddie, displeased, reduced his rank from colonel to captain, whereupon Washington resigned his commission in a letter from which this extract is taken: "It was to obey the call of Honour and at the advice of friends I declined it, and not to gratify any desire I had to leave the military line, my inclinations are strongly bent to arms."

Two years later, however, when Braddock led his red-coated grenadiers through the backwoods against Indians and French, Washington was with him as an aide. When the ambushed British "ran as sheep pursued by dogs," as Washington described their flight in a letter to his mother, he, with his few men, covered their retreat and proved himself absolutely fearless in battle. Again in 1758 he was with General Forbes in his successful but bloodless expedition, which broke the French power along the Ohio. Shortly afterward he severed all connection with military affairs, except as commissioner of military accounts for Virginia, an office in which his carefulness and honesty were fully displayed.

For sound common sense and exact information he was admittedly the peer of any man in the colonies, and when before the Continental Congress of 1775 John Adams proposed Washington as Commander-in-Chief of the American armies, he proposed a man forty-three years old, six feet tall, weighing 200 pounds; a man possessing great military capabilities; a man whose courage and resourcefulness under fire had been proven; a man and soldier lacking in but one essential—experience. To quote Dr. Johnson: "A series of blunders had reached its natural termination in irreconcilable hostility." Bunker Hill had been fought without a leader. Washington was unanimously selected and "he was the ideal leader for such a conflict."

At once he joined the nucleus of the

Continental Army at Cambridge. Here he found himself obliged to disband one army and recruit another and to occupy fourteen miles of front with fewer than that many thousand ill-armed, powderless minute-men, to whom respect for authority was absolutely unknown. But "with every hour of the new general's presence in the besieging camp were weaknesses mended and the chance of successful resistance increased," to quote Cooper-King.

The pressing need of this ragged band was a leader, and in Washington they got one who held a very low opinion of militia and whose method of putting into his recruits the requisite firmness for fighting was "by a constant course of discipline and service." To organize an army from a mob requires ability far beyond that of any one man. It requires the expert services of many men and accordingly Washington selected, in the estimation of Winthrop, "such advisers and counsellors in war and peace as have never surrounded any other American leader."

He also proposed before Congress a comprehensive plan for a standing army and pointed out the fact, unrecognized then but an axiom now, that "a sound military establishment and the interests of economy are the same."

Two such soldiers as Napoleon and Jomini have contributed these thoughts to military text books: "The commander-in-chief is the head, he is everything to an army;" and "A good staff has the merit of being more durable than the genius of any one man."

Now, with a general and a staff and a patchwork army, the only thing left to do was to decide on a war policy. The decision was practically left to Washington's judgment. From three principal considerations he came to the conclusion that the obvious choice was for the defensive. His reasons were: First, England, already at war with France, would have to take the offensive in order to retain her colonies; second, the northern frontier, salient toward the enemy, and the long stretch of seaboard to the south, made such a policy almost imperative; third, the colonies were far inferior in preparation and resources to the mother country.

These same and some other reasons were

Great Britain's in undertaking the offensive. There were several good points of attack open to her, principally New York and the Hudson river; Chesapeake bay, with Philadelphia as the objective, and in the South Charleston and Georgetown.

In general the defensive policy was the only one for the colonies, but his army was hardly in shape to fight before Washing-

cannonade, he dispatched 2000 men to seize and intrench the heights. The earth was frozen to a depth of eighteen inches, rendering inrenching tools both noisy and useless, while rapidity and stillness were the necessary essentials of success. To overcome this difficulty, hurdles, fascines and bales of hay were arranged to form the redoubts, according to the skilful plans



THE STUART PORTRAIT OF WASHINGTON.

ton made the offensive movement which practically freed New England from royal domination.

Washington never counted numbers so much as conditions, and when he saw that that his slothful adversary had failed to occupy Dorchester Heights, which was the real key to the situation, he determined to strike before Howe could realize his danger. Under cover of night and a heavy

and under the personal supervision of Rufus Putnam. The work was done so rapidly and systematically that Howe reported it as the work of 12,000 men and added that the rebels had done more in one night than his whole army would have done in a month. As Carrington declares: "One unexpended combination, concerted with faultless ability and suddenly executed, had in a few hours made General Howe's po-

sition in Boston untenable." A few days later, on his word not to burn the city, Howe was allowed to embark his 11,000 men for Halifax. On April 3, 1776, Harvard conferred the degree of L. L. D. on Washington, who "drove the fleet and troops of the enemy with disgraceful precipitation from the town of Boston."

Thus ended in ignominious failure the attempt of the British to coerce the New England colonies from Boston as a base. Their next move was against the point of attack which promised most favorable results—New York and the Hudson river.

Washington anticipated the attack on New York and, within a few hours after the evacuation of Boston was assured, he had all his available artillery and five regiments of infantry on the march to the Hudson, and shortly afterward he followed in person, with all his available troops. No more valuable study of logistics is to be found in the course of the war than in the itinerary of this march. Possibly no march in history shows more careful and intelligent attention to the art of transporting large bodies of troops and bringing them upon the field of battle in condition to fight.

To fortify and hold New York harbor with the means at hand was an impossibility which Washington recognized. Yet Congress ordered it done and negatived his proposition to burn the town. Political necessity overshadowed the military policy of withdrawal. Washington prepared to make as strong a defense as possible, and to render the acquisition of the position as costly to the enemy as lay in his power.

Here he made the great mistake of dividing his forces and of occupying too long a line of defense. If he had massed his entire force on Brooklyn Heights he might have prevented the landing of the British, but as it was, his army was so widely scattered that several very important advanced positions on the left of Brooklyn Heights were almost entirely unguarded. On Long Island his forces were outnumbered in the ratio of seven to three.

The British attack all along the line was well begun and well followed up. The defense of the Americans was fierce and stubborn and held well, until Clinton turned Sullivan's left, when the Conti-

mental line was rolled up and thrown back on East river. To inexperience and to anxiety to hold Manhattan may be ascribed this first strategic mistake of Washington. When concentration was his only hope, he severed his army and exposed one-half of it to certain defeat.

After this decided victory Howe considerably waited for morning to allow him completely to destroy his adversary. Before daybreak Washington had managed to collect enough boats to ferry his entire force across to Manhattan. To execute such a movement at night, under the very nose of a powerful foe and without the loss of a man, seems an incredible feat. Washington only could have carried it through successfully.

"He had fought in an impossible position, been beaten, and saved his army from the brink of destruction," says Henry Cabot Lodge in his "Story of the Revolution." A very careful military critic has this to say of the engagement: "If he had unnecessarily exposed his army to defeat, he had shown genius of a high order in withdrawing the remains of his beaten force."

From New York Howe drove Washington slowly up the river; from Kipp's Bay to Harlem Heights to White Plains, and again to New Castle. But, though defeated in every battle, the patriot general was continually on the offensive and time and again attacked and captured British outposts.

This period of continuous fighting put to the highest test his tenacity of purpose and skill in leadership. It showed to the iron veterans, whom it changed from raw recruits, that their leader was a fighter and not a runner. Though beaten at every turn, he had robbed the British of the substantial fruits of their victory. He still held the Hudson, and by skirmishes and flank attacks he had exhausted Howe's army and had allowed it to advance but thirty miles in two months.

Howe next crossed the river into New Jersey, followed closely by Washington, whose army had begun to diminish rapidly from expired enlistments and from desertions.

Planning to give battle, he summoned to him the troops under Greene, Schuyler,

Sullivan and Charles Lee. The latter, with three thousand seasoned troops, failed to make the junction as ordered. Lacking this substantial force, Washington was obliged to retreat before the vastly superior hostile army of British and Hessians. The latter especially ravaged, pillaged and burned the country for miles on each side of their line of march. The frightened Congress fled from Philadelphia to Baltimore, leaving all to Washington, with his militia, who, he wrote, "come, you cannot tell when * * * consume your provisions, waste your stores and leave you at last at a critical moment."

With the flight of Congress, the American leader took upon his own shoulders the full responsibility for success or failure. With his firm grasp of the military and political situations, he realized that a fight resulting in a victory could alone save the Revolutionary cause.

The cool audacity of Washington's leadership is made evident by his determination to take the offensive against a well equipped and victorious foe, outnumbering his ragged patriots six to one. His first movement was directed against the Hessian outpost at Trenton and was so well planned that though two of his three columns failed to arrive at the scene of battle, the third succeeded, and with a loss of three men, captured a thousand and struck a powerful blow at the prestige of British arms in America. "Washington," says Lodge, "undertook this winter campaign to save the Revolution in the field, before the people and in the cabinets of Europe."

The crossing of the Delaware, full of floating ice, in a blinding snow storm and on the coldest night of the year, was even more wonderful than the retreat across the East river from Brooklyn. It was accomplished only by the man's wonderful determination and personality. His desperate need is expressed by the night's countersign, written by himself, "Victory or death."

After the fight at Trenton Congress virtually clothed Washington with the powers of a dictator, and from this time on the star of his military genius shone ever more brightly. He was a firm believer in the doctrine that before war begins too much prudence can not be shown; afterward,

not too much daring. His astounding success brought to his standard many volunteers, and scores of his veterans refused to profit by the expiration of their enlistments.

To Howe's dismay the entire aspect of affairs suddenly changed, and he found himself face to face with a dauntless band of heroes, which a few days before had been a half frozen mob of home-sick countrymen and villagers. Determined to end the struggle with one blow, Howe sent Cornwallis to drive Washington back into the Delaware. The usual dilatoriness of the English general lost him his splendid chance of forcing an encounter in which every advantage would have been on his side. After a day's fighting Cornwallis drove Washington back to Assanpink, and then waited for morning to give light enough for the final clash of arms. Ordinarily this would have been wise enough in itself, but Cornwallis committed the inexcusable oversight of failing to make a complete reconnoissance of the American position and of failing to keep in touch with his able adversary.

The morning showed Cornwallis nothing but a deserted camp. Washington had turned his flank and was making a rapid dash at the English magazine at Brunswick.

At Princeton, Mercer with Washington's left column fell upon Mawhood, with a British regiment, and was repulsed. Nothing but Washington's reckless exposure of his own person averted a disaster. Another sharp fight occurred in the grove around Nassau Hall, Princeton College, but here victory was with the Continentals. This delay prevented Washington's reaching Brunswick and destroying the stores there, as he had planned, but it had not prevented the demonstration of his generalship in a campaign which Frederick of Prussia characterized as "great, not in numbers but in conception, and as an illustration of highest skill in the art of war under adverse circumstances." Against an army six times superior to his own in numbers, he had assumed the defensive and had won two victories by striking the enemy with a superior force at the points of contact.

His perfect acquaintance with all exist-

ing conditions; his knowledge of the characteristics of the opposing general; his celerity of movement and his personal power were the causes of his success, as were similar qualifications, with similar results, in the case of Caesar, Alexander and Napoleon.

In July, 1777, Howe's fleet sailed south from New York with the idea of drawing the attention of Washington away from the expedition led by Gen. John Burgoyne. In about a month the fleet appeared in Delaware Bay, but on finding the channel full of obstructions and well covered by floating batteries, it withdrew, and a few weeks later entered Chesapeake Bay.

It was an obvious move against Philadelphia, the capital. Washington, outnumbered three to two, met the British at Chadd's Ford, on Brandywine creek. Seeing that the divisions of Knyphausen and Cornwallis were separated, Washington crossed the stream and won a decided victory over the former. In the meantime Cornwallis had executed a masterly turning movement, which completely crushed the right and rear of the division under Sullivan. The fight was lost to the Americans through unreliable and insufficient means of communication.

Washington's stroke at Knyphausen was exactly similar to that by which Napoleon saved his army at Austerlitz, and should have resulted in beating the English in detail. Both of Howe's victories over Washington were gained by turning movements whose success was due solely to the inefficiency of the American scouts and couriers.

Again Howe neglected the chance to crush his adversary. He soon found himself face to face with a hostile army as large as the one he had defeated at Brandywine.

Washington could not well undertake the offensive at this time, and Howe absolutely refused to fight at all. Fisher describes the situation in his "True History of the American Revolution." "The extraordinary spectacle was presented of a small defeated army returning to the victor and standing in front of him, daring him to fight."

Howe took possession of Philadelphia and threw out strong advanced posts between himself and Washington. One of

these, at Germantown, it seemed feasible to the American general to capture. He attacked with great vigor, but, through the heaviness of the fog and the uselessness of his aides, two of the brigades became inextricably entangled, resulting in a confusion which defeated all his plans. The suddenness of his attack had greatly disordered the British, but the desired victory, when almost achieved, was lost to him through uncontrollable circumstances. The defeat casts no reflection on Washington as a strategist. "There are few operations of the war which show greater skill in design," declares the author of "Battles of the American Revolution."

After spending nearly a year in idleness in Philadelphia, Howe resigned his command and was replaced by Clinton. The new general was not his equal as a scientist, but possessed infinitely more enterprise and daring. With good reason he came to the conclusion that nothing but relentless persecution could break the spirit of the colonists, and that constant battering alone could beat down their growing desire for liberty. "All history shows that a patriot army like Washington's, living from hand to mouth, with no power to punish desertions or force enlistments, cannot in the long run endure the steady grinding process of a regular military establishment backed by a rich nation which considers it worth while to stand out to the end."

His first step was an unnecessary risk of his whole army. Although many transports were available, Clinton started with his entire force on the overland march from Philadelphia to New York. He was hampered by a wagon train ten miles long, and by hundreds of Tory refugees. At Monmouth he met Washington and immediately gave battle. Charles Lee led the American advance and attacked in good style, but did not follow up his advantage. When victory was within his grasp he ordered a retreat, which turned nearly to a panic-stricken rout. Disaster was averted here, as at Princeton, by Washington's fearless exposure of his own person in rallying the fleeing troops.

*S. G. Fisher: True Hist. of Am. Rev. p. 370.

Clinton's retreat, though a mistake in policy, was so skilfully conducted that it has often been likened to that of Xenophon from Babylon. It placed him safely in New York, where he remained, the spider at the heart of his web of murderous Indian and Tory allies. The raids of Tryon in Connecticut, and those of Prevost, Matthews and Ferguson in the South, will always be remembered best by that typical one known in history as the Wyoming massacre. To offset the terrifying effect of such guerrilla warfare, Washington planned the taking of Stony Point and Paulus Hook. Both were brilliantly captured at the point of the bayonet and no prisoner killing tarnished the luster of the deeds.

Cornwallis was at this time in chief command in the Carolinas. Here he was out-fought and out-maneuvered by Nathaniel Greene, and was finally trapped into Virginia, where he devoted himself to pursuing La Fayette.

To everyone it was evident that the end of the war was near. The colonies were fast being worn out by Clinton's method of waging war. At the very moment when the world expected Washington to make a last attempt to drive the British from New York, he suddenly confronted Cornwallis at Yorktown.

Another month saw the end of hostilities in the surrender of Great Britain's largest army in America. This masterly movement, conducted with so much caution and secrecy, proved more than any other event of the war the genius of the patriot general. As an illustration of strategy it has never been excelled in any war, and by itself gives a high position to Washington as a soldier.

During the early part of the Revolution Washington was hampered in his movements by a frightened Congress, which consistently negatived every original plan he conceived. Later, when he was given a free hand, the chances for success were immediately bettered. The first expedition against Montreal was his idea. He balanced the facts very nicely and, knowing that both Montreal and Quebec were destitute of regular troops and that the season would prevent the sending of reinforcements, he concluded that the at-

tempt to take the cities might meet with success.

After the failure of the first expedition, he strongly and wisely opposed its repetition, and in general thereafter he opposed all schemes tending to divide and dissipate his forces. When, after the loss of Long Island, he proposed to burn New York in order to deprive the British of winter quarters, Congress prohibited the sacrifice. The burning of Moscow when occupied by Napoleon gives a general idea of the effect it would have had.

His maneuvers around Trenton and Princeton were characterized by Frederick the Great as "the most brilliant achievements of any recorded in the annals of military action." The whole movement showed great desperation, but also great originality, and much of that kind of strategy which Von Moltke defined as "common sense applied to the conduct of war."

His plan of keeping his army out of large cities was original in the extreme, and was not copied by Howe, though it was, later, by Napoleon, who would not let his victorious army enter Vienna and would have profited by keeping up the same policy at Moscow.

Brandywine and Germantown were fair examples of Washington's originality. As has been stated, Napoleon won Austerlitz by a successful application of Washington's plan of attack at Brandywine. With reference to the 'fight at Germantown, Washington's own words are very telling, as showing his originality of thought. "The usual time for exploits of this kind is a little before day; for which reason a vigilant officer is then more on the watch. I therefore recommend a midnight hour. A dark night and even a rainy one, if you can find the way, will contribute to your success."

Monmouth reflects no great credit on Washington, either as a tactician or strategist. He might have struck Clinton with greater chances of success near Trenton.

Lord Mahon says of the attempt: "On the whole it was a pitched battle," where might have been a very decisive American victory.

Directly opposed to Monmouth was Yorktown. The whole scheme of the latter campaign was so highly original that

neither Washington's adversaries nor even his own troops could more than guess at his destination before he confronted Cornwallis. The conception and execution of this movement place him on an equality with the very greatest commanders the English race has ever produced.

Yorktown did not require the wonderful display of sagacity that Trenton and Princeton showed Washington to possess.

After his surrender, in reply to a toast proposed by Washington, Cornwallis uttered the following, which is in agreement with the stated opinions of many famous and reliable military experts, "and when the illustrious part that your excellency has borne in this long and laborious contest becomes mater of history, fame will gather your brightest laurels rather from the banks of the Delaware than from those of the Chesapeake."

Washington fought but two battles that he lost—Long Island and Brandywine—and in neither case did he fail to rob the British of the fruits of their victory.

After Long Island he still retained the Hudson and practically all the territory around New York. He had saved the Revolution, according to an English writer [Thackeray, "The Virginians," p. 740.], who said, in speaking of the retreat from Long Island: "The whole Continental force had crossed the East river and our empire over thirteen colonies had passed away."

The retreat through New Jersey with his rapidly diminishing force, followed as it was by his brilliant strokes at Trenton and Princeton, tided the struggling colonial federation over the most critical and dangerous period of the war. Brandywine was lost, but as "courageously and with as little disaster as could have been expected." At Princeton, and again at Monmouth, Washington saved the day by the animating influence of his own gallantry in exposing himself conspicuously to every danger common to the privates in the ranks.

Sheridan will be forever famous in the annals of American history for so skilfully extricating his army from the confusion of the disgraceful retreat from Winchester—Washington did no less at Monmouth—a battle which reflects vastly more credit

on his personality than on his military skill.

The story of the Revolution is the story of Washington's success in retrieving losses. When he assumed command of the Continental army at Cambridge he wrote to his adjutant, Joseph Reed, "Could I have foreseen what I have experienced and am likely to experience, no consideration on earth should have induced me to accept this command." Lacking in stores, arms, money and men, and not without enemies even among his trusted advisers, Washington brought to a successful conclusion a war against the richest and most powerful nation in the world at that time.

According to the philosopher Bacon, "Above all for empire and greatness it imparteth most that a nation do profess arms as their principal honour, study and occupation." Certain axioms of the art of war are accepted as alone setting a standard by which to determine the value of military deeds. In Washington's campaigns, according to Carrington, "not a single principle, put under tribute by great captains before and since that period, failed to have its expression and not unseldom its masterly application. The philosophy of Frederic and Jomini asserts nothing beyond the skill and wisdom therein illustrated."

Washington's location of his base of operations in New Jersey was justified by the readiness with which he met all movements of British troops to or from their base at New York. The value and wisdom of his strategy have been suggested in various places throughout the discussion of his campaigns. In general his application of the principles of logistics was very successful, though hampered by the great natural obstacles of the theater of war and by a wasteful and inexperienced commissariat. In the field of grand and minor tactics Washington was not as expert as either Clinton or Howe. He was inexperienced in those fine points of tactical movements which can only be learned from long observation and practice. Still, to the great defect of a constantly changing military establishment may be ascribed the cause of his most evident tactical mistakes and failures.

It has been shown that Washington abided well by the tenets of his profession and that he applied its principles suc-

cessfully is testified by what he accomplished. John Marshall styled him "first in war, first in peace and first in the hearts of his countrymen." Other eminent writers of all nations have treated in more specific language the causes of the immortal fame of the first American general and president.

To quote, in the order named, from Fontane, Headley, Durny, Tucker and Lodge:

"His successes appear to have more of solidity than of éclat, and judgment predominates rather than enthusiasm in the manner of his command and his warfare."

"Patient, watchful, provoked into no rashness, frightened into no delay, cautious in his approach, bold and desperate in his onset, calm and collected in his retreat."

"Calm, methodical, persevering, audacious, but never rash, never permitting himself to be crushed by a reverse nor elated by a success."

"Washington's mastery of details * * * his personal attention to the requirements of all parts of the theatre of war, are never seen to better advantage than when harassed by uncertainty and doubt."

"Washington was by nature a great soldier, and after the manner of his race he fought best when the tide of fortune seemed to set most strongly against him."

While it cannot be said that Washington was, in the true sense of the word, a military genius, then with as much truth can it be stated that the English-speaking race has never produced a true military genius, for it has never produced Washington's superior as a commander.

His long, eventful and illustrious career was marked by heroic fortitude and unswerving loyalty, and by unsparing self-sacrifice.

His unfaltering courage and persistent principle point to him as the highest type of Revolutionary leader and patriot.

While history classes Washington politically with such leaders as Bolivar and Garibaldi, as a general, it places him with Marlborough, Turenne and Gustavus Adolphus. History is never more than just, but it will perpetuate, beyond that of any other English-speaking soldier, the fame of the nation-builder and general, George Washington.

AD AMICUM.

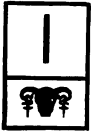
In my own strength I can not stand,
Without your heart I am not whole;
Like soft dews in a rainless land
Is your love to my thirsting soul.

M. JAY.

Washington as a General

II

By Katherine J. McKim, A. B.



IN military studies," General Carrington has said, "as in all collegiate or social preparation, the soldier, the lawyer or the scientist must be in the man, and not the necessary product of a certificate or a diploma." Even those who do not agree that Washington was always brilliant as a general, readily admit that the manhood of the General was always convincing and uplifting. Washington was a great general because he was a great man, with a direct and vital instinct for the "pomp and circumstance of war."

He came honestly by this instinct as might have been expected of a lad whose boyhood had been spent in a homestead named from Admiral Vernon, under whom Lawrence Washington had fought. Indeed, so strong had been this influence, it was a question whether even a mother's hand was powerful enough to turn the lad from a midshipman's career; fortunately it was, and the young Washington went out into Lord Fairfax's forests on the upper Potomac surveying instead of to a troopship training room.

The experience on the frontier was of utmost value, for the young man was soon called to be the defender of the forests he had been surveying. His patron's influence soon gave him a chance to accept the position of adjutant-general of one of four military districts of Virginia. Family influence continued to press him forward and secured for him the appointment of envoy from the Governor of Virginia to the Commander of the French forts building on the Allegheny in 1752. This was a mission several had refused; Washington's acceptance of it showed his fearlessness, and his performances were better than his friends probably expected; his military talent appeared in much that he did; it

showed, for instance, in his selection of the "forks of the Ohio" as a favorable site for a fort, in his shrewd treatment of the Indians at Logstown, in his criticism of Shingiss's Town as a site for the Ohio Company's settlement, in his diplomacy with the Indians in keeping them faithful to him while not telling them the real purpose of his mission, in finding out the plans of the French from the intoxicated Joncaire, in securing the plans of Fort La Boeuf, and in his methodical way of keeping information and giving it out.

As a result his advancement from now on was not due to family influences so much as to merit; he had won his spurs and as a result was made Colonel of the Virginia Regiment in 1754. Here, amid great difficulties, he showed the same impulsive energy that he portrayed the year before, especially in hurrying his companies to Will's Creek, and in starting westward as soon as the report that Captain Trent had been driven from the forks of the Ohio reached him. His reasons, given carefully in his *Diary*, are explicit, and show clear knowledge and keen foresight. His study of the Youghiogheny River from a military standpoint show him alert to all his opportunities, his use of reconnoitering parties was good. The capture of Jumonville and the decision to fortify Mount Braddock show decisiveness and bravery; each summer hundreds of tourists wonder why Washington located Fort Necessity in the low grounds of Great Meadows, not knowing that the young commander had already chosen a strategic position in western Pennsylvania before being compelled by lack of provisions to make a stand at Fort Necessity. Here he handled his force with skill, making a good attempt to force Villiers into a decisive battle immediately, and when unable to do this, keeping his

own condition from the enemy until a favorable capitulation could be negotiated. The savagery of the French-Indians after the capitulation proves how much the best of his opponent Washington had gotten by diplomacy.

With the coming of Braddock, in 1755, the direction of the war fell largely on British officers who were inclined to dispise provincials. Washington held no command, going on the campaign as aide; in this capacity his military knowledge was widened, though more in a theoretical than in a practical way; and his illness kept him from Braddock's side during part of the time. This was more to be regretted because it was his first experience with a troop that approached the dimensions of an army; here, for the first time, he began to see what it meant to supply, provision and equip a comparatively large body of men. While, therefore, he had a lesson in practical logistics, he also displayed a talent in grand tactics, for it was Washington and none other who advised Braddock to divide his army and hurry on a flying column to Fort Duquesne. Concerning the decision to follow the Monongahela route to the fort, instead of going straight across the Youghiogheny Basin, probably one of the most unfortunate features of the campaign, Washington had no part for he had not yet recovered and overtaken the army. In the miserable defeat the young aide acted with unparalleled bravery, sustaining the frontiersmen in their hopeless attempt to stop the stampede of British regulars.

With the failure of Braddock's campaign the terrible task of defending Virginia's frontier fell on Washington's shoulders; although only a mere pupil in the art of war, he was called upon to arouse a people to the crisis, compel them to carry arms, furnish soldiers with clothing and equipment and gather the materials of war. He now had to learn to perform the duties of every officer, and his most difficult task was to teach the necessity of discipline; the men who volunteered to serve were destitute of arms and clothing, but their lack of any idea of submission and obedience was their most fatal shortcoming. Old Lord Fairfax playfully wrote the young officer on a certain occasion, that, as he had perhaps read Julius Caesar's Commentaries and

Quintus Curtius, he had probably heard "of greater fatigues, murmurings, mutinies and defections than will probably come to your share." The young man's frank letter to the Governor of Virginia on the need of laws to enforce discipline must be considered one of the most singular of all his writings: "Why should it be expected of us," he wrote, "who are all young and inexperienced to govern and keep up a proper spirit of discipline without laws, when the best and most experienced [Nations] can scarcely do it with them?" It is of first importance now to notice that Washington, in 1753-6, had not been learning war as it was known to British and other European troops, but an entirely different kind, the warfare that red men taught the white in a forest-covered new world. To the latter war meant strength and bravery; to the Indian it meant cunning and deceit. He rarely risked an open engagement, such, for instance, as Braddock desired; indeed, he seldom fought from behind regular breastworks. And so Washington, from the day he evaded the suspicious Indian's question at Logstown until the day he heard the French explode the magazine at Fort Duquesne, was being *trained in a school of cunning*, where, through diplomacy, little bands of men were pitted against whole armies successfully, and in which sudden attacks at day-break, secret retreats, decoys, feints, and trickery were taught to children. His swift night attack on Jumonville, the first he ever took part in, was proof that he was a quick student in the exciting art.

Through the Fort Necessity and Braddock campaigns in 1754 and 1755, and through the hard two years following, when he was building and manning the frontier line of forts from the Potomac to the James, Washington spent a severe apprenticeship in an entirely new kind of logistics and grand tactics, which, in the light of after events, appears to have been of tremendous importance. Fortunately the year 1758 brought with it another series of experiences that also played an important part in teaching him the art of war. Pitt now became minister, and General Forbes was sent against Fort Duquesne with six thousand men, of whom Washington had command of nearly one-third.

Criticism of Washington's military abilities, except by jealous under-officers, being of rare occurrence, it is interesting to find, in the unpublished Bouquet Papers in the British Museum an opinion of them uttered by such sturdy men as Colonel Bouquet and General Forbes. Forbes had been advised by his Quarter-Master to make Raystown (Bedford), Pennsylvania, the rendezvous of his army; this seemed to necessitate finding a more northerly route than the overgrown Braddock's road through Cumberland, Maryland. There were honest reasons why Virginians should object to the opening of a rival road westward which Forbes could not be expected to understand; Washington probably voiced the opinion of the Virginia faction, bringing upon himself Forbes's criticism as to conduct, and Bouquet's criticism as to military judgment. Bouquet wrote Forbes: "I have had an interview with Colonel Washington, to ascertain how he conceived the difficulties could be overcome; I got no satisfaction from it; the majority of these gentlemen do not know the difference between a party and an army."

We find here strongest possible evidence in favor of the position we have taken concerning Washington's military training in these early years; Bouquet was thoroughly honest in saying that the Virginia Colonel knew little or nothing about an army as such; he had commanded only small detachments of men, for in Braddock's campaign, he had no command whatever. He had learned something of the art of fighting by detachment, and had been tried severely in attempting to teach the Virginia militia the fighting principles of military service. In the eyes, therefore, of a trained fighter like Colonel Bouquet, Washington had yet to learn many of the first principles of war.

The campaign of this year, 1758, was of immense importance to Washington along these very lines; he saw large bodies of men handled by able European officers; and he witnessed, not a blundering advance like Braddock's, but an ably planned campaign, based, General Forbes wrote Pitt, on the last chapter of book four of Turpin's *Essay Sur la Guerre*, entitled, "*Principe sur lequel on peut établir un projet de Campagne*." The Royal American Regi-

ment, composed of emigrants, was officered by Europeans, who brought not only old-world discipline, so much needed, but also something of European campaigning methods and maneuvers. It is probable that every hour furnished the Virginian some lesson, for this task of taking six thousand men across the Allegheny Mountains at that time was a gigantic one; the lessons to be learned, by a man willing to learn, were numerous. It ought to be added that Washington served with great enthusiasm and bravery throughout the campaign despite early objections and despondency. He has left record that he came nearer giving his life to his country in the bloody skirmishing around Ligonier than at any other time in his life, Braddock's defeat and Princeton not excepted. In details of minor tactics, as well as in logistics and grand tactics, the campaign schooled him for the future; for Bouquet and his fellow-officers sought the individual soldier's welfare and good condition. Forbes's strategy, portrayed in that sentence written to Colonel Bouquet, ". . . we are now so late, we are yet too soon," was a lesson for any officer in the army; Washington seems to have no realization of it when he penned his letter of disappointment on the route chosen for the army. In short, the year was certainly of great value to the Virginian, for he saw a large army moved capably by a trained mind.

In the seventeen years that now intervened between the close of the Old French War and the Revolution, Washington may not have learned much of war in his busy days managing the Mount Vernon estates. It is important to note that he did not join Bouquet in putting down Pontiac's Rebellion, nor did he go with Lord Dunmore on the Shawanese Campaign into Ohio. He may have studied the art of war in his library, and it is not out of place to name the more important military works that were on his shelves; they were those of La Valière, Bland, Clairac, De Melfort, Hanson, Jeney, Geniès, Lambert, Le Blond, Miller, Pickering, Comte de Saxe, Simes, Starrat, Comte de Laucelot, Vallancey, Webb, and Young. It is noteworthy that Washington subscribed to eight sets of Hanson's work on *The Prussian Evolutions in Actual Engagements* in 1775.

It is not easy to explain from a military point of view the reason for the choice of Washington as Commander-in-Chief of the Continental Army in 1775; it is probable, but for political considerations, that a leader would have been chosen from New England. Discussion of this point is not necessary here, but it is well to note that Washington's military talents alone would not, perhaps, have given him command of the army at this time; many other considerations entered into the question like those which dictate the choice of presidential candidates to political parties. Washington's candidate for the honor, General Andrew Lewis, hero of Point Pleasant, would doubtless, have made a brave leader; in Dunmore's War he had seen far more recent service than Washington, and won much credit. It is impossible to imagine what would have been the outcome had another man been chosen than Washington when we consider the struggle in its entirety. Such were the limits of the resources of the colonies that it was inevitable that it would be defensive war, and the most difficult problem of the commander would be, not to escape the enemy, but to arouse the people to the necessities of the hour.

Such were the qualities, we now see, the condition of affairs demanded of the future commander-in-chief, and no one in America approached the great Virginian in possessing *those* characteristics of a general. Indeed, no one of all the candidates for the honor had had such experience in the use of those qualities as he for we have now come to the wonderful fact that it was those very arts of Indian warfare and success in arousing the Virginia frontier to its duty that had trained the future emancipator of America for his duty. Study carefully the story of the Revolution and one appreciates that it was Washington's training in that school of cunning on the frontiers that taught him how to fight England with comparatively weak forces, and taught him, also, how to awaken a people, almost asleep, to the great duty of gaining their Independence. *The kind of war he was doomed, one may say, to fight, was the kind of war he knew;* and the more tiresome duty of appealing to a people to fight was the kind of appeal he

had made most frequently. Quotations from his letters in the early days of the Revolution can be introduced into letters written on the Virginia frontier in 1755-8 without lack of harmony. Others may have known better than Washington how to wield a great army such as obeyed Napoleon at Marengo; but there was probably only one man who had the patience, the daring, the sustaining influence to keep a dwindling, tattered army continually biting the heels of the British.

Taking the war in detail, it should be stated first that Washington's greatest success was in the department of logistics. To be so successful in retrieving losses as to be able to keep an equipped force in the field was, of itself, under the circumstances, almost marvelous; from the siege of Boston to that of Yorktown Washington was always in need of men and equipment. His success was largely due to the influence of his personality, and to his passion for minor tactics, which embraced the health, cleanliness and general "set-up" of the individual soldier; this created respect for him as a commander among his men and made them faithful. "To bring men," he wrote in 1775, "to be well acquainted with the duties of a soldier requires time. To bring them under proper discipline and subordination not only requires time but is a work of great difficulty and in this army where there is so little distinction between officers and soldiers requires an uncommon degree of attention. To expect the same service from undisciplined recruits as from veteran soldiers is to expect what never did and perhaps never will happen." What made Washington's work harder than any he had known in the old days was that the men who came to his camp now at Boston (and all camps for that matter) came from many colonies where as many sorts of militia regulations were in force; something had to be unlearned as well as learned. Even of Massachusetts, which had likewise done its share in the Old French War, he said: ". . . their officers, generally speaking, are the most indifferent kind of people I ever saw. I dare say the men would fight very well (if properly officered) . . . it proceeds . . . from an unaccountable kind of stupidity in the lower class of

these people, which, believe me, prevails but too generally among the officers of the Massachusetts part of the army, who are nearly of the same kidney with the privates." The task of making an army now was almost exactly what it had been in those trying days twenty years back in Virginia. Perhaps he remembered Fairfax's playful letter and read Caesar's Commentaries again; for in some way he kept his courage and it infected his troops. He soon wrote to another correspondent: ". . . there are materials for a good army, a great number of able-bodied men, active, zealous in the cause, and of unquestionable courage." More attention cannot be given to this side of Washington's generalship, but throughout the war the individual soldier was his special care, and his tattered and unequipped condition shows the extremity of the commander and not his neglect. Marksmanship, range and burden tests were a part of the army drill, and as soon as possible he obtained an officer, Baron von Steuben, capable of properly drilling the men; "Neither Washington nor any of his officers had known how to give this training."

The second most important characteristic of his generalship appeared early in the war when he so unexpectedly occupied Dorchester Heights about Boston, rendering the British occupation of that city impossible. It was almost as much of a surprise to his own army as to the British, for it was an offensive movement and Washington usually had to be content with defensive tactics. The same trait of doing the unexpected showed again after the Battle of Long Island when the British awoke to find, not a Dorchester Heights occupied, but Brooklyn Heights abandoned, and Washington's army over East River, bag and baggage. They had thought the end of the war was in sight, as the capture of the American army seemed certain in a day or two; but with mock sentry fires blazing and sentinels bravely keeping up appearances, the whole army slipped away. The Shawnee chieftain Cornstalk himself did not do it better after the bloody battle of Point Pleasant! In all these movements the training of the frontier shows itself plainly; it was the cunning of the Indian joined with the courage and conviction of

the white man, and there was not a campaign in which Washington was the controlling spirit where this same generalship was not conspicuous; it was a low order of grand tactics (the highly-trained British officers no doubt thought) but the end justified the means; it was the one kind of war that Washington knew how to fight, and, fortunately, it was the only kind of war that he could win, under the circumstances.

But this showed itself in many different phases. Take the days succeeding the disastrous Long Island campaign, the occupation of Harlem Heights, the removal east of the Bronx, the withdrawal to a position beyond the Croton River, and the same craftiness is quite plain; General Carrington has put the matter tersely in saying Washington's policy was "to avoid positively determining issues which were beyond his immediate mastery, so as to wear out his adversary by avoiding his strokes and thereby gain vantage ground for turning upon him when worn out, over-confidence and off his guard." With perhaps the exception of the one word "worn out" this is a perfect description of Washington's method of campaigning.

With the capture of Fort Washington the retreat through the Jerseys was necessary. The strategy (in the military sense) of the war lay altogether with the enemy; their plan was to (1) march through Canada to the Hudson River and hold that route from New York to New England; (2) secure Newport, R. I.; (3) conquer New York and New Jersey; (4) occupy the important southern centers. As Washington now entered New Jersey therefore he came into the strategic centre of the war; this he must in some way have realized, for it was here and now that his brilliancy as an offensive fighter of the Bouquet school shows most plainly, disproving such a statement as, "Washington knew no art of war." The Delaware had temporarily saved Philadelphia, but the British on its shores were a menace, and upon three posts, including Trenton, the Indian fighter threw himself on Christmas Night, 1776. It was one of those kind of attacks that compel victory, and if Washington did not remember the surprise of Jumonville, as his men crept onward to the Hessian sentinels, it was surely not because a similarity was

lacking. Washington planned to reach his goal and attack at daybreak, but there were delays and it was morning before the sleepy mercenaries awoke to find themselves prisoners. The surprise was complete.

Princeton was on the same pattern as Trenton; the American commander lay with his troops behind Assanpink Creek on the night of January 2, 1777, and the brave Cornwallis boasted that he would "bag the fox the next morning." Washington could either try his strength on the large British army, or he could retreat across the Delaware. The "Fox" did neither of these, but by a roundabout road fell upon Cornwallis's rear-guard at Princeton, tricky sentries and sentinels again deceiving the foe while the army got away. Cornwallis had to return to New York, while Washington entrenched himself on Morristown Heights, at the conclusion of what Frederick the Great called "the most brilliant campaign of the century." The victories formed a turning-point in the war, and they were won through Washington's knowledge of one daring kind of war; and it was of untold advantage that he was successful in the use of it at *this* gloomy period and in *this* strategic region between New York and Philadelphia. When summer came Howe again attempted to march through Jersey, but could not do it with the Indian fighter hanging on his flanks; he returned to New York and proceeded to Philadelphia by water. With the best army he could gather, Washington opposed the British advance up the Delaware, falling back across the Brandywine when Howe attempted to gain his right wing; with the advice of his Council of War he took his stand opposite Chad's Ford. What sort of a pitched battle would have resulted had Sullivan's wing not been turned it is hard to predict; so far as Washington's part in this disaster is concerned it may be said that he had warned Sullivan of this very turn of events, and the British feint at the ford, previous to the circuitous march on Sullivan, did not deceive *him*. Sullivan's defeat can be attributed to the practice in vogue at that time of attacking, not in force, but by brigades as these came on the battle-field. As commander-in-chief, however, the responsibility of the defeat must rest on Washington's shoulders. In

open, pitched battle Washington could not best his adversary because he was usually outnumbered; it can never be known what the result would have been had he met Cornwallis on even terms in the open field, but it seems probable that it was well for the great Cause that this never happened.

On several occasions during the occupation of Philadelphia, Washington became eager to attack their outposts, but the Council did not agree with him; and it is proper to say here that had Washington not always submitted to the decisions of this body, there would have been more encounters like those of Trenton and Germantown recorded in our Revolutionary annals, to prove what a fighter he was, judged by the standards set before him in his youth. The withdrawal of a large force of Howe's troops to defend river positions altered the conditions, and Washington was now permitted to make his swift Germantown attack; this was his kind of war, again, and the advance at day-break (the Indian's favorite time for attacking) was as overpowering as it was unexpected. Even the guards in the nearby cities were panic stricken; but, through confusion in the fog, the victory was not followed up as it should have been, and the advantage gained was not retained.

Washington's next opportunity came on the abandonment of Philadelphia, when the British started boldly across the Jerseys in a line drawn out twelve miles in length. Picking his time and place, Lee was sent to cut off Clinton while Washington held his men in reserve. As the latter finally moved to the attack he found Lee in retreat; and Mommouth is remembered for the wrath of the Commander as he stopped a retiring army, reformed it, and won a great victory despite the inauspicious beginning, and compelled the great Frederick to say "America is probably lost for England." This sage warrior also noted that the only advantage by Clinton was his reaching New York, the holding of which was to be made difficult by the Virginian, if, indeed, he should not render it impossible. The last operations in the North in which Washington had a part centered in holding the strategic Jersey region, and it is worthy of notice that Washington steadily continued to follow the same

method and plan throughout the struggle. He never lost control of that territory, nor of the Hudson Valley, the thoroughfare from New York to New England.

During the year 1780 all eyes were on Clinton at New York, with Washington weaving around him a spider's web that was as strong as it was deep. It made the British general's position both unsafe and ineffective; he knew he might at any time find the ragged continentals at his doors, while he could not move an inch from his position. It was necessary to sweep Washington's army aside. This Clinton attempted in the Battle of Springfield, one of the decisive battles of the war. Advancing across the river June 23rd, he led five thousand men and all his cavalry into New Jersey; Clinton, himself, commanded the right wing and proceeded on the Springfield road, while Kypheusen led the left toward Chatham and Morristown. The former division could not get beyond the second bridge of the Rahway, and the latter was stopped at the Vauxhall bridge. Sturdy bravery and good management won this important fight for America; Clinton withdrew to New York, pulled in his bridge of boats, and reported, "I could not think of keeping the field in New Jersey." Washington's practical siege of New York is proven by Clinton's swift return from what was purposed to be an attack on Newport.

The climax of this brilliant manoeuvring in New Jersey, which was of such a high order that Cornwallis said that the operations at Yorktown did not equal it, came in 1781. Deciding alone upon a blow that might end the war, Washington first took steps that should throw Clinton into a state of anxiety for New York; even Washington's own army believed that city was to be taken at last; the active work of continuing the New Jersey fortifications accomplished this deception. On the nineteenth of August, Washington began his swift movement, made reasonable by the landing of Cornwallis in Virginia and the advance of De Grasse from the West Indies with nearly thirty ships and a large force of men. Marching up the Hudson, Washington crossed at King's Ferry and hurried messengers to Lafayette and De Grasse informing them that he wished to cross the Chesapeake at Elk

River by September 8, and for them to be prepared to transport his troops. The result was that he reached the Delaware before the outwitted Clinton knew of his change of course; and it was not until Lafayette had cut Cornwallis off from hope of retreat and De Grasse had landed with thirty-three hundred French that the hunter who had boasted he would bag the fox at Trenton found himself bagged at Yorktown. It had been accomplished by that swift march from the New Jersey entrenchments.

Lastly, it would be a mistake not to remember that Washington was Commander-in-Chief of our Armies for eight years after the Revolutionary War — the trying years of his Presidency. In that period he showed to perfection the qualities that made him great as a General in the field, and others not shown there. It is well-known that a second war with England was often thought to be just at hand between 1783 and 1796, and Washington's broad outlook upon the great questions at stake is interesting in the extreme. A little faded manuscript reposes in New York's State Library at Albany, in Washington's handwriting, which he never cared to have preserved. It contains his secret opinion of the Revolutionary generals who were eligible to take command of the American Army after St. Clair's terrible defeat by the allied Indians under Little Turtle in 1791. Here the men, tried in the fire, pass, one after another, before the great general's eye, and of them he notes his private opinion, candidly expressed. Here we see the trained, ripened, hopeful Washington, in one of the young Nation's critical hours, employing the greatest and most important prerogative of a general — finding a man. Lincoln, Steuben, Moultrie, McIntosh, Wayne, Weedon, Huntington, Wilkinson, Gist, son of his old guide across the Alleghenies, Irvine, Morgan, Williams. Putnam and Pinckney all come up for mention. But seven of the fourteen, whatever else may be said of them, are called "sensible;" the word seems to have meant very much to this man.

It is the word that sums up Washington's character as a man and as a general; he was a sensible man; a great man, and a great general.

PICTURESQUE OHIO

By Hollis Kight



HERE is ample opportunity for discrimination in choosing representative scenic types for such a series of illustrated articles as "Picturesque Ohio." Few states in the Union present as many widely-varying fields inviting the camera, as Ohio, and this fact has already been well demonstrated by the numerous articles hitherto published in the present series. Ohio landscapes afford such widely different art themes as to cause wonder that this state happened to be carved out geographically as it is today, guaranteeing it forever a wealth of scenic beauty unsurpassed for the attractiveness and variance of its types.

Among the pictures accompanying the present article Mr. Conyers' charming study of Mad River near Urbana is one of the best productions of the camera of this successful amateur. The river is not so "mad" as its name in this instance, but at floodtide it is a tempestuous stream at this point and elsewhere along its banks. The whole Mad River Valley is celebrated for its beauty.

A characteristic scene is Mr. Long's ruins of the old mill and dam near Bowerstown, indicating an environment of a generation now past.

Messrs. DeWeese and Campbell, of Washington C. H., contribute a view of Monroe Falls on Rattlesnake Creek, in Highland county, where material for the photographer is so abundant as to be an everlasting joy. Many previous views of this wild section have appeared in THE OHIO MAGAZINE.

Another notable Muskingum river view by Mr. McDonald shows a ferry across that noble stream in full operation.

The view of White Woman's Rock, on the Walhonding, by Mr. C. M. Hay, the well-known amateur of Coshocton, who lately contributed to THE OHIO MAGAZINE some attractive illustrations picturing "Up the Tuscarawas," presents a picturesque rock formation peculiar to this valley.

A peaceful glimpse of the simple life is shown in Mr. Dozer's view of an old county road in Crawford county, east of Bucyrus. The whole country round about affords some of the most pleasurable drives in Ohio.

A glimpse of the Maumee river near Defiance, by Mr. Beardsley, affords one of the most attractive pictures of this stream, famous among the devotees of the camera in that part of the State.

A very noteworthy picture is Mr. Hartley's "Sunrise on the Ohio River Near Pomeroy." This is an actual sunrise photographed, and not "touched up." It vindicates the photographer's skill, as well as the beauty of the river at this point.

Widely contrasting scenes are those of "Standing Rock," in the Cuyahoga river, and a view of the Olentangy river near Columbus. Standing Rock is a famous landmark in that section, while many of the fairest Ohio scenes are to be found along the banks of the picturesque Olentangy.

Finally, and introducing a very different artistic theme, we have Mr. Beem's presentation of "Four Buckeyes," who speak for themselves.



MAD RIVER NEAR URBANA.

Photo by H. B. Conyers.



A GLIMPSE OF THE MAUMEE AT DEFIANCE.

Photo by L. E. Beardsley.



A CRAWFORD COUNTY ROAD EAST OF BUCYRUS.
Photo by L. A. Doser.



FERRY ON THE MUSKINGUM RIVER.

Photo by A. H. MacDonald.



"WHITE WOMAN ROCKS," ON THE WALHONDING RIVER.

Photo by C. M. Hay.



SUNRISE ON THE OHIO RIVER NEAR POMEROY.

Photo by C. A. Hartly.



"STANDING ROCK." IN THE CUYAHOGA RIVER.



OLD MILL AND DAM NEAR BOWERSTON.

Photo by E. W. Long, Cadiz.



MONROE FALLS, RATTLESNAKE CREEK, HIGHLAND COUNTY.

Photo by De Wesse and Campbell, Washington C. H.



VIEW ON THE OLENTANGY RIVER, NEAR COLUMBUS.



"FOUR BUCKEYES."

The Little Folks are the Children of Mr. and Mrs. Washington O'Brien.

Photo by R. D. Beem Greenville.



By Himself

No human derelict is ever waterlogged.

* * *

LOVE is blind, but experience opens its eyes.

* * *

SOMETIMES when a woman is entertaining, she is not.

* * *

No woman of fine points ever wears a décolleté gown.

* * *

THERE will never be any wireless messages in politics.

* * *

GIVE the devil his due, but don't make him your sole heir.

* * *

THE bridge trust is now most noticeable at social functions.

* * *

A TOWN seldom goes dry, if its inhabitants feel that they are.

* * *

THERE is no use in telling a poor sewing girl that it is never too late to mend.

* * *

LEAP year is the most appropriate time for girls to practice the Golden Rule.

* * *

EVERY man should have his hobby, but the fad of collecting bills is overdone.

IN preparing for matrimony it is always appropriate to attend a course of lectures.

* * *

IT takes an artist to draw with generally pleasing effect on porcelain or a cigarette.

* * *

IT must be admitted that great men often make mistakes. Look at most of their sons.

* * *

WHEN a man worries about his money, his doctor can usually remove the trouble.

* * *

REFORM has a bad habit of becoming necessary and impossible at the same time.

* * *

AMBITION is that inspiring quality which carries us high up in order to let us way down.

* * *

TIME is money, but a good many people's represents only the smallest fractional currency.

* * *

No superstitious man has ever declined to receive thirteen dollars for a twelve dollar debt.

* * *

THERE surely ought to be money in politics, in view of all that has been deposited there.

* * *

WE often have half a mind to do a thing, when if we had a whole mind we wouldn't think of it.

EVERYBODY should try to appear well, but when to disappear involves more philosophy.

* * *

THE first printing press was the one that ended with printing a kiss on a maiden's cheek.

* * *

IT is a pleasing thing to feel that we have been well treated, except when it is not so pleasing.

* * *

IF a tree could laugh, it would certainly snicker when run into by a lot of dudes in an automobile.

* * *

A GLANCE at any of the parks will show that children don't get much police protection in winter.

* * *

NOBODY can blame an old maid for being disappointed, because she doesn't know what she has escaped.

* * *

THERE is a clause in every man's constitution that says he can't amend it without the consent of Nature.

* * *

ONE reason why veterinary medicine is more successful than the human kind, is because horses don't lie.

* * *

IT is a well known fact that women admire men of deeds; and few of them object if they are for real estate.

* * *

To sing or whistle constantly is a sign of happiness, but not necessarily on the part of those who listen.

* * *

THE reason that some rich girls elope with the hired man is because it is such a relief, after being in society.

* * *

AFTER all, there should be some sympathy for the woman who marries for money. She usually pays for it.

* * *

THE greatest relief occasioned by the invention of the fountain pen was experienced by the recording angel.

MANY a good man has been brought up on the bottle, only to have it brought up against him that he stayed too long with it.

* * *

PEOPLE who think that talk is cheap should hire a lawyer or get on the board of trustees of a chautauqua club.

* * *

ALMOST any young girl looks well behind a chafing dish, but the question is, What can she do in front of a stove?

* * *

BEING way up in the social scale may be only an evidence that there is not weight enough to bring the scale down.

* * *

WHEN a woman is proud because she is beautiful, she wears the same expression as a man who is chesty because he is rich.

* * *

WHILE going to church to learn how to love your enemies, it is also a good plan to treat your neighbors decently once in a while.

* * *

SOME lawyers are educated for the bar, and others walk up to it just as if they had been acquainted with it from childhood.

* * *

THERE are, after all, only two periods in a man's life when he cannot understand woman. They are before marriage -- and after.

* * *

OF course there is nothing new under the sun, but since the world began engaged couples have found something new under the moon.

* * *

OUR sympathy always goes out to the 90-pound man married to a 200-pound woman, because he has to put up with a good deal.

* * *

A MAN can be excused for thinking that a newspaper editor is the greatest liar on earth, until he begins to read what the advertisers say.

* * *

THE age of discretion begins when a man is sure he knows a thing without having an ungovernable impulse to tell everybody all about it.



Oleomargarine

MR. HENRY C. PIRRUNG'S discussion of the government's attitude toward the manufacture of oleomargarine, in the current number of *THE OHIO MAGAZINE*, is a timely addition to the literature of this subject. The average citizen, who looks at the oleomargarine question disinterestedly and does not expect to gain or lose anything by his attitude toward it, finds it very difficult indeed to understand why this industry has been so hampered by law. The only logical conclusion is that politics has played a masterful part in determining the attitude of the government toward the manufacturers of oleomargarine, regardless of the merits of their product and their repeated representations at Washington in behalf of justice and fair play. Congressmen have viewed the subject from a wholly selfish standpoint and have doggedly refused to entertain the just claims of the oleomargarine manufacturers, for no other reason than that they stood in fear of the farmer vote, considering it as narrow minded as it is numerous. From this condition the growth of a promising industry, that might be of benefit to all the people, has been greatly retarded and at times it has been threatened with ruin.

Among all the inequities and absurdities of the law regulating the manufacture and sale of oleomargarine, there is perhaps none so transparently unjust as that which places a prohibitive tax upon the use of coloring matter in oleomargarine, while the use of the very same coloring matter in butter is not only permitted but encouraged. No unprejudiced man can defend this provision of the law, which as a sample of narrow-minded destructiveness is not equalled in all the statutes of the United States.

The government might as well draw a line of distinction between the manufacturers of automobiles and the manufacturers of carriages, and say that the use of rubber or wood in the construction of one shall be accompanied by the penalty of a prohibitive tax, while the use of the same materials in the other shall not involve any tax. There would be as much sense in that economic problem as there is in the attitude of congress toward the manufacturers of oleomargarine and of butter.

Mr. Pirrung has stated the case forcibly in the article referred to, and his conclusions need perhaps no reinforcement. But the fact still remains that, if the press of the country would have the courage to treat this subject as it deserves, Congress would not long turn a deaf ear to the rightful demands of the oleomargarine manufacturers. The press would be a potential power in righting the wrong that has been committed by the government, and it is to be hoped that the time is not far distant when it will respond to the plain dictates of common justice and common sense and take on the oleomargarine question an attitude worthy of that high type of American journalism which has so often rescued the country from disastrous blunders in a time of need.

Woman Suffrage in Ohio

ACCORDING to the article by Elizabeth J. Hauser, entitled "The Woman Suffrage Movement in Ohio," in the current number of *THE OHIO MAGAZINE*, the proverbial genius of the Ohio man for organization must be shared by the average Ohio woman. Perhaps not many people know that the National as well as the State headquarters

of the woman suffrage movement in this country are at Warren, Trumbull county, in this State; and still fewer are aware of the unceasing labors for organization, conversion and proselyting that have emanated from the apartments of the National and State committees of the woman suffrage movement in the Trumbull county court house.

However one may view the general merits of the woman suffrage cause, no candid person can withhold admiration of the intelligence and zeal with which many devoted women of pure character and high attainments have labored in behalf of the political rights of both sexes. And these women, it will be observed, have had the active co-operation of many men of note, even in Ohio. It is characteristic of all enlisted in the cause from its beginning, that they have served it faithfully and well, and not one backslider has been enrolled among them all. While the advocates of other parties often change their views and change their political allegiance accordingly, it seems that once a member of the woman suffrage movement is to be always a member, with no retrogression from an advanced attitude in sight and no apologies to make to any cause, interest or individual.

It is significant and gratifying to note that the whole woman suffrage movement throughout the land seems to have revolved in large measure, for half a century, around the State of Ohio. Inasmuch as this movement, whether practically right or wrong, is inherently patriotic and intellectual, it is no small thing to say in praise of the Buckeye State that it has been the scene of so many advances and such great progress in behalf of the objects sought by the woman suffragists. No purer movement has ever been inaugurated in the history of all civilization, and for this reason, also, the average Buckeye may entertain a justifiable pride that the soil of his State has been so fruitful in nurturing the high ideals of this cause.

Miss Hauser's discussion of the subject in the current number of this magazine will be read with interest by thousands who have shared in the progress of the movement she describes, but should be commended especially, as an enlightening

document, to those who have given the subject little or no attention.

Washington's Wedding Day



MEMORIAL observance of an event precious in the annals of American history was celebrated during the month of January by various patriotic societies throughout the United States,

but as a rule under the auspices of the Daughters of the American Revolution. The event was the marriage of George Washington to Martha Custis. In various places elaborate exercises were held in commemoration of it, and it was made the occasion of both social festivity and serious patriotic reflections.

It is to be hoped that the disposition to celebrate this anniversary of the Father of His Country may become more widespread. Indeed, there are good reasons for urging that it should be made a National festival. It seems strange that in this Republic, whose institutions are founded on the home, and in which woman has made the greatest progress that has been recorded by her sex in all the world, there is no holiday set apart for the most sacred of all our relations—marriage. Ordinarily we celebrate the victories of war and occasionally a few of those of peace; but for some unaccountable reason nobody has given a thought to a holiday especially consecrated to the fireside, the family and conjugal love. Yet it would seem that when looking about for a festival truly indicative of man's highest estate, the institution of marriage should be at least among the first to be considered as suggesting not only a National memorial to the marriage tie, but a celebration of filial devotion and the sanctity of motherhood.

What could be more appropriate than that the wedding anniversary of George Washington and Martha Custis should be designated as a National holiday in this respect, well worthy the observance we give to other holidays and partaking of all their excellencies? It may be urged that there are too many holidays already, and there is no little ground for that assertion. Conceding the strength of this argument,

why not abolish Washington's birthday as a legal holiday and substitute for it the anniversary of his wedding? Its celebration would take in a complete view of all the services and the well rounded personal character of the great general and statesman, from his birth to the final scenes of his deathbed at Mt. Vernon, in which his faithful spouse gave him her last ministrations. It would be more than a mere birthday celebration and better calculated to exalt patriotism than the Fourth of July itself. And, finally, such a holiday would have a tender personal meaning to every thoughtful man and woman.

Dr Naylor's Latest



HERE is a happy combination of the divine effatus and typographical art in Dr. James Ball Naylor's latest appeal to the public, entitled "Songs From the Heart of Things," published by the Ohio Library Company, of Columbus. From a mechanical point of view the book is a beautiful example of typographical achievement. The illustrations are not only artistically executed, but they were selected — many of them by Dr. Naylor himself — with such appropriateness to the text as to render them all the more striking and valuable. They not only please the eye but illuminate the meaning of many of the poems. It is a pleasure to note the publication in Ohio of a work so manifestly superior in mechanical and artistic detail.

Dr. Naylor's verse always affords pleasureable reading, and his poetry is destined to long outlive him. His lines are invariably musical, and his thoughts are not rarely expressed in the language of true poetry. He is above all a human writer, dealing with the things that inspire the heart-throbs of life and so interpreting those things that they appeal with grateful significance to everybody except the chronic pessimist or the individual in whom conceit has left no room for sympathy. Long-fellow is thought by some persons to have referred to himself in his description of "some simpler poet, whose songs gushed from his heart;" but, if he had looked into

the future with the eye of prophecy he could not have more graphically indicated the poetic music of James Ball Naylor.

It should be of special interest to Ohio to note that Dr. Naylor is a Buckeye, almost before he is anything else. He believes in Ohio and feels the inspiration of her hills and valleys, her streams and her woods. The spirit of Ohio breathes in almost all his lines, and he finds here themes for prose or poetry such as have long lain open to discovery but sadly neglected, through ignorance or lack of appreciation, by other writers.

We repeat, therefore, that it is a happy circumstance to find an author of Dr. Naylor's deserved reputation in his latest work communicating with the public through a medium that is Ohioan in execution as well as in inspiration, and which is as well executed as its inspiration was conceived. We may well commend "Songs From the Heart of Things" to all lovers of good literature.

The Presidential Scramble



IT must be admitted that there has been a great loss of repose and dignity in politics as related to the presidency of the United States during the past few years, and the situation thus created is not complimentary to the public men of this generation or preservative of the high regard in which this office has always been held by the people.

From the days of Washington to those of Lincoln, it would have been incredible that any man should aspire to the presidency and seek to promote his own cause by the expenditure of great sums of money and the perfection of an organization throughout the country rivalling the post-office department in the complexity of its ramifications. Standing paid organizations, presidential financial committees, literary bureaus, free press service, pictorial art departments and moving pictures are new adjuncts of politics in these times in the mad rush of ambitious candidates toward the White House. If they denote a phase of American life as desirable as it is new, it will be difficult to discover it by

aid of the most powerful microscope. And this is not said in derogation of any particular candidate or of the candidates of any particular party. It applies perhaps more to one party than the other of the two great ones, because the one enjoys, in the minds of most people, a larger opportunity for success at the polls than the other; but it is rapidly becoming a symptom of decadence in all parties.

It would be difficult to imagine Adams or Jefferson or Jackson or Lincoln engaged in a scramble for the presidency such as is nowadays visible on all sides. These men and others of their times were practical politicians and not unfamiliar with the "machine"; but the idea of a personal canvass such as is now common among presidential candidates, would have been most repugnant to every one of them. And their view was the right view, for the presidency is or ought to be a position so exalted and derived so spontaneously from the will of the people that it should seem like prostitution to anchor one's candidacy for it on the bedrock of finance or the shifting sands of a public sentiment manufactured for the occasion. It is not complimentary to the people of the United States to assume that the presidency can be obtained by the methods now prevalent, and the people place themselves in an unpleasant light when their attitude toward the political managers justifies the belief among the latter that they can be used for selfish purposes.

It would be pessimistic to declare that all dignity has departed from American life, or that there is no hope of its return in full measure, as of old; but it is certain that in recent years we have sacrificed a great deal of it.

The Juvenile Court Law



SENATOR Benjamin F. Gayman, of Franklin county, has introduced in the Ohio legislature a bill amplifying the powers of juvenile courts, and the measure, if enacted, will place the Buckeye State in the front rank of commonwealths that have made provision for the protection of the young through the

medium of the juvenile court system administered by probate judges.

At a meeting of the Ohio State Board of Charities at Bellefontaine in October, 1907, which the probate judges of Ohio attended, a committee was appointed to draft a measure having objects similar to those of the Gayman bill and present it at the annual meeting of the probate judges of the State, held in Columbus in the following January. This committee consisted of Probate Judges John A. Caldwell of Cincinnati, Frank W. Geiger of Springfield, E. W. Maier of Troy, W. W. Pennell of Georgetown and Samuel L. Black of Columbus. Since that time the labors of the committee have been promoted by consultation with Judge George B. Okey, of Columbus, and the Gayman bill is the product of their joint efforts.

The essential new provisions of this bill were pointed out as being absolutely necessary to the fruition of the work outlined for juvenile courts, in an article by Judge Black, published in *THE OHIO MAGAZINE* for December, 1907, under the title, "The Child versus The Criminal." For a long time Judge Black has been one of the closest students of juvenile court procedure and needs in the country, and his ideas as expressed in the article referred to are found engrafted in the Gayman bill and indicate the scope of his influence as a member of the commission which drafted the measure.

The essential feature of the Gayman bill intended to fortify the utility of the juvenile courts already authorized in Ohio, is that it seeks, in proper cases, to fix upon the parent or guardian of a delinquent child or upon some other responsible adult, as the case may be, the responsibility of the child's dependency or delinquency. At the present time, as Judge Black has so forcibly pointed out in the article referred to, the law of Ohio affords the juvenile court no means of reaching the adult who may be guilty of a far greater offense against the child, in the eyes of God and man, than the offending child is guilty of against society. In other words, the Gayman bill, while releasing the dependent or delinquent child from no just responsibility before the court, seeks to place the primary blame for its condition where it belongs.

With Our Correspondents

THE OHIO MAGAZINE invites for this department brief communications from its readers on interesting current topics, facts of general or local history and timely opinions. Especially desirable are letters pertaining to the objects of the magazine, containing suggestions for increasing its usefulness and any views of readers pertaining to its special field.

Accumulating Age Without Lapse of Years

To the Editor:—

OW many names of persons can you remember or recall off-hand—say, within the compass of 60 minutes, or so? Especially if they be the names of people whom you probably never met, or of whom you have only heard orally, or through the medium of print? One, two, three, four or five hundred; a thousand, two thousand?

Also, how would you like to have people ask you to give personal reminiscences of Wm. Henry Harrison; Governors Tiffin, Worthington, Kirker, Meigs, Huntington, Corwin, and all the way down to Dennison? Likewise Senators Kerr, Griswold, Ruggles, Tappan; Generals Beall, Tupper, Findlay and Hamer; and Statesmen Burnet, Brown, Morrow, Morris, Bureau and Vinton, because you are mistaken as their contemporary, when you talk connectedly and explicitly about them and a thousand more?

In this connection two things are worth while to be kept in mind: A man is as old as he thinks himself to be. Do not believe all you hear directly or by logical inference.

The latter has, fortunately, kept me out of the Methuselah stakes.

My friends, young, aged and middle aged, in their jocular moods, ascribe to me the remarkable experience of having taken a hand in public and political matters in Ohio, ever since Dr. Edward Tiffin was unanimously elected Governor in 1803, thus, unconsciously helped, giving me credit for being on the winning side, once, at least.

Of course, there are some alleged reasons for this hallucination.

Once a gentleman from the lower part of the State showed me some sort of a legal

writ, bearing the name of "James Popenoe, Clerk," dated April 1, 1812. He imagined that it was an old time "first of April hoax."

I explained to him that it wasn't a hoax at all.

"But who ever heard of such a name?"

I replied that I had heard of it often; that in addition to filling many local offices in Greene county, he came to the legislature in 1819-1820, and was noted for several unusual, but important legislative measures, which he put through that body.

Hastily taking the paper he turned on his heel, remarking as he went:

"Well, he didn't lie, either, when he told me so!"

Subsequently I learned that Gov. James E. Campbell had told him that William Henry Harrison and I attended the same school when boys, and it was nip and tuck which missed the most words in the spelling lesson.

But going back to remembering the names of people.

It is not libelous to say that the hotel clerk, collectively speaking, in his own conceit, is a class all by himself in this regard.

I never beat a hotel clerk but once, and that was in remembering more people than he could in forty-five minutes, by the clock.

The clerk of the Gibson House, Cincinnati, told me that he could remember every man who registered, and call him by name the next time he came, even if it was years before he stopped at the house again.

"If you newspaper men," said he, "possessed that faculty, it would be a great advantage to you."

In my modest, unassuming way I told him that the boys had pretty strong memories, and could carry a good many things in the crania, when they tried. But he wanted to convince me by an actual test that I overrated

the newspaper man's ability, when it came to competing with the hotel clerk.

As a test we agreed to sit at the same writing table, and write the names and addresses, (place or residence), of actual persons, for forty-five minutes by the clock; a bell boy to give the word "go" and call time when the limit was up. Then each was to read his list of persons and indicate their business, profession or occupation, as briefly as possible.

My friend, the enemy, wrote rapidly at the start, but toward the last he had to study a few seconds on most of the names.

When his list was read and totaled it was found to be genuine and footed 109, nearly two and one-half names per minute. The newspaper man's list footed up 199 or more than four names to the minute. As they were read, the group of curious people present also recognized them as genuine.

They embraced the names of senators and congressmen, judges, legislators and men of prominence in public affairs, in some twelve or fifteen of the southwestern counties of the State.

My familiarity with the names and achievements of so many of Ohio's public men during the period of the late century is not the result of personal acquaintance, save in a comparatively limited degree, nor to prescience, nor unusual endowments.

It is the result of going over the whole ground of the century, as shown by the scattered and detached original records; primarily to ascertain and collate and give sequence to facts, with a view of affording the press and the people interesting articles for the benefit, most largely, of those who will leave their footprints on the next century; secondarily, to put these facts into concrete and permanent form for obvious reasons.

I became acquainted with men of a preceding generation, by associating their acts and efforts in behalf of civilization with their names. In other words they were persons, rather than the names of persons.

In my humble efforts to collate and locate the salient points of Ohio's day-by-day history, in some four or five volumes, I was endeavoring to blaze the pathway for the future historian, who, a century or two hence, will weigh and differentiate and write some real history.

In doing so, I necessarily formed a practical acquaintance with anywhere from 30,000 to 40,000 men, dating from the ordinance of '87 and the first constitution; interesting men, too, from every walk of life, and filling small as well as important public stations, and gracing no less the walks of private life.

As a matter of course, it was necessary to write and rewrite, and group and regroup and follow these metaphysical acquaintances, from little local offices all the way up to the Presidency, in some instances, others into famous cabinets, still others to the leadership of the Republic's armies, and to points intermediate. It was fascinating to gather and write. Even more fascinating to future generations will it be to read.

The idea of my longevity arises from traversing this labyrinth of names. But I confess that I rather like to be chaffed by my friends over it. For I am proud of the fact that I have enjoyed the acquaintanceship of these sturdy architects of western civilization.

Now and then a name—a single, long hidden star from the Grand Galaxy of Buckeyes, worthy to be written in Ohio's herald roll—is mentioned, and memory follows back the vibrating chord, across the whole century mayhap, to the point where he did his share in making a commonwealth.

And what of all this?

It affords my friends the opportunity to launch their quips, no less enjoyable to the undersigned than to them.

I know also that they, and the wider body of my fellow citizens, not only entertain a kindly respect for, but appreciate my modest efforts to perpetuate a patriotic reverence for the founders and builders of the State.

And what is more than that?

WILLIAM A. TAYLOR.

* * *

From the Printers' Home

To the Editor:—

DURING the past year the residents of the Union Printers' Home have derived great enjoyment from the monthly perusal of THE OHIO MAGAZINE, and on their behalf I wish to thank you for sending it to them. More than a year ago a movement was inaugurated in the interest of our Home Library in which your magazine is a welcome visitor, and the library has now grown to

gratifying proportions. We shall always be pleased to have THE OHIO MAGAZINE on our list.

With best wishes for your continued prosperity, I remain,

Yours very truly,

CHARLES DEACON,
Superintendent.

Union Printers' Home, Colorado Springs,
Colo.

* * *

John Campbell, Founder of Ironton

To the Editor:—

IN your prefatory notice to your department entitled "With Our Correspondents," you invite readers to contribute any views they may entertain regarding current subjects particularly adapted to the objects of THE OHIO MAGAZINE. As nothing could be more current than original articles appearing in that department, or more pertinent to your objects, I avail myself of your invitation and ask attention to an article in your last September issue, entitled "Early Days in Ironton."

It is there set forth that John Campbell, founder of Ironton, followed the vocation of ox driver. While no disgrace attaches in following an honest employment, yet the interests of truth and justice demand that this error be corrected, and to that end I enclose an almost verbatim extract of statements furnished me by my father, the said John Campbell, some seventeen years ago, as follows:

John Campbell lived on his father's farm, between Ripley and Georgetown, Brown county, Ohio, from his birth in 1808, to 1830, in August of which year he commenced clerking in the store of his uncle, William Humphreys, in Ripley. He continued there until May, 1831, when his uncle sent him with a store of merchandise to Russellville, a neighboring town, where he remained until 1832. He then engaged as clerk on the steamer *Banner*, running from Cincinnati to Pittsburg on the Ohio river.

On his second trip aboard this vessel he announced in the cabin, before some iron men from the Hanging Rock region, that he was open for engagement. Andrew Ellison and Robert Hamilton invited him to clerk for them at Hanging Rock, and so he stopped off there in March, 1833. The Hanging Rock Rolling Mill began with the building of "The

Forge," in March, 1833. The stockholders in "The Forge" were the same as those interested under the name of J. Riggs & Co., in the building of Lawrence Furnace, namely, James Rodgers, Andrew Ellison, Robert Hamilton, Rev. Dyer Burgess and Joseph Riggs, who subscribed equal amounts. Mr. Campbell had the privilege of investing, but declined. He loaned J. Riggs & Co. \$1,500 in the building of Lawrence Furnace.

From March, 1833, to August of the same year, he assisted with the books and helped superintend the men in building the "Hanging Rock" forge. Then he went to the site of Lawrence Furnace, called "Crane's Nest," and as superintendent assisted in erecting the same, under Andrew Ellison, from August, 1833, to January first, 1835. He then visited his home in Brown county for two months and then returned to "Hanging Rock" and clerked at "The Landing" until June, 1835. Thence he went to Mt. Vernon Furnace and managed it, remaining in that capacity until July, 1846. Mr. Campbell that year bought the residence of Andrew Ellison, then deceased, from his widow, Jane Ellison, and moved, remaining at "Hanging Rock" from 1846 to September, 1850, when he removed to Ironton, where in December 1850, he occupied his new Ironton residence.

The foregoing were the only occupations Mr. Campbell ever engaged in up to 1850, and he never engaged in manual labor after leaving his father's farm.

William Ellison, uncle of Mr. Campbell's future wife, was the manager of Mt. Vernon furnace from late in 1834 to June, 1835, when he moved to "Hanging Rock." In 1838 he moved to Manchester, Ohio, where he resided until his death, about 1865. The Andrew Ellison homestead at Hanging Rock was what is now known as the Hempstead Place.

Very respectfully yours,

CHARLES CAMPBELL,

Ironton, Ohio.

* * *

A Word from Ireland

To the Editor:—

I YIELD to a strong inclination to address you for the purpose of commending THE OHIO MAGAZINE and expressing the great pleasure which its reading gives me here, so far from home. I promise myself a treat

every time your periodical appears in the mail.

THE OHIO MAGAZINE is certainly a most excellent publication. It is an honor to its conductors and to the State; and what higher praise can I give, than to say it is worthy of that grand old commonwealth?

With my best wishes for your continued success, I am,

Sincerely yours,

S. S. KNABENSHUE.

U. S. Consul.

Belfast, Ireland.

* * *

Important Identification

To the Editor:—

RELATIVE to the December number of THE OHIO MAGAZINE, you may know that I was acquainted very well with several of the gentlemen, now deceased, whose portraits appear in the historical article on Columbus by Hon. E. O. Randall, LL. M. I would be qualified to criticise them, but nothing could be more exact than the likenesses published. I can also identify the correctness of the view of Lincoln's funeral passing the State House, taken from an old print. The rearing horse in the funeral procession was that of the late General James A. Wilcox, ridden by him; and on the right is my beloved "Nicholas," who I must have ridden 50,000 miles during the twenty years I owned him.

Very truly yours,

STARLING LOVING, M. D.

Columbus, Ohio.

[EDITOR'S NOTE:—It is gratifying to note in the foregoing communication, the only authentic identification from a person now living, so far as known, of the legitimacy of the familiar print showing Lincoln's funeral passing the State House at Columbus. It was supposed that the old cuts and lithographs of this scene were from drawings of that period, but from Dr. Loving's observation it would seem that they must have been from an early photograph. At any rate, history may now record that the print of that period, from which the reproduction referred to by Dr. Loving was

made, is entirely reliable. The original is in the possession of Hon. E. O. Randall, of Columbus.]

* * *

A Still Loyal Iowan

To the Editor:—

CLAIMING to be a genuine Buckeye, I write to tell you of my admiration for THE OHIO MAGAZINE. I was born in Allen county, Ohio, a little over sixty-four years ago, but have lived in this part of Iowa for thirty years. I am greatly pleased with THE OHIO MAGAZINE and the information it contains monthly, and also with the attractive illustrations, many of which bring back reminiscences of long ago.

Yours respectfully,

J. J. WATT.

Council Bluffs, Iowa.

* * *

A Pennsylvania Buckeye

To the Editor:—

I HAVE been greatly interested in perusing the bound volumes of THE OHIO MAGAZINE, sent me in answer to my recent request inclosing check. The magazine is most creditable in every respect. I am a Buckeye from Licking county and have many relatives living in central Ohio. Articles in THE OHIO MAGAZINE frequently cover much territory that I am acquainted with, which makes them most interesting to me. I wish you great prosperity.

Yours truly,

BYRON PORTER.

Connellsville, Pa.

* * *

One of Many

To the Editor:—

IN renewing my subscription to THE OHIO MAGAZINE, I desire to say that I have been with you from the beginning and greatly appreciate the work you are performing in this State. I shall stay with you and meanwhile wish you abundant success.

Very respectfully,

GEORGE L. FOLEY.

Judicial Department, Zanesville, Ohio.

The "Watson's Magazine" was taken away from its editor by an up-to-date reorganization scheme which froze Mr. Watson out.

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ALSTON ELLIS, President Ohio University, Athens, Ohio

The Trend of Opinion

What Might Be

From the New York Evening Post.

JUDSON HARMON'S speech at Nashville yesterday had edge to it, and shows what sort of campaign the Democrats might make with such a man as their candidate. He smote Republican inconsistency and fraud about the tariff and about prosperity in the most hard-hitting fashion. With all the admitted glaring injustice and oppression of high-tariff taxes, he showed that no Republican, from the president down, had kept a single one of the many promises to revise the tariff by its friends. It has been much easier to take up the cry about corporations, but "it is folly," Mr. Harmon contended, "to rail at trusts and pursue them with fines and injunctions while we carefully cherish the law which breeds and feeds them."

With tariff exactions felt more than ever, as they now are in a time of depression, the chance of making a rousing and successful tariff-reform campaign this year would be excellent, were a convinced and vigorous low-tariff man like Judson Harmon the Democratic nominee. He would have the added advantage of having been appointed special counsel by the president to bring about the punishment of corporation offenders. Only, when Mr. Harmon proposed to move against a personal friend of Mr. Roosevelt's the brotherless spear suddenly became a shield and buckler for Paul Morton.

Work on the Panama Canal

From the Canal Record.

THE average city block is about 350 feet square. The excavation from the canal zone during the month of November would cover ten city blocks to a height of forty feet.

The Pyramid of Cheops, the largest of the Egyptian pyramids, is 750 feet square at the base and 451 feet in height. It is said to have taken the services of 100,000 men ten years to build a road from the quarry to the pyramid and the same number of men twenty

years to erect the pyramid. The canal commission is moving an amount of material equal to that contained in this pyramid every fifty working days, and by the end of the year 1908 it will probably accomplish the same feat in a month.

The Suez canal, under the original plan, was begun in 1859 and completed in 1869. At the present rate of excavation, the Isthmian canal commission could build the Suez canal in 3.8 years.

The Manchester ship canal, length 35½ miles, connecting Manchester, England, with the seaport of Liverpool, is one of the large ship canals of the world. The forces on the canal zone are moving an amount of material equal to the excavation of this canal at present rates, every twenty-five months.

At the present rate of excavation, the Isthmian canal commission would build Kaiser Wilhelm's Kiel canal, sixty-one miles long, in a little over five years.

Expert Medical Testimony

From the Columbus Dispatch.

LEGISLATION is proposed in Massachusetts, in accordance with the recommendation of Governor Guild, providing that in cases where expert medical testimony is desired, the court shall appoint. The virtue of this proposition will be manifest to all who have observed into what disrepute the medical experts under the present plan have fallen. It has seemed to be entirely possible for attorneys to get expert medical testimony to almost anything that they wished to prove, and the spectacle of experts arrayed against experts and testifying in contradiction to one another has impressed upon the public mind the thought that such testimony is purely mercenary. It may be that there is sufficient ground for a conflict of opinion, but it is not the habit of the public so to regard it, and the whole business has become a jest, much to the discredit of the medical profession.

As has hitherto been urged in these columns, the medical expert should be appointed



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by the court with a view not to helping either side, but to revealing the exact truth with regard to the question in controversy. He should aid the court and the jury in the administration of justice and should not be even suspected of being a partisan for friendship or money. It is so in Germany and other countries, the expert being required to serve at the court's pleasure and being compensated out of the public funds for his time and trouble. The fees are much smaller than they are in this country under the present system, but the advantage to all parties concerned is apparent. If Massachusetts makes the test of the proposed system, the results will be eagerly watched everywhere.

Brewers and Other Citizens

From the Toledo Citizen.

A GRAVE injustice is committed by many newspapers which favor county local option in this state when they assume, with resulting misinformation among ignorant readers, that only the brewers and distillers oppose the pending measure in the general assembly. These newspapers continually give out the impression that the opposition consists exclusively of the liquor interests. Their headlines flame with half opprobrious declarations regarding the opposition of the "brewery agents," the "liquor lobby," etc., while the subjoined alleged news articles attempt to emphasize the impression that only those engaged in the manufacture or sale of alcoholic beverages oppose county local option in the state of Ohio.

We repeat that this is a grave injustice to the reading public. As a matter of fact, in the great army of voters who are conscientiously opposed to county local option on grounds of temperance as well as of self-government and general public policy, hardly more than one in five hundred is financially interested in the liquor traffic. Thousands of those who join in this opposition are most moderate drinkers, and a very large number are total abstainers. Thousands of them are church members in deservedly good standing and ninety-nine out of one hundred of them are good citizens in the common acceptance of that term, and not engaged in the liquor business.

As long as society remains what it is today, it is no disgrace to a man if he is a

brewer or a distiller; but it is a rank injustice to the vital principles that underlie the opposition to county local option to assume that it consists only of those engaged in the liquor business. On the contrary, the latter are a small minority of the opposition, and that opposition is not based at all on their selfish interests, although those interests may be involved in the discussion of the subject. Those who oppose county local option do so because they believe that a large part of the operations of the law would not be favorable to temperance; that the law is subversive of the American principle of home rule for municipalities, and that from an economic standpoint it is not at the present wisely applicable to the state of Ohio.

Any fair minded newspaper should recognize the character of this opposition and refrain from misleading its readers into the belief that only the brewers, distillers and saloonkeepers oppose the alleged reform.

Origin of Woman

From the Kansas City Journal.

THE Hindoo legend accounting for the creation of a woman is an interesting, if not burning, contribution to the solution of an ever fascinating and often ardescent problem. The poor Hindoo was sadly put to it to account for woman, lovely woman, but no more so than many wiser ones since his time. That he evolved a more plausible theory than we find in the Biblical account is distinctly to his credit, if indeed we dare to draw a comparison with that ancient and venerable book. But it isn't quite prudent to make any serious references to time in discussing woman, so everybody may for the purposes of this comparison be placed on an equal footing. It is all a matter of guess-work at best, and the passing of the ages has not brought the enigma any nearer to solution. When the Sphinx shall be as an open book and the identity of "The Man in the Iron Mask" shall be a historical detail, the mystery of how woman got into the world, why man was singled out for such a blessing, will continue to be the nut-to-crack that it has always been.

The Hindoos say that Twashtri, the Vulcan of Hindoo mythology, created the world, but that when he had made creation of what was to be his chief d'ouvre he found to his annoyance that he had run out of materials. He

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THE OHIO MAGAZINE

Columbus, Ohio

had not a single chunk of solid material left. With a mental exacration upon his carelessness, he fell into a profound meditation, the result of which was the following formula, the recipe for the creating of the sweet confection known as woman:

He took, according to the legend, "the roundness of the moon, the undulating curves of the serpent, the graceful twist of the creeping plant, the light shivering of the grass blade and the slenderness of the willow, the velvety softness of the flowers, the lightness of the feather, the gentle gaze of the doe, the frolicsomeness of the sunbeam, the tears of the cloud, the inconstancy of the wind, the timidity of the hare, the vanity of the peacock, the hardness of the diamond, the cruelty of the tiger, the heat of the fire, the chill of the snow, the cackling of the parrot and the cooing of the turtle dove."

He mixed these together in equal proportions and the result was woman. Isn't that about as good a guess as any? After all, isn't this an advance upon the rib theory?

A Scientific Tariff

From the Toledo Blade.

THE principle embodied in the bill of Senator Beveridge providing for a permanent tariff commission is one that, we believe, will receive the endorsement of the people. The purpose is to delegate to a body of experts the task of investigating all matters relating to the tariff in order that deductions may be drawn from a scientific basis.

If the principle of the bill is preserved in future legislation, the tariff question will be as far removed as possible from the domain of politics, and that will be an important consummation. Heretofore the tariff, which furnishes a very considerable part of our revenue has been subordinated to political exigencies, without much consideration for the public welfare. Democrats have preached free trade because Republicans have advocated protection, and neither party when in power has directed its tariff legislation solely in the people's interest.

The Beveridge bill creates a commission of five members, one of whom will be informed on questions relating to production, another an attorney who is a specialist in customs and tariff laws, a third an expert in the adminis-

tration of tariff laws, a fourth having knowledge of foreign commerce and competition, and a fifth an authority on prices and costs of production. It is proposed that these commissioners shall be appointed for a term of seven years on liberal salaries, and shall be clothed with full power to investigate the tariff in all its phases.

Senator Beveridge has undertaken what should have been accomplished years ago, and probably would have been, except for the politicians. The tariff is a problem that can be worked out mathematically and scientifically to a perfection that will redound greatly to the advantage of the American people. We have never yet had a tariff bill that was not full of gross inequalities, for the reason that its framers could not divorce this very important legislation from local or national politics. Special privileges, knowing the weakness of congressmen, have succeeded in wielding an unhealthy influence and in largely diminishing the effectiveness of tariff laws.

When the sentiment for revision of the Dingley bill began to take shape, the Blade urged that a new method of procedure should be followed in order to avoid the mistakes of the past, and recommended that the entire subject of the tariff be intrusted to a competent commission of experts who should ascertain the facts, deduce therefrom such conclusions as seemed wise and just, and submit the findings to congress for final disposition. It is hoped, therefore, that the principles of the bill introduced by Senator Beveridge will be preserved in an enactment of congress. The commission cannot be created too soon. The people are growing more insistent every day that the present tariff schedule be made more equitable.

The Tempest in a Tea Pot

From Life.

EVERYBODY seemed to have the same feeling about the President's rebuke of Admiral Brownson for resigning his job as chief of the Bureau of Navigation. The feeling was: "Too bad, but it doesn't matter. It won't hurt Brownson." The President is still respected; very much so: but his reprimands are not. There have been so many of them and they have been so vehement, that his words of reprehension have lost their force. "There is no room for dif-

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ference of opinion," wrote the President, "as to the gross impropriety of the admiral's conduct in resigning sooner than carry out the orders of his superior officer in such a matter." On the contrary, there is all the room in the world, and most of it seems to be taken up by persons of the mind contrary to Mr. Roosevelt's. The admiral did not resign in a fit of spleen, nor, apparently, on personal grounds at all, but seems to have taken that means—the only means feasible—to record his protest against an order which he was deeply convinced out of long experience was injurious to the service. Under the circumstances, he seems to have been fully entitled to choose whether to sign the order or resign, and when he elected to resign, it seems to us that he deserved quite as much to be credited with solicitude for the good of the service as though he had swallowed his convictions and done what the President ordered.

To our lay mind the President's order seems to have been right. Landsmen generally lean to the opinion that the man to put in command of a hospital is a doctor, with a sailing-master to navigate his hospital for him when it happens to be afloat. But to the nautical mind it is evidently abhorrent that a ship should be commanded by anybody but a navigator, and the fact that a ship is a floating hospital weighs for nothing against the traditions of centuries. When you say, Shall not a doctor be boss of his own hospital?—seamanship comes back at you with, Shall not a ship's captain be master of his own ship? Both positions are strong, just as were the claims of Eyes and Nose to ownership of the spectacles. Perhaps Congress will settle the age-long dispute by ruling that doctors shall command hospital-ships, but that on no account shall such ships ever weigh anchor.

The Thaw Girl

From the Brooklyn Eagle.

IF Evelyn Nesbit Thaw should be taken into account at all, there are those who think that she is entitled to more favorable or extenuating consideration than she has received. She was made by her parents a model for artists, before she was able to appreciate that role, and the very best artists who employed her unite in saying that her intelligence and obedience were as marked as were her beauty and modesty. They all agree in de-

claring her conduct was unexceptionable and her mind ingenuous and bright.

From earning a living in the studios, her so-called home influences, with her own buoyant ambition, impelled her to the stage, and there she became the prey of abhorrent forces, from which she was neither warned nor guarded by those who should have done both.

Thereafter her "career" was as natural or inevitable as it was fatal. All the protections she should have received were withdrawn. The warnings by which she should have been surrounded were wanting. Her credulity, her vanity, her beauty, her ambition, became the prey of her pursuers, and she became their thrall, their pursuit, their competition and their victim.

After her marriage, which should have been her protection, their endeavor to resume their control of her was redoubled, and the lures and lies laid for her have been writ large on the pages of the court, in which her husband has twice been put on trial for his life. As a witness in those trials, she has held to the truthfulness of her story under the severest attacks, and has not been broken down.

Of course she has been errant, possibly worse; but it has not been shown that she lied and it has been shown that she has been the victim of more evil forces than any of her sex in modern times. She found craft and cruelty where she should have found chivalry, candor and humanity. If the way of the transgressor is hard, hers has been harder than that of the worst transgressors brutally banded against her.

If there is little to extenuate, there should be naught set down in malice. There is no girl, of youth, beauty, vanity and ambition, who, denied the safeguards that should have been thrown about this young woman, could have escaped the snares set for her, or lived her way through them with her courage and with her fidelity to the man who, in spite of all, made her his wife.

Bryan by Acclamation

From the Washington Post.

OF the leaders of the Democratic party not one-tenth believe that Mr. Bryan could be elected president if nominated, and the leaders would defeat him for the nomination if they did not feel that Mr. Bryan would work all the injury to Gray or

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Harmon, Johnson or Culberson, that he visited on Judge Parker in 1904, and hence most of the leaders are for the nomination of Mr. Bryan simply and solely because they are convinced that his defeat will be even more disastrous than Parker's, and that it will put him in the permanently hopeless class.

There is not an actor on the stage, there is not a nostrum in the drug store, to whom, or to which, daily advertising is more necessary than it is to the "matchless and the peerless." Mr. Bryan is a rich man, made so by printers' ink. Take from him his primacy in the Democratic party and the Chautauqua circuit would be frightfully less profitable, and the Commoner's subscription list distressingly less plethoric. Hence, with Mr. Bryan politics is a thing of profit as well as a matter of patriotism.

When Mr. Bryan got home in 1906 10,000 printing presses ground out his new evangel of government ownership, and the advertisement put in his pocket many thousands of dollars more than he would have got had he made a plain old-fashioned Democratic speech such as John Daniel or John Sharp Williams or Henry Watterson would have applauded, "Thrift, Horatio, thrift!"

Here is the situation: Any other Democrat elected president means the reduction of Mr. Bryan to a subordinate rank. Mr. Bryan knows that, his friends know it, and his enemies know it. Mr. Bryan's nomination means a solid Republican North and a divided Democratic South. Mr. Bryan's opponents in the Democratic party know that, and that is what will nominate him.

The Denver convention will degenerate into a ramification of the Populist ticket, for the Pops are certain to nominate Mr. Bryan in May. For every Republican octopus chaser who votes for Mr. Bryan two old-fashioned Democrats will withhold their votes from him, because his election would mean a merger of the Democratic and Socialist parties before his administration emerged from its honeymoon.

Six months ago the forces in the Democratic party opposed to Mr. Bryan had opportunity to do great things for the party. They sinned away their day of grace.

Music and the Mind

From the Cleveland Plain Dealer.

WHEN Pan tuned his pipes and Apollo twanged his lyre the soothing effect of the art upon which they had stumbled, as it were, became apparent. The satyrs clumsily gamboled, and the wild beasts listened in charmed silence. Now this same art is being used to soothe and please the mind diseased. Its virtue in this regard has been suggested on several occasions, but not until quite recently have its powers been put to a really practical test. A Massachusetts man whose reason was weakened by disappointment in love, and who had become a hermit, morose and silent, happened to be in a position the other day to listen to the strains of well rendered music. It instantly caught and held his attention, and, having been a musician, he showed the wish to evoke the sweet sounds himself, displaying for the first time in many years a desire for human associations. From this it is hoped by the friends of the recluse that the awakening effects of music will gradually change his thoughts and give him new desires and pleasures.

Another interesting case is that of the combination of painting and music that was tried recently upon the insane wards of the state who are confined in an Ohio institution. They were shown the painting, a large canvas, surrounded by a row of electric lights, and at the same time well played music contributed to the impressiveness of the occasion. With the sense of seeing thrilled in company with the sense of hearing, the unfortunate inmates of the institution were impressed in widely differing ways, but the officers whose charges they are express the most profound satisfaction with the result of the test. If the officers are right in their estimate of the benefits received we may expect that the two arts will soon be represented in all retreats where the mentally incapacitated are kept in confinement. If music can repair the ravages of unrequited love, and quiet the violent outbursts of the hopelessly insane, its field of usefulness would seem to be immeasurably enlarged.



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THE OHIO ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE

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Vol. IV

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The Other Side of the Standard Oil Controversy

By Hon. Virgil P. Kline

Of Counsel for the Standard Oil Company



IN the January number of THE OHIO MAGAZINE there appeared an article entitled, "The History of The Standard Oil Company in the State of Ohio," by the Honorable Wade H. Ellis. The article is quite free from the vituperation and misrepresentation that have so often characterized newspaper and magazine articles, but it contains some statements of fact and legal conclusions which ought not to go entirely unanswered.

The motives which actuate public officials in their attacks, through the courts, on the Standard Oil Company are matters of no concern. However such motives may be misjudged, misrepresented or criticized, such reflections do not in any way answer the attacks. Nor, if a corporation is carrying on its business in violation of law, is it any answer that business interests will be greatly imperiled thereby.

In 1870 The Standard Oil Company of Ohio was organized with a capital of \$1,000,000. Up to that time refined oil had never sold as low as twenty-five cents, and had frequently sold as high as fifty cents a gallon. Later the capital stock of the company was twice increased: first, to \$2,500,000 in 1872, and in 1873 to \$3,500,000.

Mr. S. C. T. Dodd, then the solicitor of the company, speaking of this period,

in a publication entitled, "Combinations: Their Uses and Abuses," said:

"A Standard Oil Company had been organized at Pittsburg prior to the incorporation of the Ohio company, by other persons than those interested in such company, and was doing a large business. The business had already sought the centres of trade. The Cleveland Standard Refinery, the Pittsburg Refinery, the Atlantic Refining Company of Philadelphia, Chas. Pratt & Co., at New York, were important companies and refiners. Because of the disastrous history and condition of the business and its hazardous nature, they entered into an alliance. It was no new thing. Refiners' combinations of greater or less magnitude had been entered into at various times during the history of the business. None of them had proved very lasting. The cost of transportation and packages had been important factors in ruining the business. At first oil was barreled at the wells and hauled in wagons to the railroad. Afterwards the system of transporting to the railroad by pipes laid under ground was adopted, but even then, up to 1872, it cost fifty cents to transport a barrel of oil by pipe line ten miles. Railroad rates were excessive and lacked uniformity. Refiners who could combine and throw a large volume of business to any particular road, could get favorable railroad rates. The rebate and drawback system was then universal. It was not confined to oil.

This fact possibly had much to do with the combination of refiners afterwards known as the Standard. It is not probable

that they foresaw all the results of their combination. We have the right to judge of their purposes from the ends they have accomplished. Judged in this way we are safe in saying that their purposes were:

1. To cheapen transportation both local and to the seaboard by perfecting and extending the pipe-line system; by constructing and supplying cars by which oil might be shipped in bulk at less cost than in packages, and the cost of packages be also saved; by building tanks in which oil in bulk could be stored; by purchasing and perfecting terminal facilities for receiving, handling and re-shipping oils; by purchasing or building steam-tugs and lighters for harbor and river service; by building wharves, docks and warehouses for foreign shipments.

2. To manufacture a better quality of illuminating oil at less expense by uniting the knowledge, experience and skill of all parties, as well as their various secret processes and patents, and by building up manufactories on a more extensive and perfect scale with improved machinery and appliances.

3. To unite with the business of refining the business necessarily collateral thereto, to-wit, the manufacture of barrels, of tin cans, of boxes for enclosing cans, of paint, of glue and of sulphuric acid, and to cheapen these necessary materials by manufacturing them on a large scale with the best machinery.

4. To obtain and utilize the best scientific skill in investigating and experimenting upon the obtaining of new and useful products of petroleum, and to cheapen illuminating oils by obtaining profits from these by-products.

5. To employ agents and send them through the world to open up markets, learn the cheapest and best methods of supplying them, and to convince the people of all lands of the cheapness and safety of petroleum oils.

6. By all the means enumerated to increase the supply of oil products and lessen their price to the consumer.

These were the objects of the combination, and for years this is exactly what the combination has been doing."

In 1882, these refiners, having diligently attended to their own business instead of to their neighbors', had become interested as stockholders in various corporations and limited partnerships engaged in various branches of the oil business. They conceived the idea, as stockholders, of uniting their various interests in the form of a trust agreement. This was years before any so-called anti-trust legislation — which first appeared in Ohio in 1898 — and at a period when such combinations of ownership were believed to be lawful.

What was this trust agreement? It provided for transferring all such stocks to certain trustees, and for the issuance by those trustees of certificates showing the interest of each owner in the stock so held in trust. The individuals who therefore owned a majority of the stocks in the corporations thus transferred, and who by virtue of such ownership managed and controlled such corporations and limited partnerships, became trustees, with power, in that capacity, to vote the stock and control the business as they had theretofore individually done.

The vital change effected was that thereafter trust certificates, carrying with them no voting power, instead of shares of stock, were held by individuals. The agreement contemplated the organization of corporations in each state, so that the business transacted in each state should be conducted by a home corporation, subject in all respects to the law of the state where located. The gentlemen who thus became parties to this agreement had no idea that the size of a business constituted a crime. They thought, and were advised, that inasmuch as the ownership by them of stock in various companies, some of which manufactured refined oil, others transported it, others produced it, and still others marketed it, constituted no offense against the law, a mere change in the form

of such ownership would constitute no offense.

Suppose that five men in the State of Ohio form a corporation for the refining of oil. It is clear that they may send teams to the oil field, and bring to their refinery the crude product. If they may do this, they may construct a pipe line for that purpose, and the same individuals might become incorporated to do that business. If they may do this, they may acquire, as individuals, territory from which the crude oil is produced, or they may do so in the name of the refining company, or they may organize a corporation for that express purpose; and when the oil is refined, if they find that the ordinary method of distributing it to the market is too expensive, they may construct tank cars or tank wagons for delivery, and if they may construct them, they may incorporate a company for the purpose of owning them. The whole scheme is to get to the consumer in the cheapest possible way the product of that refinery. The legislation of the State of Ohio authorizes the ownership of stock in kindred but not competing corporations.

But suppose that the five gentlemen here in Ohio, thus equipped with agencies of production and distribution, having attended to their business of refining, and having made it a great success, found it desirable to incorporate in the State of Illinois, to be nearer the markets of the west and northwest. There was no law then, nor is there now, that would prevent them from organizing a corporation in that State; and if later, by reason of the fact that the oil producing fields were moving westward, they organized a corporation in Kansas or Missouri for the purpose of refining, there could be no objection to such action upon their part.

The refineries of the Standard Oil Company have followed the production of oil across the continent, and the management

of that interest has exercised the right to employ in the conduct of its large business all the kindred agencies which make for the cheap sale and delivery to the consumer of the products of their refineries.

It is quite likely, if an organization could have been effected under the Federal Constitution, with power to do business regardless of state lines, no trust agreement would ever have been evolved. But in 1890, Honorable David K. Watson, the then attorney general of the State, filed a bill in the Supreme Court against the Standard Oil Company of Ohio setting up the trust agreement, in which he charged that the corporation had abdicated to the trustees its management and control and that by reason of the acts and omissions of defendant it had forfeited its corporate rights and privileges. The Standard Oil Company, while admitting the existence of the agreement, claimed that it had been made by individuals, and not in its corporate capacity.

This contention of the defendant was overruled by the Supreme Court, that court holding the trust agreement to be in fact a corporate agreement, and ordered the Standard Oil Company of Ohio to withdraw therefrom. The court did not, nor did it undertake to, because the parties were not before it, decree a dissolution of the trust itself. It forbade the corporation to permit the trustees to vote the stock, or recognize the transfer of its capital stock made upon its stock books by the owners thereof; to make like transfers in the future, or to pay dividends to said trustees instead of to the real owners of said shares. It also forbade the trustees to exercise any control over the affairs of said corporation, but declined to order a forfeiture of the charter.

This decision of the Supreme Court was handed down March 2nd, 1892, after the trust agreement had been ten years in force.

A meeting of the trustees was at once called in New York, and its attorneys (among them Joseph H. Choate and S. C. T. Dodd) explained fully the scope of the decision and the necessity for prompt obedience to the orders of the court. Those who know anything about what took place at that meeting know that no subterfuge or indirection was thought of or contemplated by the gentlemen charged with the large responsibility of managing the great property that had grown up in one form or another since 1870. It was determined then not only to obey strictly the order of the court in Ohio, but to dissolve the entire trust.

The writer of this article, fresh from that meeting of the trustees, in company with the then attorney general, Honorable J. K. Richards, and Honorable D. K. Watson, who had conducted the litigation, met the judges of the Supreme Court in chambers, and explained to them some of the practical problems confronting the trustees in effecting the dissolution of the trust. The situation confronting the trustees and their counsel, and explained at that meeting, was this:

Trust certificates of the par value of more than \$97,000,000, representing the value of the stocks held by the trustees, had been issued, and were held by thousands of people at home and abroad. The certificates thus issued were transferable by endorsement, had acquired a market value, and passed from hand to hand at such values. Some of the stockholders of the defendant company who had joined in the original transfers, had sold and transferred all their interests in the trust property by the sale and transfer of the trust certificates owned by them, and had no longer any interest therein, or in the stock of the defendant company.

A large number of persons, not original stockholders in the defendant company,

had by their purchase and ownership of such certificates become interested in its stock. Others of its original stockholders, by purchase and sale, had become interested in other and different proportions from the interests held by them at the time of said original transfers. A large quantity of such certificates was pledged as collateral with, and held as investments by, savings banks and other financial institutions throughout the United States, so that it was impossible for the defendant company to determine the real ownership of its stock, except as such ownership was evidenced by holdings of such trust certificates, and also impossible to effect an equitable distribution of the stocks of the various corporations held by the trustees, except by giving to each holder of trust certificates such a proportion of its capital stock as the certificate held by him bore to the entire issue of outstanding certificates.

It was impossible for the company to know who the certificate holders were except through the trustees, and impossible for it to get its stock back except by a re-transfer thereof from the trustees, so that a temporary recognition of them to this extent was essential to a compliance with the court's order.

These practical difficulties were explained by the writer to the court in the presence of the Attorney General and Mr. Watson, and the court was requested to modify its decree, providing that it should take effect at a date fixed a short distance in the future, so that in the meantime the trustees might be recognized for the purposes above set forth merely. The court declined to make formal modification of the order, but advised counsel that so long as the proceedings for dissolution of the trust were carried out on the lines indicated the court would not be disposed to interfere.

Neither Attorney General Richards nor Mr. Watson made objection to the plan.

Notice of a meeting to be held at the office of the Standard Oil Trust, No. 26 Broadway, New York City, on the 21st day of March, 1892, for the purpose of taking action looking to a dissolution of the entire trust, was mailed to all holders of trust certificates, and published in a newspaper in every state in which a Standard Oil Company or any of its interests existed, ten days before the meeting.

Trust certificates of the par value of more than eighty million dollars out of the ninety-seven million, represented either by proxy or in person, unanimously voted at that meeting to terminate the trust agreement in accordance with the terms of the agreement itself, which provided that if at any time after the expiration of ten years, two-thirds of all the holders in value of trust certificates should, at a meeting of holders of trust certificates called for that purpose, vote to terminate the trust at some time to be by them then and there fixed, the said trust should terminate at the date so fixed.

The agreement further provided that if the holders of trust certificates should vote to terminate the trust, they might at the same meeting decide, by a vote of two-thirds in value of their number, the mode in which the affairs of the trust should be wound up. The trustees were authorized to continue to hold their offices for that purpose, and make distribution in the mode directed, or, if no mode was directed, they were to make distribution of the trust property according to law. The agreement further provided, however, that the distribution, whether made in property or values, or both, should be just and equitable and so as to insure to each owner of a trust certificate his due proportion of the trust property or the value thereof.

Whatever may have been said of the

trustees, no stockholder, large or small, has ever had occasion to complain of their want of fairness or integrity. They managed the interests of the business committed to them with fidelity. There never was any stock juggling or freezing out of minority holders, and they met this situation in the same broad and honest spirit.

Within a very short time after the passage of the resolution referred to above, the trustees and other large stockholders surrendered for cancellation their trust certificates, and early in November, 1892, more than a majority of the stock of the Standard Oil Company of Ohio passed into the hands of some eighteen or twenty holders, as did also the corporate stock of all the other corporations theretofore in the trust. These individual holders thereafter managed the several corporations, as they had a right to do by virtue of their ownership and control of a majority of the stock in each of the corporations.

It is true the trustees encountered serious difficulties when they sought to enforce the surrender by other trust certificate holders for the purposes of cancellation and conversion directly into the stock of the corporations. Those difficulties were clearly stated by Mr. Archbold in his testimony given in New York in the contempt case. He said:

"The shares of the Standard Oil Trust, when we got beyond the ownership of the large holders, were very widely distributed, there being some three thousand or more shareholders scattered practically all over the earth, not only in this country but in foreign countries. They were held by estates, by widows and orphans, by charitable institutions, colleges, hospitals, etc., and when we came to ask them to exchange a security which was marketable and valuable for collateral purposes for the stock of the various companies representing the same equitable interest, but which were without marketable value or known in the financial world, they simply refused, and

in spite of any effort we could make in the matter they continued to refuse. The effort on our part was made in entire good faith, and in every expectation of our ability to carry it forward.

"There was another very grave difficulty in connection with the matter, and that lay in connection with the fact that many of the shareholders of the Standard Oil Trust were so small in their holdings that to attempt to divide their interests into the shares of the different companies was almost a practical impossibility, and any drastic effort on our part as trustees to compel submission of their shares would have resulted in a panic to the shares, and in great loss to many hundreds of small holders. It was our conscientious and faithful effort to guard against loss to small holders in any such course.

"We might easily have adopted a course that would have made it possible for the large owners in this business to have crowded the small owners to the wall by such a proceeding, but we never desired to do that, and pursued a course to guard against it; and that has been our effort all the way through, to protect the small holders."

But at the time this evidence was given, as the record in the contempt case will show, trust certificate holders had surrendered their certificates and received stock, so that the list of stockholders of defendant was somewhere about eighty or ninety. The insinuation is made now that all these proceedings taken in March, 1892, and all the action of the various trust certificate holders, including the nine trustees, was but a device for the purpose of complying in form with the order of the court, but evading it in spirit.

Mr. Choate has recently said that if there were any lawyers sitting up nights, burning the midnight electricity, studying how to advise their clients to keep within the revised statutes in their business transactions, he did not know them. Neither do I. Besides, the men who had, by their enterprise and devotion to business, built

up the vast properties known as the Standard interests, each of whom had a fortune invested therein, would have despised any such advice, as they knew perfectly well that they could safely hold and manage them only within the favor of the law.

In keeping with this insinuation that the action of the certificate holders in March, 1892, was a subterfuge, the claim is also put forth that as a part of that scheme the Standard Oil Company of New Jersey was incorporated to take the place, in effect, of the trustees themselves, and manage the property as before.

The simple facts are that the Standard Oil Company of New Jersey was incorporated in 1882, for the purpose of refining petroleum and marketing the various products thereof. It built and operated, and has continued ever since to operate, one of the largest refineries in the world. Originally its capital stock was \$3,000,000. Later, in 1892, it was increased to \$10,000,000, and the number of its directors was also increased.

In 1896 the legislature of New Jersey amended its general corporate law to provide, among other things, that any corporation of that State might purchase the capital stock, bonds and securities created by any other corporation in that State or any other, and might exercise all the rights of an owner with respect thereto. These liberal provisions found great favor in the business world, and many business interests that had theretofore been carried on as best they could be in the various states, organized under them.

In 1899, the capital stock of the Standard Oil Company of New Jersey having been increased to \$110,000,000, a large majority of the stockholders of the Standard interests sold their stock to the Standard Oil Company of New Jersey, qualifying shares being held and owned as re-

quired by the laws of each state, and that company has elected directors in the various corporations whose stock it thus acquired from the stockholders themselves.

Is that an offense against the laws of the State of Ohio? It does not suppress competition, because that did not exist before. The same individuals who owned a majority of the capital stock of the Standard Oil Company of New Jersey owned a majority of the stocks of the various corporations operating in the various states. There is no law that requires a common ownership to compete with itself.

A refining company is organized for the purpose of putting upon the market and delivering to the consumer the highest grade products of petroleum at the lowest price. To prevent it from owning pipe lines for the transportation of crude oil would be to send it back to early and clumsy methods of procuring the crude. To prevent it from owning oil-producing fields would be to hand it over to the uncertain and expensive supply of that crude. To prevent it from owning tank cars for the distribution of its refined product would be to compel it to resort to expensive methods of distribution; and in each case the consumer would ultimately have to bear the burden.

Our own statutes, as I have heretofore said, authorize private corporations to acquire stocks in other kindred, but not competing, private corporations, whether domestic or foreign. The Standard Oil Company of New Jersey cannot compete in the distribution of oil manufactured at its own refineries in that State with refineries in the State of Ohio, because the freight rates would be prohibitive. The various companies whose stocks are held by that company were never competitors, having been owned by the same individuals, and so located by them at scattered points of

distribution that by reason of freight rates they were non-competitive.

It may be said, however, that the Solar Refining Company at Lima is a competing company to the Standard Oil Company of Ohio, also a refining company; but the former company never sold a gallon of oil or any of the products of petroleum at retail. It never was a merchandising company, but always has sold its product at wholesale.

I very much suspect that the criticism of the Standard Oil interests comes very largely from the vast volume of business which they are enabled to do; that, after all, it is size and success that lie at the bottom of the abuse and misrepresentation which has been so long permitted to go unanswered.

There is no section in the State of Ohio that so illustrates the necessity of abundant capital to take care of crude petroleum as a half so much litigation has prevailed. In the Northwest, where for the last year and 1887 oil began to be produced in Allen County. At once over an extent of territory thirty miles in width and two hundred miles in length in Ohio and Indiana explorations for oil industriously began, so that in 1888 the annual production was something like 20,000,000 barrels. To take care of it required the construction of hundreds of miles of pipe lines and hundreds of tanks; at times three or four a day every day in the year, with a capacity of 25,000 barrels each. This required an army of iron-workers and tank-builders, at a cost of from \$20,000 to \$25,000 a day, each day in the year.

The oil was a heavy and tubborn one. It did not yield to the then known process of refining. Many million barrels were accumulated in the vast system of storage tanks scattered over the Northwest, while more than a million dollars were spent in experiments both at Lima and in Cleve-

land in attempts to successfully refine the oil. In the meantime, to give it a market value at all, pipe lines carried it to Chicago, Cleveland, and other cities, and tank cars transported it throughout the country, to find a market for it for fuel purposes. At length, in 1888 or 1889, after a reconstruction of the process of refining, at great cost, a marketable refined product for illuminating purposes was worked out.

These results could never have been obtained save through the expenditure of large capital by men of faith in the future, and of great enterprise. The oil in the Northwest, greedily taken from the earth, would have been worthless but for the organization and combination of capital which was able to make the investment. Today statistics show that sixty per cent. of the oil produced in the United States finds its outlet abroad through the agency of the Standard Oil Company. What would the oil in the Northwest be worth a gallon today but for the market it has found abroad, in active competition with a vast production and unlimited capital?

The Attorney General says that "the great offense of the Standard Oil Trust is that it has not been frank or fair. It has always worn a mask. It has never operated openly in its own name, but has invariably used the device of other corporations," etc., etc.

That the Ohio Oil Company, the Solar Refining Company and the Buckeye Pipe Line Company are companies owned by Standard Oil interests has been admitted upon the records of courts over and over again. Eighteen years ago Mr. Rockefeller testified to it, as will be seen by the records in the Supreme Court of Ohio. These are the great Standard interests in the State.

The Manhattan Oil Company, to which reference is made in the article by the Attorney General, many years ago, over a

small extent of country, for the purpose of supplying oil to its own refinery, constructed a comparatively few miles of pipe line. Another company coming in and establishing a refinery at Findlay went out into the same field and offered a premium of from two to three cents a barrel to purchasers to get the oil away from the Manhattan. The latter company met this competition and endeavored to hold its small production by offering and paying five cents. That is all there is to the charge of unfair competition. Its own lines were there years before the other company came in.

It may be that years ago in a few instances in the State of Ohio a local trade had been built up by an individual or some association which sold out to the Standard, the Standard temporarily using the name to secure the good will which it had acquired by the purchase. This did not prevail long, nor to any extent, nor has there been any such instance in the State of Ohio for many years last past.

Pages might be filled in particular and definite narration of most unfair methods of competition resorted to by competitors of the Standard Oil Company. The Standard has met prices, and by the superior quality of its product still maintained itself in the field. Neither the great body of consumers, the stockholders of the company, nor its army of employes, have complained of its management.

Success begets envy; envy, hatred; and hatred, all manner of misrepresentations and falsehoods. It is true that such misrepresentations and falsehoods, persistently and vociferously shouted, create prejudice and make difficult a fair and dispassionate hearing for the Company. Even an attempt upon the part of the Company to put forth its justification seems only to excite further vituperation and abuse in certain official and private quarters; but

so long as our courts are open and judicially administered, faith is not lost that a vindication may be had after a fair and candid hearing.

The attitude of the Standard Oil Company is not that of defiance to the law. It believes that its present form of organization, which is precisely the same as that of the United States Steel Corporation and of other large combinations, is fully authorized by law. No complaint seems to be made of this form of organization, except in the case of the Standard Oil Company. If the judgment of the courts proves to be that this form of organization is illegal, the Standard must yield to the law precisely as the humblest citizen must do. Until such adjudication, however, it has the same right to present its views to the courts and await their decision upon the questions involved. If the courts hold that its form of organization is illegal, the others must fall with it, and the modern system of organization, which has so advanced our trade at home and abroad, must be revolutionized.

The complaint seems to be that the Standard Oil Company of New Jersey owns the stocks of corporations in various states, and that such form of ownership is illegal. It seems to be conceded that if, instead of owning stocks, it owned the properties of the various companies direct, and did business as a foreign corporation in the various states, that form of organi-

zation would be lawful. This seems to me to be a distinction without a difference, and in view of the fact that the laws of some states of the Union practically prohibit the transaction of business within their borders by foreign corporations, while others impose burdens so heavy as to be almost prohibitive, no other form of organization can be practicably employed until the Federal Government authorizes the organization of corporations, under federal law, for the transaction of corporate business.

So far as favoritism in transportation or unfair competitive methods are concerned, opinions cannot differ. The Standard is not entitled to the benefit of them, nor does it seek them. Doubtless in early years, when every large business industry made its own separate contracts with transportation companies, and there were no fixed transportation rates, the Standard offended with the others. Since the awakening of public opinion upon those questions, and its embodiment in the interstate commerce legislation, I am entirely confident that, in spite of all the charges made against the Standard Oil Company, it will eventually appear that it has rigorously and honestly sought to obey the requirements of that legislation. All it can ask, and all it ought to receive, is that rates should be equal and stable, and this, I believe, the public will ultimately be satisfied is all that it has asked, and all that it has received.



Sources of the Little Miami at Clifton

By Hon. Albert Kern

Illustrations from Photographs by the Author and Others, for THE OHIO MAGAZINE

The series of illustrated articles under the title, "Picturesque Ohio," which has been a popular feature of THE OHIO MAGAZINE since the first number of Volume I. inspired the author of the present article to describe and illustrate the unsurpassed natural beauties in the vicinity of Clifton. THE OHIO MAGAZINE invites other suggestions from its readers throughout the State, regarding picturesque localities with which they may be familiar, with a view to their proper treatment, after the manner of the present article, in future issues.



SOME ten miles northeast of the small city of Xenia, the seat of Greene County, Ohio, is to be found a locality of more than ordinary interest.

At the south edge of the village of Clifton—so named from the massive cliffs near by—the Little Miami River descends below the surface and passes along and under great walls of limestone of remarkable character and wild and rugged beauty; and yet, strange to say, this region is but little known and seldom visited save by those who live within a small radius of its attractive scenes.

The stretch of wild scenery extends some two miles below the village, and there the river continues its course amid the usual features of low banks graced by huge sycamore and elm trees, which bear the strongest testimony to the ancient character of the region and its markings. An immense bed of Niagara limestone underlies the region, and the curious bed of the river seems to have been riven through this strata by some throes of old Nature, and increased and ornamented by the water erosions of hundreds of years.

The gorge or chasm will more than repay a visit, just to prove to the observer what Nature can do in that line. The cliffs vary in height and form; at places the walls rise sheer upwards of one hun-

dred and twenty feet. At other places they jut over in immense shelf forms, capable of sheltering fifty persons from storm; Springs of clear, cold water issue from crevices, ferns in great variety cling to the mossy sides of the rock, trailing vines and wild flowers are to be seen far above the reach of those who would despoil their wild beauty.

There are numerous well worn paths running at abrupt angles from the plateau above down to the water's edge, and it is easy to imagine that here the wild animals of a once primeval forest passed down for drinking at the cool water below, or for refuge from enemies in the fastnesses of the caverned rocks. At other places it will require the daring of a mountain climber to make way down the precipitous walls, from ledge to crevice, by the aid of shrubs to cling to.

The south wall is always in heavy shadow, while at times the channel at the narrowest part will be illuminated by the sun, the light sparkling upon the blue-green colors of the water. The fading day comes early in the great gorge, and somber shadows and an appalling silence, only broken by the cry of some bird, impress the visitor strangely; and he is glad to mount to the summit and breathe the air of a warmer and brighter region.

Wild cedars and shrubs mask the rocks



THE SPIRIT POOL.

and add charm to the picturesque effect; great masses of rock, broken from the faces of the cliffs, lie along the channel. Some of these bear trees on their summits; one of them, a huge square mass of limestone, stands in mid-stream and is not unlike the form of a vessel heading down stream—hence its name "Steamboat Rock." Another, now dismantled by frost and weather, stands on the north side, bearing the form of a "jug-handle." Ice-bound in winter and gleaming with a filmy veil of water in Summer, it lies hid from the visitor in a curtain of foliage until betrayed by the sound of the cascade it bears.

At another spot a churning noise betrays the circular rock chasm where the water rushes around as though dashed about by a turbine wheel. While all these items are of great and curious beauty, it must be remembered that the scale is small, as compared with mountain scenery or the great canyons of the Rocky Mountains or the gorge at Niagara River. But the wild

beauty is equally entrancing and nearer to the observer and in better grouping for artistic effect than the immense spaces usually found in rock and water landscapes. At Yellow Springs, a tributary of the Little Miami—two and three-quarter miles west of Clifton, is to be seen the curious column called "Pompey's Pillar", a limestone erosion, while on Massie's Creek near Cedarville, also a tributary, the same rocky shelf type can be seen.

Clifton with its attractions has long been a favorite resort of picnic parties, while the camera man can find pictures on all sides.

The locality had practical uses as far back as the year 1834. The fine water-power was utilized by flour and saw mills, there was a large distillery and cooper shop, a furniture factory and a large three-story cotton mill employing about one hundred hands. This mill spanned the narrow part of the gorge, its foundation beams resting on the solid rock. It was later

converted into a woolen mill and still later destroyed by fire, and never rebuilt. Some distance farther down the chasm a paper mill was built half way up the west side of the rock wall, this being the first paper mill in the State of Ohio, using straw for pulp. The mill was built by the Hagars and later was improved and run by Thomas Nixon, who manufactured fine book and writing papers, the extreme purity of the water allowing this fine grade of paper to be produced. Power was supplied to the mill from a great head of water obtained

"Old Chillicothe," a headquarters village of the warlike Shawnees. In February, 1778, hither was brought the famous Daniel Boone, captured by a war party in Kentucky. Boone soon became friendly with his red enemies and was allowed to hunt and fish with them, finally being permitted to come to this chasm alone in search of deer, carrying a limited supply of bullets and powder charges for a rifle. Boone managed to gradually secrete a few bullets and some powder. On returning one day from one of his hunting trips to



STEAMBOAT ROCK.

by a strong dam, built across the waterway from wall to wall. A part of the old mill-dam and the ruins of the old mill, with its tall smoke stack just topping the west cliff, could still be seen some years ago.

The region has had an interesting history. The great glen was a favorite stalking place for deer during the Indian period, for game once corralled in the gorge could not escape the hunter. Between the chasm and Xenia once stood "Old Town," or, as it was also called,

the river gorge, he found a war party getting ready to make an inroad into Kentucky. It alarmed him to such a degree that he made his escape, journeyed through the wilderness to the Ohio River, secured an old boat lying on the bank and reached a spot just out of gunshot from the bank, as the war-party appeared in pursuit. He was thus enabled to carry the warning of the coming danger and save the settlements from the horrors of an Indian attack.

During Boone's captivity, his friend, Simon Kenton, while scouting about the In-



THE "JUG HANDLE."

dian town referred to, in the hope of aiding his friend, was discovered and closely pursued by the Indians. Kenton swiftly made his way through the forest and arrived at a narrow part of the Clifton chasm. He could not face about; his pursuers were close upon him, and so he took the desperate alternative of attempting to leap across the space. It was some thirty feet at the top, shelving to less than half that space at the water's edge, forty feet below. Kenton did not reach the top edge of the opposite cliff wall, but struck some

ten feet below the surface, and, catching at the shrubs growing out of the rocks, he managed to clamber to the top. His enemies were so astonished at the success of the daring leap that they neglected to fire upon him, and he made good his escape before they could turn the chasm by detour eastward and take up the pursuit. The incidents referred to were handed down by the Indians to early pioneers, who delighted to recount the stirring tale.

No more daring feat in the annals of Ohio is related than this exploit of the



THE MAIN GORGE.

valiant Kenton, whose name was once a tower of strength to the settlers of the old border in the perilous times when no man's family was safe from the warriors seeking

Clifton, can also claim a pretty legendary interest. •

One of the illustrations reproduced with this article is named "The Spirit Pool."



POMPEY'S PILLAR, YELLOW SPRINGS.

plunder, captives and the scalps of the hated white man.

Aside from the historic considerations just referred to, this region round about

The old legend is that a Shawnee maiden, desirous of attracting the attention of a young warrior, found herself deserted in favor of another. The disappointment

bore so heavily upon her mind that she ascended one of the rugged rocks bordering the north edge of the pool and cast herself into the dark, blue-green colored water, at a spot where the pool is some twenty-five feet in depth, thus drowning herself for unrequited love. The Indians believed that the spirit of the lost girl haunted the pool, and that on moonlight nights her voice could be heard crooning a wild plaint of melancholy and despair. The legend is a pretty one and adds its charm to one of the beauty spots of the wild glen.

To this pool the lover of good fishing

does not fail to come for a string of firm and sweet fleshed rock bass in early Spring, and, whether he has memory of the poor Indian maiden or not, he, too, is grateful for the rich bounties of Nature in creating and keeping this beautiful and retired spot, lying under the sunshine and under the twinkling stars, as it has lain for hundreds of by-gone years.

Beautiful Clifton has had but brief notice in the regulation histories of Ohio but still awaits the inspection of all who love the wild grandeur of Nature, unspoiled by the hand of man.



A Counterfeit Coin

By James Ball Naylor

(Concluded in *This Number*.)

CHAPTER XIII.



RAYMOND returned to the farmhouse and sought his room. Jap, the hired man, had brought the morning's mail from the village; but there was nothing for the detective, and he was in a fever of unrest. He felt that everything was ripe for a descent upon the gang of counterfeiters, and that further delay was risky. He reasoned that Fogle and his companions would not remain quiet and inactive much longer, knowing that ne—Raymond—was aware of their business.

"They'll slip through my fingers if I'm not careful," he mused. "I wish Kennard would let me hear from him. What can be the matter? Can it be possible Travis never received my dispatch, and that things are at loose ends at Pittsburg, with no one to look after them? A woman in a case always complicates matters; and there's a woman in *this* case with a vengeance. I've delayed and bungled this job more than any one I've ever worked. Yet who can blame me? Who would not have temporized under the circumstances?"

Miss Haskins did not come down to dinner, and at supper time she requested Ruth to bring tea and rolls to her room. So Raymond did not meet her again that day; for, much as he desired to see her, he felt it would be cruel to disturb her.

Supper over he took up his hat and walked to the village for the evening's mail. He was rewarded with a letter from Kennard. It ran:

"Raymond: Have carried out your instructions to a dot. 'Sarah H. Ormsby' is a blind—you understand. Have jumped onto the stuff myself. Got Miss Haskins' latest letters and the box. It contained some clam shells and one-fifty of the

'queer.' I send you the letters. They're addressed to 'Mrs. Ormsby,' but are meant for Gimp, of course.

"Gimp is becoming nervous; he is still shoving, but slowly and cautiously. If you're ready at your end, I'm ready here. I think Gimp should be nabbed at once. KENNARD."

Raymond, standing by the little post-office window, read Kennard's letter through. Then he hastily glanced over Miss Haskins' letters, which Kennard had inclosed. They contained nothing which the detective did not already know. In the daintily written missives the young woman went on to say that she had been grossly deceived by Gimp; that she had had no true idea of the business when he persuaded her to go into it; that she was heartily sick of the whole thing, and that she would have nothing more to do with it. And she asked—nay, begged and prayed—that Gimp would let her go in peace and not have her punished for what she had already done.

The detective thrust the letters into his coat pocket and walked away from the postoffice, muttering:

"No further delay is possible, or required. I'll wire Kennard to arrest Gimp at once, and tomorrow I'll put the nippers on Fogle and his pals. Myra shan't be known in the affair, if I can help it; and *I can*—Kennard's discreet. However, the others may peach on her. If they do, I'll have to fight to clear her; but I think, with the evidence and the influence I have, I can do it. The stuff was shipped from the plant to Gimp, and Gimp shoved it through the bank. That's enough for the public to know."

He went direct to the telegraph office and wired Kennard. Then he crossed the

bridge and called upon the sheriff of the county, at his residence in the courthouse yard.

Sheriff Williams was a portly and rather pompous man of middle age and was fully aware of the dignity of his office. He met Raymond at the door, with the brusque inquiry: "What do you want, sir?"

"You are the sheriff of this county?"

"I am, sir."

"I'd like a few minutes private conversation with you, on an important matter."

"Pertaining to my business and duties?"

Raymond smiled involuntarily as he replied.

"Pertaining to *my* business and *your* duties.

"I'll be in my office at nine o'clock tomorrow morning; you can see me then."

"Stuff!" the detective snorted. "I must see you at once."

"Is your business so urgent?"

"Certainly, or I wouldn't be here at this hour."

"Very well, sir; come into my office."

The sheriff led the way to a room on the first floor of the courthouse, near at hand. He turned on the gas and, pointing to a chair, said ungraciously: "Have a seat. Now, what's your business?"

Raymond tossed his card upon the table, with the words:

"Please close the shutters and lock the door."

A marked change took place in the pompous sheriff, as he read the name upon the bit of pasteboard. The severe scowl left his features and an unctuous smile took its place, while his dignified demeanor softened to servile humility.

"Very glad to meet you, Mr. Raymond," he murmured, confusedly. "What can I do for you?"

"First, you may close the door and shutters, as I suggested."

Sheriff Williams hastened to comply with the detective's request. Then, seating himself in an expectant attitude, he silently awaited his visitor's pleasure. Raymond wasted no time, but went to the business in hand at once. He began with the question: "Have you two courageous and thoroughly reliable men, that you can bring with you to help me make a capture, tomorrow morning at daybreak?"

"I've the men, yes, sir—good men, too. But what—what's up?"

"I've run down a gang of counterfeiters—three in number," Raymond returned, briskly. "and I want your assistance in arresting them. I may as well tell you that they're desperate characters—two of them, at least; and you want to bring good men with you."

The sheriff bit his lip and was silent. He did not relish the idea of assisting in the capture of such a gang as the detective described. Then a comforting thought struck him, and he said:

"Of course you understand that I can't assist you if these counterfeiters are in another county."

"I understand that fact perfectly; but they're in *this* county."

"Near here?"

"Right under your nose—down here at Douda Run."

"At Douda Run?"

"Yes; in the Chalkly Grafton house. You know where that is, of course?"

"Y-e-s. But are you sure you're not mistaken, Mr. Raymond? I don't see how"—

"There's no mistake," the detective interrupted, briskly. "Will you lend me your help?"

"I will, certainly."

"Tomorrow morning at daybreak, then, be at the Cassel farm; I'm boarding there. If you don't find me, hurry on to the house on Douda Run; you'll find me waiting for you there. Remember—bring cool, level-headed men. Let them be well-armed, but caution them to keep their wits about them. I want to take these chaps alive, if possible. That's all. Good night."

He shook hands with the sheriff and took his departure, and fifteen minutes later he was hurrying down the river road toward his boarding place.

It was quite dark by this time. Heavy blanket-like clouds obscured the heavens and rendered the evening air oppressive. Great banks of black thunder-heads loomed up in the west, and pale flashes of lightning, followed by remote and rumbling thunder, gave indications of an approaching storm. Fireflies were flitting in and out of the foliage of the trees along the dusky road, and hoarse frogs were indulg-

ing in an unmusical serenade beneath the bank of the river.

But Raymond gave little heed to mere sights and sounds; he was too deeply engrossed with his thoughts. When he had arrived within a few hundred yards of the farmhouse he became dimly conscious of footsteps behind him. Tall trees on both sides of the road interlocked their arms above it, completely obscuring the meagre light of the cloudy sky. Again the detective's keen sense of hearing caught the sound of guarded footsteps in the rear, and a sense of imminent danger stole over him. It was so dark he could not see his hand before his face, and he was groping with his feet to keep in the roadway.

Once more he caught the sound of footsteps—and this time very near at hand. He whirled in his tracks, whipping a revolver from his pocket, and demanded: "Hello! Who are you?"

A blinding flash of flame and the deafening report of a firearm was the answer he received. He felt the breath of a bullet as it whizzed past his head, and thought he caught a brief glimpse of a human figure outlined by the flash of the weapon. He took quick aim and twice fired into the dense blackness. Two answering shots came from his invisible assailant, and the last took effect.

Raymond felt a stinging, burning pain in his right temple, and a dizzy faintness overcame him. He staggered, caught himself, staggered again and fell upon the green sod at the roadside. He was fully conscious, but his brain was in a mad whirl and he could not arise. He heard some one rush past him, going in the direction of the farmhouse; and he made great effort to get upon his elbow and turn his weapon in the direction of the retreating footsteps. But his limbs were of lead. He felt something warm trickling down the side of his face and knew that it was blood.

All this took place in the fraction of a minute. Raymond felt that he was not seriously wounded and did not give over trying to get upon his feet. Then, of a sudden, he became aware of someone standing near him and heard Frank Cassel's voice saying: "Did he wound you, Mr. Raymond? Are you badly hurt?"

The detective answered rather faintly:

"I'm hit—yes; but I don't think it's serious—a mere scratch. It bleeds a good deal, though, and I feel faint and sick. Assist me to a sitting posture, please."

Cassel did as the wounded man requested. Then he suggested: "Hadn't I better go for help to get you to the house?"

"Wait a little while," Raymond answered. He was feeling better and thought he would be himself again in a few minutes. Presently he asked:

"Have you a match, Cassel?"

"Yes."

"Strike it and take a look at this gash on my temple."

Cassel proceeded to make an examination. He found that the bullet had ploughed a furrow two or three inches long across the temple. The laceration had bled freely, and Raymond's hair and clothing were soaked.

"Just a scalp wound, isn't it?" he inquired?

"That's all; but it still bleeds a little."

The match went out, and the two were left in pitchy darkness. The thunder storm was rapidly coming up from the west. Nearer and nearer rumbled the thunder, and vivid flashes of lightning occasionally illumined the roadway and danced over the foliage of the bordering trees, bringing into relief against the black wall of darkness the faces and figures of the two men—the two rivals.

"Help me to my feet; I believe I can walk," Raymond said.

Cassel obeyed, and the detective stood alone.

"I'll be all right presently," he remarked. "I'm feeling ever so much better; but it was a close call. I don't want to go into the house with all this blood upon me; when we get there I'll go out to the cistern at the barn and have a wash."

At that moment a blinding glare of light for a brief second turned night into day. It was followed by a rattling crash that reverberated from hill to hill and echoed far up and down the valley. Raymond stooped and picked up an object lying at his feet. It was a revolver, and he silently shoved it into his pocket. Then together the two set out for the house. The detective found that he was able to walk alone,

though his steps were a little weak and uncertain.

Young Cassel stopped in the kitchen for lantern, basin and towel; Raymond went on to the barn. When Cassel had rejoined him and had assisted him in removing the blood stains from his person, the detective took from his pocket the revolver he had picked up and carefully examined it. It was a murderous-looking weapon of the bulldog pattern; and stamped upon the breech was the name—"Frank Cassel."

Cassel stood holding the lantern. Raymond extracted the unexploded cartridges and, presenting the revolver to his companion, said coolly: "Here's your gun, Cassel."

"My gun!" ejaculated the other, recoiling.

"Yes; it has your name upon it. See?"

Cassel took the weapon in his hand, saw the name upon it, and gasped: "Where—where did you get this?"

His face was blanched and quivering. Visions of a crowded courtroom—the judge, jury, and himself a prisoner in the dock—thronged his brain and brought with them suggestions of the jail, the scaffold, the black cap and the hangman's noose. He heard the detective speaking, but the latter's voice sounded afar off. Outside the lightning blazed, the thunder boomed, and the rain poured in torrents. Raymond was saying:

"I picked it up in the road. You saw me. It was careless of you to drop it. Your aim was remarkably good, considering the darkness; but I had no idea you had it in for me—to the extent of desiring to kill me."

"It isn't—isn't my revolver," Cassel stammered.

"It's got your name upon it," Raymond returned, quietly; "and you'll have some difficulty in making a jury believe it isn't yours."

Cassel's terror was growing upon him. He was shaking all over. He saw plainly the web of circumstantial evidence that entangled him—the weapon bearing his name, his encounter with the detective, his intemperate avowal to Crogan, his presence at the scene of the attempted murder; and the feeling of guilt in his soul made

a cringing, abject coward of him. Leaning limply against the wall, he whined beseechingly:

"I'm innocent, Mr. Raymond—before God I'm innocent! This gun isn't mine—I never saw it before. I *did* think of killing you; I thought your death would be laid on the counterfeiters. But I hadn't the courage; you know I hadn't. Crogan's the man who shot you—I'm telling you the truth! I was hid in the bushes and saw him run down the road after he shot you. Oh, please believe me!"

Raymond pitied the wretch, but felt that he had not been sufficiently punished; so he asked harshly: "Why were you hid down there in the bushes?"

"I—I don't know; something seemed to draw me there—I couldn't stay away."

"That's too cheap a tale," the detective sneered. "The revolver bears your name."

"I *know* it does; and I can't understand it. Crogan must have put my name upon it. It isn't mine—I'm innocent!"

"You told Crogan you were going to kill me?"

"No—no! I—I—"

"You mentioned our trouble to him and what you saw Miss Haskins doing?"

"Yes—I did. And I tried to get him to say he would kill you; but—but I'm awful sorry for it now. Oh, please say you won't have me arrested!"

"I ought to send you to the penitentiary as an accomplice of Crogan's," Raymond answered; "but I shan't do it—provided you'll come to your senses, and heed what I say."

"I'll do anything—anything!" Cassel whined.

"You violated your promise today."

"But I won't again—indeed I won't."

"All right. Go to the house and keep your mouth shut. Do you understand? *Keep your mouth shut!*"

Cassel silently slunk away, and Raymond, taking the path across the hills, set out for the counterfeiters' den. The rain still fell in torrents, and the night was black as ink. The detective tied a handkerchief around his wounded head and, unmindful of the storm, plodded on, muttering:

"I must keep an eye upon them tonight: they'll make a break for it before morning."

CHAPTER XIV.

After his attempt on the detective's life, Crogan wasted no time in returning to the plant. He had seen Cassel crouching by the roadside, and he felt, as he figuratively expressed it, "dat de jig was up." Therefore he sped from the spot as fast as his bow legs would carry him; and a half hour afterward he dashed into the presence of Stoneman, who sat alone in the house.

"What's the matter?" Stoneman inquired quickly, alarm in his voice. "You're all covered with mud; you've been running; and you're *scared* — if ever I saw you scared. What's the matter?"

"Where's Fogle?" Crogan panted, as he dropped into a chair.

"Gone down to the river to run his trot-line," Stoneman replied, keenly eyeing his companion.

"He'd better be here, gittin' ready to run from w'at's a-comin'."

"What's up?" Stoneman snarled. "I've asked you twice."

"Just dis: I've queered de whole business; an' we got to git up an' dust — to de tune o' short meter. *Dat's* w'at!"

"So you've bungled the job, just as I told you you would," Stoneman cried, angrily.

"Naw! I ain't bungled not'ing; I killed Raymond all right enough. But dat young cuss of a Cassel saw me do it; I guess it was him — hid along de road."

"What did you kill him with?"

"Wid de gun I showed you."

"At the first shot?"

"Naw; I had to shoot two 'r t'ree times."

"What's that upon your sleeve — blood?"

"Yes; he winged me — but it's just a scratch."

"What? He shot at you?"

"Course he did — twice."

"Then how do you know he's dead?"

"Cause I seen him fall — an' he never groaned; dat's how."

"Where's your gun?"

"I t'rowed it down in de road — to make folks b'lieve young Cassel done de job."

"And *he* saw *you* do it! Crogan, you fool, you've bungled the job sure enough; you've queered it a plenty. You ought to have used a knife, as I wanted you to do.

Listen how the storm rages! Well, we must pack up a few things and get out of here. There's no time to lose — everything's off; the authorities may be hot after us by morning. I wish Fogle would come."

"I don't care if he don't come — *I* don't. I'm t'rough wid *him*. If he comes in time to go — all right; if he don't, I won't snivel none. He'd raise a devil of a row, if he'd happen to find out I'd killed de detective. W'en we git ready to go, we'll burn dis ol' shack to de ground an' hide all signs. Eh?"

"Yes, certainly. But now, to work. The sheriff and a posse will be after us just as soon as Frank Cassel can get to town and tell them of Raymond's death. We must be miles away from here by daylight. I say that we strike for the Ohio, cross, and hide in the hills of West Virginia. I wonder if they've arrested Gimp yet. There's one consolation: each of us has a neat little sum salted down. But you'll catch me in no more jobs with amateurs."

"N'r me!" Crogan cried, with an oath. "W'at'll we take wid us?"

"Very little; we don't want to be burdened."

The two went to work, packing a few valuables and costly tools that they could carry without interfering with swift and easy flight. Outside the summer thunderstorm was still raging; and Fogle had not come.

At last Crogan said: "Dere, I'm ready. Le's scoot."

Stoneman replied: "I'm ready, too; but we can't burn the building with Fogle's stuff in it — and it won't do to go off and leave things as they are. What'll we do — wait till he comes? It won't be very long, probably."

"As fer me, Fogle can look out fer hisself," Crogan answered, doggedly. "I ain't a-goin' to take no more chances. W'at was *dat*?"

The two stood and looked at each other in perplexity and alarm. Above the downpour of the rain and the sigh of the wind, each distinctly caught a peculiar grating sound. It appeared to come from the side of the house next to the hill and sounded like something scraping against the weather-boards. It lasted but a mo-

ment; then all was still again but the bluster of the elements.

"It sounded like something trying to climb up to one of the windows," Stoneman whispered.

"You stay here an' keep still: I'll just slip out an' see." And Crogan silently opened the back door and passed into the outer darkness.

It was someone trying to peep in at one of the windows on the upper side of the house; and that someone was the detective. Arriving upon the scene and finding everything about the place dark and quiet — for Crogan and Stoneman were in the room next to the brook, with but a dim light burning — he thought it possible that the counterfeiters had already taken flight. So he resolved to raise a window and enter the house, or, at least, to peep in and ascertain the truth. In order to do this he must climb upon something. Procuring a piece of plank, he leaned it against the house, ascended his improvised ladder and attempted to raise the window to the sill of which he found himself clinging. But the plank upon which he stood slipped from under him; and, scraping along the weather-boards, made the sound the two counterfeiters heard.

Raymond mentally cursed his ill luck and stood still and listened. Hearing no outcry nor other sound from within, he again placed the plank against the wall and was preparing to ascend for the second time, when a blow from a club in the hands of Crogan dropped him senseless and bleeding to the ground.

"Come out here Bob!" the Irishman bawled lustily. "I've got de laddie-buck, good an' proper!"

A door opened and shut with a bang, and Stoneman joined his companion.

"What's the matter — who is it?" he inquired, peering and squinting.

"I've got de dirty sneak," Crogan answered; "an' I t'ink it's dat young Cassel — can't see his face, dough. I knocked him over wid dis club. Le's drag him in to de light."

Together they half dragged, half carried the inanimate form into the house and deposited it upon the floor of the room in which the lamp was dimly burning. Crogan bent and peered into the upturned

face, staggered back — and said nothing. Stoneman turned up the light, took a look, and cried: "Why, it isn't Cassel, is it?"

"Naw!" Crogan gasped.

"Who the hell is it, then?"

"It's de cop — de detective."

"Crogan, you infernal idiot!" Stoneman roared. "You did do a *good* job of killing!"

"De cuss must be a cat wid nine lives," the Irishman grumbled. "He ain't dead yit; I see him a-breathin'."

"Give him another crack over the head or stick a knife into him," the other suggested. "Let's put an end to him and his future meddling."

"Not me!" Crogan growled, surlily. "I've had two tries at him — an' I don't want no more. Dere's somet'ing bogy 'bout dat feller — he's a hoodoo!"

"Fool!" sneered Stoneman. "You haven't the sand —"

"Cut it short, pard." Crogan snarled, angrily. "'r me an' you'll come togeder!"

The other laughed uneasily, and replied: "There — don't be touchy. I didn't mean any harm. We've got to hide this fellow somewhere, before Bud comes back. Let's carry him to the cellar; he was so anxious to see the inside of the plant, we'll leave him there. If the house burns down by accident, we're not to blame. Come on; Bud'll be back soon."

They bore the unconscious man to the cellar and laid him upon the stone flags in one corner. Then, taking with them a few light tools they thought Fogle might desire, they returned to the upper apartment — in their haste and confusion of mind leaving their lantern burning upon the lower step — and closed and locked the heavy oaken door behind them.

"Now," Stoneman said, "we'll wait ten minutes; if Fogle doesn't show up in that time, we'll touch a match to the old pile and skip. If he comes and wants his tools, we have them here; and he'll have no cause to go to the cellar — and find the detective."

"Dat's de stuff; dat suits —" Crogan began. But he stopped suddenly, raised a finger, and uttered a warning, "Hist!"

A moment later Fogle's dripping form appeared in the doorway; and Fogle's voice

cried: "Hello! What's up — what have you been doing?"

"Packin' up, an' gettin' ready to skip by de light o' de moon," the Irishman replied, smoothly. "You'd better got a move on; dere ain't no time to waste."

"What's the cause of your sudden resolution?" And there was a shade of suspicion in Fogle's tone and manner.

"Dat fly detective. along wid de sheriff o' de county, an' his posse, is makin' ready to put de bracelets on us in de mornin'."

"How do you know all this?" was the not unnatural question.

"Dis way: Bob was down by de road, an' two men rode along, goin' from town. Bob heard one o' dem say dat de sheriff an' his gang was goin' to raid dis coop at daylight."

Crogan uttered the lie as glibly as though it were an indisputable truth. But Fogle was not satisfied, apparently, for he answered: "I didn't see any men pass the mouth of the run, where I was fishing; and I notice Stoneman's clothes are dry, and it's been raining all evening. You'll have to fix up a slicker lie than that, Crogan."

The Irishman blazed up instantly and, brandishing his fists, shouted: "If you don't want to b'lieve w'at I say — you can do de odder t'ing!"

"What other thing?" Fogle asked quickly.

"Go to 'ell — dat's w'at!"

The younger man laughed scornfully, and cried:

"What a vicious old viper it is! Well, we shan't quarrel over the matter, Crogan. I'm perfectly willing and glad to leave here. I wonder I haven't gone long ago. I'll be ready in a few minutes."

He made a step toward the cellar door, but stopped, petrified in his tracks. A deep, sepulchral groan sounded beneath his feet and sent the blood in an icy torrent to his heart. The unlooked-for — on the part of his companions — had occurred; Raymond was reviving in the cellar!

"What was that?" Fogle asked, in a husky whisper.

"Not'ing but de wind," Crogan answered, readily; "it makes funny noises in dis ol' trap."

"It wasn't the wind," the younger man

muttered, with a positive shake of the head. "It sounded like someone in distress."

"Rats squealing, perhaps," Stoneman suggested, looking anxiously at Crogan.

"I tell you it was some human being groaning in distress," Fogle insisted.

By this time Raymond had regained consciousness. The blow from the club had but stunned him, its full force falling upon his shoulder, and not upon his head. Now he was sitting up, aimlessly passing his hand over his head and shoulder and groaning. At first he could not understand where he was nor what had happened to him; but soon a full realization of the situation dawned upon his benumbed faculties.

The underground retreat in which he found himself was about thirty feet square. The floor was composed of smooth flagstones neatly fitted together and was comparatively dry. In one side of the room was an immense fireplace. Rough wooden steps led to the apartments above; and there was no other means of egress, except a small door leading out through the wall next the valley. This door was nailed fast. About the cellar were scattered tools and appliances of the counterfeiter's craft — a crude crucible, a stamp, a lathe, and a work-bench; and in one corner was piled a quantity of metal — silver, tin, and copper, in bars.

Raymond's experienced eyes swept the room, dimly lighted by the lantern his would-be murderers had left upon the steps, and took in all these details before he was conscious of their import, even.

He managed to get upon his feet but could barely stand. He sank to the floor, crawled to the steps and drew himself upon them. His head ached excruciatingly, and his eyes burned like coals of fire.

"They've trapped me," he muttered, "and will make their escape while I'm secure. How my head aches! One of them must have slipped upon me while I was at the window. I must get out of here — but how?"

Then he caught voices in loud and animated conversation, in the room above; and he listened intently. Fogle was saying:

"You've knifed him and thrown him into the cellar, and I'm going down there. I told you I wouldn't stand for any violence;

and, if I find things as I think, you'll have to answer to me — that's all."

"Stop y'r clack!" Grogan growled "You don't know w'at you're talkin' 'bout. Dere ain't nobody down dere — is dere Bob?"

"Of course not!" Stoneman answered emphasizing his words with an oath.

Again Fogle spoke. "How comes this blood upon the floor, then?" he asked.

"From my arm," Crogan explained; "I hurt it upon a nail. Come on. Bud; git y'r packin' done. We're losin' time."

"I don't believe a word you say;" Fogle cried, obstinately, "and I'm going down there."

Raymond heard someone rattling at the door over his head. Then came the sound of a struggle and the thud of a heavy body upon the floor. The detective strained his ears. He caught the sound of whispered conversation and hurrying footsteps. Then, after a time, one of the outer doors opened and shut; and all was silent as the grave.

CHAPTER XV.

Raymond sat for some minutes with his head in his hands. At last he tottered to his feet, muttering: "It won't do to sit here; Crogan and Stoneman will be putting miles between this place and themselves. I'm confident they've killed Fogle and that his body lies in the room above me. The infernal murderous devils! With all these tools lying about — surely I can get out in some way."

He laboriously climbed the steps and tried the door. It was securely locked. He descended to the floor, procured the lantern and a coldchisel and returned to the top step. A dark-colored liquid oozing beneath the door attracted his attention.

"Blood!" he ejaculated. "As I thought, they've stabbed Fogle to the heart while he was trying to come to my aid. Poor, misguided fellow! He wasn't all bad, at any rate."

The lock was a strong, old-fashioned one; and, although he hammered and battered at it with the implements at hand, he could not get through the heavy door. Suddenly he ceased his efforts, sniffed the air, and gazed wildly about him.

"I smell smoke!" he whispered. "Can it be possible the villains have set fire to

the house? If they've done that, I'm in a bad box. Whew! It grows stronger; I've got to hurry."

He renewed his efforts, with increased vigor and did not hesitate until the smoke in rapidly increasing quantities almost drove him from his position. Then he paused and listened and distinctly heard the crackle and hiss of burning wood. The discovery made him shudder, and a faintness stole over him. For a moment he leaned weakly against the door but quickly started away from it. It was growing hot with the breath of the blaze beyond.

"Great heavens!" he gasped. "Am I to die like a rat in the hull of a burning ship? It's plain that I can't escape in this direction; the fire's in the room beyond. And there's but one other outlet — and that nailed fast, probably!"

His brain swimming, his limbs trembling, he again descended the stairs and groped his way through the volumes of stifling smoke, to the other door. It was nailed fast, as he had suspected. He set the lantern upon the floor and went to work — hewing and hacking at the barrier that stood between himself and safety. He realized that time was precious, and he made frantic efforts to get out. But on account of his weakness and confusion of thought his endeavors were blindly directed, and he made little progress.

By a careless backward step, he over-turned and extinguished the lantern, leaving the place in pitchy darkness. Then, indeed, did his courage falter. He felt that further effort was useless, and he dropped his hands and leaned against the wall for support, panting and gasping. He heard the fire overhead increase in volume and fury, until it was a roaring, seething furnace of flame, causing the walls of the crazy structure to groan and vibrate. Hissing, squirming serpents of flame darted their blazing tongues through the cracks in the floor and licked and lapped at his cowering form.

"Lost — lost!" he groaned feebly, sinking toward the floor. "No — no! I mustn't die tamely! I can't — I *won't*!"

He clenched his hands and sprang erect; but the next moment dropped prone upon the flags, clutching at his throat, panting and wheezing. Revived a little by the

fresh air that stole in under the door, he made one mighty effort to bring someone to his aid, by shouting:

"Help! Help!"

To his distorted imagination, the dancing flames and gyrating smoke assumed the forms of leering imps, and the crackling voice of burning wood was the crackling laugh of mocking fiends. His breathing became asthmatic, his parched tongue grew thick and stiff, and his eyes rolled in blood-rimmed sockets. A thousand fiery fancies surged through his super-heated brain, till he went mad and laughed with the fiends that tormented him. Again a breath of fresh air drove the smoke and flames in retreat before it; and again he revived and called: "Help! In God's name, help!"

Then he sank back, wrapped in the thrice-blessed mantle of unconsciousness, as a woman's piercing scream outside sounded above the din of roaring flames and falling timbers—and a woman's brave voice called: "Claude—Mr. Raymond! Stay close to the door—where you can get a little air. I'll try to get you out. Do you hear me?"

But he was beyond making answer.

It was Myra Haskins. The light from the burning pile lent an unearthly beauty to her pale face and turned her tangled tresses to ripples of molten gold. With an axe that she had caught up from the wood-pile near at hand she rained blow after blow upon the stubborn door, and with her tender white hands she pulled and snatched at the loosened boards. Frenzy lent her strength. Soon her taper fingers were torn by the splintered wood, her face and neck were almost blistered by the intense heat; but she gave no heed. The last nail gave way, and the door fell inward with a crash. She threw down the axe and sprang through the opening—the entrance to a fiery furnace.

"Claude!" she screamed frantically, almost suffocated by the smoke and flame that met her.

But no answering voice greeted her ears. She called again and again, groping and gasping. Then—just when she felt that she could bear the torture no longer, and that she must retreat, leaving him to his fate—she stumbled against his unconscious form. How she got him out she never

knew. Half crazed herself, but steeled by desperation, she partly dragged him, partly carried him through the opening in the stone wall and laid him upon the grass at a safe distance from the burning building. Then relaxation followed the terrible tension, and she fainted at his side.

When she revived the rain was falling gently but steadily, and she was soaked and chilled. The building had fallen in, and a few burning brands alone lighted the scene. She soon realized that Raymond was not dead, for his eyes were open and he moaned and babbled incessantly. He kept calling for water, water, in his delirium. She went to the spring nearby, found a battered tin-cup and carried him a draught of the cooling liquid. Then he was quiet for a time, and she seated herself upon the wet ground and pillowed his head upon her lap.

The hours dragged along. He kept babbling at intervals, in a low monotone. Once she caught her own name—"Myra." She gently passed her hand over his singed locks and stroked and caressed his bruised forehead. Was he not all hers—all hers?

"Myra," he whispered again, "I—I love—"

"Yes—yes," she replied in soothing tones: "I know, dear!"

She realized that the sweet declaration was but the figment of a disordered brain, yet—in spite of her own discomfort, in spite of her poignant fear that he would die ere morning dawned and she could bring him aid—she was happier than she had ever been in her life.

When the gray dawn came creeping into the little valley, she still sat holding him to her breast—soothing him as the mother soothes the fretful child.

* * *

It was just coming daylight, and Farmer Cassel was watering the work-horses at the barn pump.

"Hello!" called a gruff voice, from the lane.

"Hello, y'rself!" the old man answered. And three horsemen emerged from the gray mist.

"Is Mr. Raymond here?" asked one of the men.

"Is that you, Sheriff?" Mr. Cassel inquired in turn.

"Yes. Where's your boarder, Raymond?"

"Left last night — him an' Miss Haskins both, the girls says; must 'ave eloped, I guess. Quite a storm we had last night. Must 'ave struck some barn out towards Pennsville; I saw a big light over that way, 'long 'bout midnight."

The old gentleman would have rattled on, but the sheriff and his men wheeled their horses and galloped away.

"Wonder what in the world he wants with Raymond," the farmer muttered, as he watched them out of sight. "An' where is that feller an' Miss Haskins? Williams 'peared to be in an awful hurry; couldn't even stop to be sociable. I'm afeared there's trouble in the wind; I don't like the looks of things."

He little suspected how serious the trouble was.

Sheriff Williams lost no time in making his way to the appointed place of meeting on Douda Run; and on his arrival, he showed himself worthy of the office he held by prompt and intelligent action. He dispatched one of the deputies for a physician and a carriage and turned his attention to Miss Haskins and her unconscious charge, doing all he could to make them comfortable. Nor did he leave them until they were again safely installed at the Cassel farmhouse. He performed his part with an ornate show of officiousness, to be sure — but he performed it well.

For the next twelve hours he busied himself in sending telegrams, in an effort to intercept the fleeing criminals and to apprise the authorities at Washington of what had occurred.

Within twenty-four hours Kennard was on the scene, just in time to receive word from Marietta that Crogan and Stoneman were in jail there. He went down, identified the two as old offenders and arranged for their safe-detention until they could be brought to trial. On his return, he joined Miss Haskins in her effort to nurse Raymond back to life and health.

Raymond's illness was a tedious one. For days he lay unconscious, tossing and moaning, whispering and babbling.

Through it all Miss Haskins was his devoted attendant. When he was again conscious and on the road to recovery, he sent Kennard back to Pittsburg, to arrange for the trial of Gimp and his confederates. Crogan and Stoneman received life sentences for the murder of Fogle. Gimp served a long term, and came out a broken and ruined man.

Kennard gone, the whole care of Raymond was upon Miss Haskins; and she was thankful to have it so — and perfectly happy. They talked over the past and made plans for the future. She told him how Gimp had persuaded her to aid in "shoving" the spurious coin, how he had threatened her with disgrace and punishment to keep her at it, and how she had given up all hope of escape. Of course he knew all this, already; but it was sweet to have her tell him. On his part, he told her how he had gained his first clue and how he had followed it, step by step. Then he said:

"You passed that coin in the bookstore at Zanesville, the day I arrived in the city; but you didn't come down on the train that night."

"No; I came down on the boat."

"You went up on the morning train?"

"Yes."

"How was it the conductor knew nothing of you, and the salesman at the bookstore described you as wearing glasses?"

"I'll answer your questions this once," she said, her voice vibrant with emotion. "then let's drop the subject forever; it hurts me to think about it. I concealed my dress, while on the train, under a linen ulster; and I put on glasses after reaching the city."

Both were silent for some moments. At last she asked falteringly: "Are you sure I won't be arrested — or won't have to appear as witness against the others?"

"Quite sure," he replied, smiling; "that's all been arranged."

Another silence. Then he whispered huskily:

"Myra, tell me how you happened to come to my rescue."

"I don't know; I felt you were in danger — and I couldn't rest. I descended the stairs, met Frank Cassel and asked him

about you. At first he claimed ignorance; but I pleaded so earnestly that at last he told me where you had gone, he thought. Then I followed you, without stopping to ask myself what I meant to do — what I *could* do. Oh, I can't bear to think of that awful night!"

A longer silence.

"A penny for your thoughts, Claude," she whispered.

"For once they're worth it," he laughed.

"Well, tell me. What are you thinking of?"

"What — will — *Travis* — say?"

"That you've found a counterfeit coin," she replied, with a happy laugh.

(THE END.)



The Democratic Opportunity

By Hon. Charles P. Salen

The author of the present article will be recognized at once as a Democrat of more than State reputation, whose association with the leading spirits of the party, devotion to its principles and long experience in the practical details of politics surely entitle his views of the present situation to earnest consideration by the voters of all parties. In this discussion of men and measures Mr. Salen deals in particular with political conditions in Ohio and the opportunity, if any exists, for Democratic victory in the Buckeye State; but his conclusions also have National significance, since Ohio this year, as so often in the past, is conspicuously in the broadest field of politics.



AS the Democratic party of Ohio a chance to win in 1908? It won in 1905, and the Republican who is now serving as governor is such only because of the death of the Democrat who was elected. That victory, the politicians tell us, was due to the conditions regarding the candidacy of Mr. Pattison's opponent. But if the conditions that existed within the Republican party in 1905 were sufficient to encompass its defeat, do not the recent and present turmoil offer a more pronounced cause for an overthrow far more overwhelming than that of three years ago? For there is a president to be elected this year, and Ohio may turn the balance. There is an entire State government to be elected, including a Legislature, and the Legislature in turn will choose a United States senator. Every congressional district will select a representative. Finally, the term of every county officer in the State will expire.

The political game in Ohio is, therefore, a big one this leap-year. Defeat means more, far more, than it ever before has meant to the Republican organization. Success means greater glory and bigger reward than the men at the helm of the Democratic party in Ohio have ever dared to dream of, and to the masses it means the achievement of the issues for which they have struggled in the years gone by.

Does the possibility of Democratic vic-

tory exist? Surely, everywhere within the Republican party are the evidences of dismemberment. Its national policy of protecting those who furnished the enormous campaign funds, who had the shaping of its administrations, has been ruthlessly disfigured, and there has been presented the spectacle of a Republican president adopting the policies of a Bryan! There is an old German expression: "Entweder-oder?" accompanying the picture of a Hussar giving a Frenchman the choice of a bayonet or surrender. So the powers that we look to for our panics will give their former proteges the choice. No surrender — no funds, no industrial demonstrations — nay, the guns of the latter may even be turned against them. But we are told that any such man who has the endorsement of Roosevelt can command the support of the people — that it is only necessary for him to polarize a candidate to draw the votes. The financial power, which has worked such wonders in the past, is henceforth not even to be considered. And yet Theodore Burton, himself a strong quantity, ran for mayor of Cleveland against Tom Johnson at the solicitation and with the "O. K." of Mr. Roosevelt, and was crushed beneath an avalanche of votes which the magnet failed to attract.

Here in Ohio the dismemberment has reached the acute stage. When you have a plain cold, the doctor calls once a day. When it develops into pneumonia, he calls

three times. When it looks as if you were a "gone," he stays all day. The Republican organization in Ohio is in such extremity that it will require the constant attention of the best practitioners until the November election. Mr. Roosevelt and Mr. Taft have no mortgage upon the essence of bravery in Republican politics. There are others, as well as they, who

situation, will it come forth strong, fresh and commanding, equipped in its leadership with men and in its issues with truths that shall win the confidence and support of the masses? This is certainly a time when the members of the party should direct their minds to a choice of men that should lead and policies that should be followed.



CHARLES P. SALEN.

Mr. Salen is Clerk of the Courts of Cuyahoga County and a Democratic Leader of Strong Personality and Long Experience.

can put up a fight to the finish — and to a finish it is surely going to be here in Ohio.

WHO SHALL LEAD?

As for the Democracy, so long pictured as the poor jackass which only brays and brays — will it be able to meet the

In American politics it is an admitted rule that the man who aspires to leadership must first have earned his spurs. It probably is so commonly accepted because, with the adventurers, jawsmiths, and bunco steerers that we have among us, it is a comparatively safe rule. Being safe, it suggests itself as a desirable one to adopt





PROGRESS OF THE STREET RAILWAY WAR IN CLEVELAND.

Mayor Johnson Personally Directing the Shifting of the Old Company's Rails, to Make Room for the "Three-fer."

at this time. The leader of the Ohio Democracy must be out in the open — writing so that all may read, speaking so that all may understand; not only presenting to the people of the State principles that appeal to them for their betterment, but presenting them in such a way that they will feel assured of their faithful execution, if the party is given a chance. And when we look over Ohio for a man who has won his spurs as a Democrat, who has been so honest with the people that they believe him, there is one figure that towers above all others — one magnetic countenance that outshines the rest — the figure and countenance of the Mayor of Cleveland.

When Tom L. Johnson campaigned for Governor in 1903, he was not understood. The people had not learned to know him as they do now. He sought to revolutionize before the people were prepared. But the agitation which he then precipitated now enables the public to ride on the railroads at two-cent fare and incidentally compels the county auditors and other

officials to pay for their rides, and has forced definite action looking to a complete reform of our system of taxation.

JOHNSON'S SEVEN YEAR STRUGGLE.

Mr. Johnson's congressional career has been forgotten in the achievements of the past seven years. In the spring of 1901, when the people of Cleveland were sore at heart over the failures of a Democratic city administration which had violated its pledges by seeking to renew the street railroad franchises, Johnson, who had spent several years recouping the fortunes lost in the establishment of the great Lorain steel plant, now one of the country's industrial wonders, plunged into the traction fight, aided in defeating the renewal, advanced the proposition that the service could be profitably rendered at 3-cent fare. accepted a nomination with that as his platform, surprisingly saved the party from the grave and was elected mayor by a plurality of over 6,000.

The street railroads claiming that 3-cent

fare was impossible, there was but one course open to prove that it was — by establishing a competing 3-cent road. in spite of their claims, they fought the new proposition in the courts by restraining orders, and, finally, as a body blow to prevent themselves from being convinced that 3-cent fare was possible, they brought the action which upset all of the municipal governments in the State of Ohio.

At that time Marcus A. Hanna was still at the helm for the corporations.

the old companies felt that the struggle was useless, he saw Johnson so manipulate the consolidation as to gain a 25 per cent. advantage over the other reputably wise financiers.

HOW THREE-CENT FARE FINALLY CAME.

It was in Johnson's second campaign that the Hanna organization wasted its greatest energies and biggest bank roll. Johnson still advocated 3-cent fare and



MAYOR JOHNSON DEBATING THE STREET RAILWAY QUESTION.

The Photograph was Taken at the Labor Day Picnic at Luna Park, Cleveland.

Hanna knew Johnson's fighting qualities. He had seen him, when Johnson came to Cleveland in the early eighties, take hold of a miserable one-car line, get a franchise to the heart of the city, and, in the face of injunctions and police, himself climb a ladder and connect the wires which enabled him to carry passengers from one end of the city to the other for a single fare. He himself was forced by Johnson's enterprise to join his West Side lines with certain ones on the East Side, and, when

defeated Harvey Goulder for mayor by 6,000. In 1905 the Republicans nominated W. H. Boyd, a fluent talker and tireless campaigner. Now a 3-cent line was partially in operation. The issue was stronger than ever, and Johnson won by over 12,000. Then came the crisis in the street railroad situation. The injunction on Fulton street was released. The old company had one track on the street. Johnson put a gang of 400 men at shifting it to one side and laying a track for the

low-fare line, and personally superintended the job. After another flood of injunctions it was completed, and finally three-cent cars reached the east end of the viaduct. Having no trolley wires on Superior avenue, as a temporary expedient to reach the Public Square, loaded ash wagons were stationed in the street to support poles and cross-arms to carry the wires, and the steel rails were laid on top of the pavement. Finally, step by step, the cars reached up Euclid avenue and tapped Central avenue, on which the old franchise had expired and the company had taken up its tracks.

Then other franchises were granted to the "threefer," as it is commonly called, and the most serious question of all arose — the financing of an enterprise which was to assume such gigantic proportions. A popular subscription of stock was advertised. Mr. Johnson termed the enterprise the "People's Savings Bank." Six per cent. interest was guaranteed. People turned in their bank books and received certificates of stock, and for weeks the money came pouring in at the rate of \$30,000 per day, and this, too, in the very heart of the money stringency. There no longer remained any doubt as to the possibility of financing a 3-cent street railroad, and this buried the last hope and destroyed the last argument of its opponents.

The old company was then willing to negotiate for a settlement. It appointed a minister plenipotentiary. Mr. Johnson advanced the holding plan as the only basis of settlement — a company to take over all the traction lines of Cleveland, operate them at a profit of not more than six per cent. to the stockholders, and turn the balance into lower fares and betterment. As soon as this plan prevails, all the people of Cleveland will be riding on 3-cent fare.

A LEADER WHO WON HIS SPURS.

When the Republicans cast about for a candidate with whom to defeat Johnson in 1907, some one at the last moment thought of Congressman Burton. The prospect of a triumph which would make him a National hero and a State leader induced the valiant Burton to exclaim, "*Jacta est alea*,"

when the convention was held. Then came the labelling of the "O. K." by Roosevelt and Taft and then — the election, in which Johnson snowed Burton under by 9,300 and elected twenty-six out of thirty-two councilmen.

Unlike Brand Whitlock, the brilliant, lovable Mayor of Toledo, who was twice elected as an Independent and, if identified with any party, is a Socialist, Mr. Johnson has not only been the nominee of



MAYOR JOHNSON AT HIS BOOTH ON ELECTION DAY.

the Democratic party but has been a Democrat in office. His enemies always refer to his administration as "the Democratic machine." While he has appointed Republicans and Socialists to office and nominated them upon his tickets, they have invariably become identified with the Democratic organization. He is utterly tireless as a worker and a fighter and yet, at any opportune moment when the resolution seizes him, can go sound asleep, whether reclining, sitting, or standing. He knows neither surrender nor compromise. His command of resource is so extraordinary

that he can turn almost any situation to his advantage.

He can debate with a crowd better than can any public man in America, and at his meetings he always invites questions and



THE STRUGGLE TO BRING 3-CENT CARS TO CLEVELAND'S CENTER: ASH WAGONS USED AS TROLLEY POLE SUPPORTS AND RAILS LAID ON TOP OF THE PAVEMENT.

'interruptions, and the saucier they come the better he likes them. Whenever the occasion calls for it he takes "long chances," from which the ordinary man would shrink. Were he a gambler (and Cleveland is the one large city of the Union in which public gambling is utterly suppressed) he would be known from one end of the land to the other as a "plunger." In party matters he at times appears overbearing and despotic, and he insists upon his commands being obeyed and will generally try to crush the man who dares to dispute him. But these qualities, which would cause revolt and detestation among most men, are passively accepted from him because his aim is generally in the direction of the common good. Who, then, among the Democrats of Ohio has earned his spurs better than Tom L. Johnson, who converted its largest city from a Republican into a Democratic stronghold, fighting one great battle against tremendous discouragements for seven long years, and finally establishing a truth which every city in the Union must heed?

WHO FOR GOVERNOR?

When Pattison was nominated for governor in 1905, the only other man who was

seriously considered was John C. Welty, of Canton. At that time Mr. Welty's qualifications as a campaigner and leader were little known outside of his home. To be sure, he had three times been elected city solicitor of Canton and twice prosecuting attorney of Stark County, and he had been a prominent figure in the State gatherings of the Democracy; but the average man who took part in that nomination of a governor somehow felt that Mr. Welty's measure had never been properly taken.

Since then it has been taken. In 1906, during Mr. Welty's absence from home, the Democrats of the 18th district nominated him for Congress against James Kennedy, who two years before had been elected by a plurality of over 20,000. When Mr. Welty found that he was the nominee, he did not shrink from the hopeless task. He invaded every section of the district. Gifted by nature with an impressive and magnetic presence, tall, erect, and manly, with black hair, piercing eyes and an expression of perfect frankness, and with a power of oratory that was bound to fix his argument in the minds of his hearers, he won to his support not only the Democrats but a large percentage of the Republicans in his district.

The labor organizations rallied to his support and took an active part in the campaign. The rural sections gave him



MAYOR JOHNSON AS MOTORMAN: FIRST TRIP OF A 3-CENT CAR IN CLEVELAND.

tremendous gains. In Stark County the Republican majority was over 3,000, but Welty carried the county by over 300. In Mahoning county, the home of his opponent, the Republicans carried the general

ticket by 3,000, but Welty lost by only 700. In Columbiana County Welty reduced a majority of over 4,500 to less than 1,500. While the Republicans carried the general ticket in the district by 12,000, Welty lost by only 1,700.

As an attorney, too, Mr. Welty has earned a State reputation, both as a gen-

in the business affairs of Canton and is president of the Diebold Safe and Lock Company. In religion he is identified with the Episcopal church and has been a vestryman for over twenty years.

These details in Mr. Welty's career are given because the average Democrat feels an interest in the man who is regarded



JUDSON HARMON.

Prominent Before the People as an Ohio Candidate for the Democratic Nomination for President.

eral practitioner and in directing several celebrated criminal cases. Possibly the one which attracted most attention was his defense of Mrs. Anna George, charged with the killing of George Saxton, brother-in-law of President McKinley, resulting after a most sensational trial in a verdict of acquittal. Mr. Welty is also prominent

by many good judges as the most promising nominee for Governor in 1908. There is no gainsaying the fact that throughout the State, when we hear Democratic prospects talked of, "Welty for Governor" is one proposition met with as often as any other.

And then there is "Big Jim" Williams,

Lieutenant Governor, gentle in manner, though a giant in stature, with a heart and with an intellect as big as his physique, with a knowledge of constitutional law that peculiarly fits him to serve the State. There are many who think that a promotion is due him and that his nomination

ly campaigning for the control of the Ohio delegation in the National convention. Of course, the influence which the genius of W. J. Bryan has exerted upon the Democratic masses may render all other candidacies useless. But among those of us who had the courage to take an open part



JOHN C. WELTY,

Prominent Candidate for Democratic Gubernatorial Honors.

for governor would command the confidence and respect of the voters.

AN OHIOAN FOR PRESIDENT.

Democratic interest in Ohio extends even farther than the questions of leadership in State nominations. With the prospect of an Ohio Democrat becoming a promising candidate for the presidential nomination, there is likely to be some live-

ly in the brave, tempestuous struggle of 1896 there is constantly arising the question: "Hasn't the power of Bryan waned? Hasn't the halo vanished from the 'crown of thorns' and the 'cross of gold'?"

As a defender of popular rights, as an advocate of all that is good in public and private life, as a moulder of the public conscience, as a seer into the Republic's future needs, to us Bryan is still supreme.

Roosevelt alone may divide with him the complete, unshakeable faith of the masses.

But can he as the nominee win? Aren't his issues — the great living truths of the real Democracy — more likely to be victorious with another nominee, who will stand squarely on them but will not arouse

If through the queer workings of Fate it should come to pass that Taft and Harmon should be the opposing nominees for president, the country would choose between two men both born in Hamilton County, both having obtained distinction as judges of the Superior Court of Cincin-



HARVEY C. GARBET,

Chairman of the Democratic State Executive Committee and Former Congressman, Who Led the Victorious Pattison Campaign of 1906.

the insane dread which the name of Bryan seems to engender in many minds? It is from this reasoning that there arises the suggestion of other men, most prominent among whom at present are Governor Johnson, of Minnesota, and Judson Harmon, of Cincinnati.

nati, and both having served as members of the president's cabinet, Harmon under Cleveland and Taft under Roosevelt.

The simplicity which graces greatness is most marked in Mr. Harmon's personality. Plain in speech, simple in dress, frank in all he does, he is a perfect type of

Democrat. In his profession there are few that outrank him, and in statesmanship his is the type that cannot be corroded by the commercialism of our period. While shrinking from any appearance of conspicuousness, Judge Harmon has ever been regular in Democratic politics, and there have been few great assemblages of his party in Cincinnati in which he has not presided or taken a prominent part.

The nomination of Harmon would



JAMES M. WILLIAMS,

President of the Senate and Acting Lieutenant Governor of Ohio, Who is in Line of Promotion.

squarely meet the trust question. To him directly is traceable the movement to eliminate the evils of rebates and special advantages enjoyed by the big combinations. It was while serving as attorney general in President Cleveland's cabinet that Mr. Harmon instituted the proceedings against the Missouri Freight Association in which the Sherman Anti-Trust Act was first applied to the railroad pools. This he followed with the cases against the Freight Traffic Association and the Pipe Trust.

HOW THE BIG STICK BECAME A BOOMERANG.

When, in February, 1905, the Interstate Commerce Commission charged the Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fe Railway Company with unlawful practices in the transportation of coal and mine supplies, Attorney General Moody retained Judge Harmon to recommend and institute such legal proceedings as the case justified. Thus there developed the celebrated "Santa Fe Case." Mr. Harmon, after investigation, recommended the arraignment of all of the principal officers and agents of the company. The following paragraph in his report at once established the policy which has since been followed in dealing with the "big criminals":

"What has been said is peculiarly true of the great corporations of our day. They can not be imprisoned, and punishment by fine is not only inadequate but reaches the real culprits only lightly, if at all. The evils with which we are now confronted are corporate in name, but individual in fact. Guilt is always personal. So long as officials can hide behind their corporations, no remedy can be effective. When the Government searches out the guilty men and makes corporate wrongdoing mean personal punishment and dishonor, the laws will be obeyed."

But it so happened that Paul Morton, Secretary of the Navy, had been the traffic head of the Santa Fe during the period in which the offences were committed. Surely it would not do to allow a member of his own cabinet to be convicted of crimes against the Federal law. So President Roosevelt personally stepped in, took the stand that there "was not a shred of evidence" to warrant the proceeding, and advised the Attorney General to go slow. Soon the "Santa Fe Case" became a public scandal. Paul Morton resigned as Secretary of the Navy, with the congratulations and best wishes of the President, and the incident was closed. But since that day, when the lion's tail was twisted, President Roosevelt has not for a moment let up on "corporate wrongdoing."

Judge Harmon's record peculiarly fits him for the campaign of 1908, and under present conditions he would very likely carry Ohio, Indiana, and New York against Taft. Surely there is more sub-

stance than "favorite son" flattery in the consideration of Judson Harmon as a presidential potentiality.

THE MAKING OF A SENATOR.

With the bright probability of electing a clear majority in the next General Assembly, the Democrats have the chance to set the precedent in this State for the nomination of a United States senator by popular vote — not through the narrow dictation of a convention, but by giving every voter an opportunity to express his choice. The state convention can provide for such a vote being taken at the November election, either through the regular election machinery, if the law can be made to meet the case, or by the appointment in each precinct by the county committees of a supervisor to receive the vote and certify it to the committee. The State organization should print and furnish the ballots, containing the names of all persons aspiring to the senatorship and filed under certain provisions. The result should be binding upon the Democratic members elected to the Assembly. This plan will not only give every man, rich or poor, a chance for the honor, but it will avoid the scandal of a senatorial campaign in the Legislature, and will arouse such interest that it will prove the final incentive to draw every sluggish Democratic voter to the polls in the November election.

THE ORGANIZATION.

And, as to the management of the Democratic campaign, the mysterious "organization" of great accomplishments, its personnel must rest with those whom the convention chooses to lead its struggles. Harvey C. Garber, the solemn-eyed, planning, methodic product of the Fourth district, saw his hopes of years realized when he named and managed the election of the unfortunate Governor Pattison in 1905. His conduct of that campaign won him an enduring place in the admiration of the Ohio Democracy. Mr. Garber can afford to rest upon his laurels and dream of the days when he inspired dismay in the enemy's camp, with not enough money in the drawer to fire a shot or buy a postage stamp.

In spite of its poverty and its many

vicissitudes, the Democratic party in Ohio has been a mighty healthy minority, forcing the enactment of laws and the adoption of policies that will endure in history. And now, in 1908, it proposes to dispute the State in the election of a president, a governor, a Congress, a Legislature and more than a thousand county officials. With the spread of independence among Ohio's voters, whom party prejudice no longer blinds against the issues, Democratic victory is surely within the possibilities.

ADDENDA AS TO THE GOVERNOR.

Since the writing of the foregoing and the visit of Hon. W. J. Bryan at Columbus, there has been a general awakening within the Ohio Democracy, with the result that the mention for the governorship is no longer confined to one or two individuals. The indications now are that there will be a large field to select from and that the choice is very likely to go to the candidate who, according to the judgment of the delegates, is best fitted to espouse the great issues to which the party will be pledged. Among those most mentioned, in addition to Messrs. Welty and Williams, are:

Atlee Pomerene, an enthusiastic supporter of tax reform and of the referendum, who hails from Mr. Welty's own county;

Gen. Oliver H. Hughes, Adjutant General under Governor Pattison and a close friend of the latter;

Gen. Isaac R. Sherwood, congressman from the Toledo district and one of the best known men in Ohio;

John L. Zimmerman of Springfield, whose qualifications are known far and wide, and who is highly esteemed among the Democrats of the State;

Abraham W. Patrick—"Uncle Abe"—of old Tuscarawas, one of the most lovable characters and best known men in the State Democracy.

Judge Benjamin F. McCann of Dayton, who, if he decides to enter, will have a most enthusiastic following.

There is also a possibility that sentiment may so crystallize in favor of Tom L. Johnson as to once more make him the nominee, whether he will or not.

THE WRITER.

Under Which God?

A Mexican Fancy

BY WEBSTER P. HUNTINGTON



AIR was the scene the tropic plain
Presented to the hosts of Spain,
When on their startled vision rolled,
In hues of amber and of gold,
The Aztec fields of trembling maize,
Touched by the purple in the haze,
Which, far as human eye could scan,
Bore down beyond Tenochtitlan
Upon the everlasting snow
That crowned the crests of Mexico.
Between, the city and her towers,
Her pyramids and leafy bowers,
Her broad canals, like silver thread
Weaved in a woof of green and red,
And at her feet, with ceaseless break,
The waters of Tezcuco's lake.
With greedy eyes the motley band
Drank in the beauty of the land—
A princely realm, indeed, to bring
To Romish Pope or Spanish King!

So came they with a double view,
Out of the old world into the new,
Far from the loved Castilian shore
Many an one should see no more.
Stranger mission had never been—
Hosts of piety and of sin,
Drawn from the cloister and the camp,—
The hooded monk and armored scamp—
The victim of the robber knight
The priest should make a proselyte.
Come tempest, cold, starvation, flood,
Though streams should swell with human blood,

Though plains should tremble, cities fall
And Madness mock at Mercy's call;
Though sword should cleave and fire consume,
Though desert waste blot out the bloom
Of fairest lands beneath the sun—
Fit carnival for the Infernal One!—
The Church should have the holy gain
And all the gold belong to Spain!

“Believe or die!” the edict fell
Upon the half-dazed infidel,
Who to the loss of gods and home
Must add his bondage unto Rome.
So came they, with a curse and prayer
To utter none but they would dare;
By pious faith and avarice spurred,
To massacre and spread the Word;
To tear the heathen altars down,
To steal the heathen Emperor's crown,
To count no human life a loss
Beyond the shadow of the Cross;
To name the hours an ill-spent day,
Wherein they failed to save or slay!

To prove an object so benign
What more could be a fitting sign
Than that the King himself should kneel,
A captive to their Christian zeal?
And so in Montezuma's ear
The missionary-cavalier,
Cortez, poured all his ardent heart,
With equal show of faith and art;
And what he failed to represent
The priest put in the argument.

“Abjure thy gods, O mighty King,
“Else from their temples we shall fling
“Thy horrid idols in the dust!
“Lo, in thy hands this sacred trust

"We place: That thou shalt lead the way
"For all thy people, in the day
"Thy pledge we take forevermore
"Unto the One whom we adore.
"Steeped in the blood of thine own kin,
"Thy deities are foul with sin;
"Their music is the awful cries
"Of victims of the sacrifice,
"And for each gory heathen rite
"They send thee only death and blight.
"For these we give thee life and hope—
"In darkness nevermore to grope—
"For thy gods, our God—mystery
"Of blessed Holy Trinity;
"The Father since the world began—
"Creator, yet the son, of Man!
"His law is love, His service peace,
"Wherein the soul finds sweet release
"From all the fetters of the mind
"Forged by the gods that make thee blind;
"And by this sign thou mayest know
"How we, his people, love Him so:
"That, as ye would receive from me
"So shall I render unto thee.
"If thou but turnest to repent,
"Behold the holy sacrament!
"Thy well-deserved and rich reward
"All that the earth can e'er afford;
"Honors and glory, wealth, renown,
"The sceptre and the royal crown,
"And generations yet to bless
"Thee, source of all their happiness.
"Refuse, and better for this land
"That ev'ry native's treacherous hand
"Should stretch forth for the priestly knife
"To turn on thee; and thy poor life
"Be last to slake the altar's thirst,
"Since thou and thine come so accurst.
"God over all gods be thy guide—
"Under which one wilt thou abide?"

So spake Cortez. And those who heard
Quaked for the monarch's answering word;
Beheld him, sore perplexed but proud,
And marked upon his brow a cloud,
Which, fall'n on such a king as he,
Betrayed his dire extremity.
But whether—token of his pride—
It fear, or wrath or pain implied,
The shadow passed to come no more:
The Man again was Emperor.

"I know, Malinche,"* he replied,
"Thou art from God. Not Chance's tide
"Nor idle whim of luckless Fate,
"That might on lesser fortunes wait,
"Hath brought thee to the Aztec shores.
"Straight as the tireless eagle soars
"O'er mountain, flood and lowly dale,
"Braving the face of icy gale
"Or floating careless of the sun,
"Thou and thy hosts thy course have run
"From where the deep, mysterious sea
"Gave thee to Immortality.
"I know thou art from God—and these,
"Thy followers. The very breeze
"That wafted thee whence none can tell
"Is thine to summon and compel,
"And when fierce passion flames thy soul
"The lightnings flash, the thunders roll.
"I know thou art from God. And yet
"Shall Montezuma's soul forget
"The gods his ancient fathers knew?
"Shall I be false, while they be true?
"Thou speakest wonders to my heart
"That ne'er before had counterpart.
"Thy law is Love—thus sayest thou—
"But for my love ye take no vow,
"If any tender tie remain
"To call me to my own again,

* A name popularly applied to Cortez by the Indians.

“When falls the dark and fateful day
“Wherein my people I betray.
“Peace be the service of thy Lord,
“Yet bear ye hither spear and sword
“And all the trappings e’er before
“Have been the sign and seal of war.”

The Aztec paused, but not to note
The blanching cheeks his words had smote.
Beseechingly, half-bowed he stood,
More grief than anger in his mood.
Eyes on his chief in stern appeal,
Hands quick to draw his glist’ning steel,
Each Spaniard blessed his patron saint
And cursed his soldierly constraint.

Again the King: “Born to command,
“I know no master in this land.
“Here are my people—happy, free,
“Daughters and Sons of Destiny.
“Content to know the simple ways
“Of useful toil, their peaceful days
“Pass cloudless ’neath our blessed sun,
“That smileth on each work well done.
“Behold the wonders we have wrought—
“Our priceless treasure, dearly bought,
“Our palaces and homes, our fields
“And all their ample richness yields.
“Here dwelt our fathers, here they died;
“Hence sped their spirits on the tide
“That mounteth where none may pursue,
“Beyond the far empyrean blue.
“Here are our sacred altars reared
“Unto the God whom we have feared;
“Here are our loves, our hopes, our fate—
“None other comes but comes too late!
“And as for thee and all of thine,
“Make common cause with me and mine;

"Fold thy white wings upon the wave,
 "Here make thy home, thy bed, thy grave;
 "But nevermore invoke a flame
 "To kindle Aztec cheeks with shame!
 "Our God, our worship is our own—
 "The stranger's, his, and his alone.
 "Thus peace and mercy unto thee—
 "My throne, my people—God—for me!"

* * * *

Zeal of conscience, greed of gain,
 What error at thy door has lain!
 How the good Earth has writhed and groaned,
 When Bigotry has been enthroned!
 What bleeding hearts, what countless tears,
 What wounds, what waste in all the years,
 For lack of human sympathy,
 And saving grace of charity!

As Passion and Religion go,
 So it befell in Mexico,
 While Spain, bold in her proudest age,
 Gave history its darkest page.
 So came the tempest and the flood,
 So streams ran red with human blood;
 Though plains should tremble, cities fall
 And Madness mock at Mercy's call,
 What if sword cleave and fire consume,
 What if the desert steal the bloom
 Of fairest lands beneath the sun—
 Fit carnival for the Infernal One!—
 The Church received the holy gain,
 And all the gold belonged to Spain!

Under which God? *Seek ye the ways*
Of kindness, and the evil days
Come not—not even to the shrine
Of him whose faith is not as thine.



LEWIS BOOKWALTER.

College and Community

By the Rev. Lewis Bookwalter, D. D., LL. D.

President of Otterbein University



IN the wording of this theme there is recognition of the close relation existing between a college or university and its home community and adjacent regions. (A part of its mission, at least, is "service to the community.")

In fact, to this one feature of its work is our attention called, and the definite thought suggested is that the college may fail to appreciate fully the importance of its relation to the community and so fail to perform for it that service which naturally is due. So we as college men,

as educators, are to ask ourselves whether we cannot and should not make the college count more in the life of the community and the surrounding districts. We are to suggest, discuss and devise methods by which our colleges may be made to mean more to more people near about them.

This subject is an eminently practical one and as important as practical. Whether its importance has been generally recognized may be doubted. Rather, in planning for the extending of the influence and the increasing of the attendance of our colleges, educators have been inclined, I think, to look away from and beyond the near-by regions, esteeming patronage from a distance, perhaps, more highly than patronage at home. And, likewise, the question of how the college might be made a strong moulding force in the community — an intellectual, social and moral inspiration to citizens — it will be confessed has not been receiving studied attention. In short, the work of the college has not generally been viewed from the standpoint of the community in the light suggested by my subject.

Soon after having consented to prepare this paper, I decided that I must learn for my own information, and perhaps that of others, in how far our colleges and universities really are community interests. For this purpose I wrote to the presidents of fifteen institutions represented in the Ohio College Association, for answers to the following inquiries, the information to be gotten from last year's catalog:

1. What percentage of the entire student body of your institution had as their address the town in which the college is located?

2. What percentage, including those in the college home town, resided within a radius of twenty-five miles?

3. What percentage within a radius of fifty miles?

Promptly replies were kindly sent by all. Absolute accuracy is not professed, but a near approach to the actual figures. In the class designated as residents of the college town, it must be understood are some so located only temporarily. The very largely local character of the work of our colleges and universities, as shown by the facts reported, will be at once ap-

parent. I give the report of each institution, taking them in alphabetical order:

	Percentage of students who live in the college town.	Percentage of students who live within twenty-five miles.	Percentage of students who live within fifty miles
Antioch College, Yellow Springs	40	90	95
Buchtel College, Akron	64	80	88
Denison University, Granville	15	25	30
Heidelberg University, Tiffin	47	67	70
Marietta College, Marietta	50	80	86
Miami University, Oxford	17	35	53
Mount Union College, Alliance	33½	59½	81½
Oberlin College, Oberlin	12	18	25
Ohio State University, Columbus	35	40	60
Ohio University, Athens	20	40	75
Ohio Wesleyan University, Delaware	25	30	50
Otterbein University, Westerville	20	33	40
University of Wooster, Wooster			56
Western Reserve University, Cleveland	50	55	70
Wittenberg College, Springfield	40	52	65

Throwing figures together and getting the averages, we have the following: Percentage of students in the college town, thirty; within twenty-five miles, forty-eight; within fifty miles, sixty-three. These percentages may, I think, be properly taken as representing the student body of the State of Ohio. These figures show one thing very clearly—that Ohio colleges are in fact, whether so or not in theory, largely a community and local interest. To this there are a few, and but a few, exceptions, Oberlin, Denison and Otterbein being the only cases in which less than fifty per cent. of students live within fifty miles.

It would be interesting and of value to know whether the field of influence of the college and university is becoming more local or more general. I believe it safe to conclude that as time passes and all interests, educational as well as social and commercial, become adjusted to the needs of a more perfectly and closely organized state of society, the tendency will be for each considerable community to center its educational interest upon the college or university within or near its own borders. Of course, always there will naturally gather about an institution the regard and patronage of its alumni and church constituency even at a distance, but happy the college which, along with these valuable supports, has also a strong cooperating constituency in its own immediate community and the surrounding regions.

Further, the thought a few years ago entertained by some, that the work of higher education in this country would gradually and surely be transferred from the local, so-called small, colleges to a few large institutions located at far-separated points, is proved by these figures to be, at least for Ohio, a mistaken notion; and similar statistics tell us it is equally an exploded theory in other parts. Note the follow percentages of undergraduate students in colleges elsewhere, who live within fifty miles: Columbia, New York City, eighty-five; University of Rochester, Rochester, N. Y., eighty-four; Brown, Providence, R. I., sixty-two; Harvard, Cambridge, Mass., fifty-two; Hamilton College, Clinton, N. Y., eighty-three; Colby College, Waterville, Me., fifty-eight; Coe College, Cedar Rapids, Ia., fifty-two.

The plain fact is, to repeat, by much the larger per cent. of the people who are receiving the advantage of higher education live within fifty miles, and in round numbers one-half of them within twenty-five miles of the institutions where they receive instruction; and this holds with the larger as well as the smaller institutions, with State as well as with denominational schools.

All this together suggests and quite tends to establish the general theory that, along with the thought of providing higher education, for instance for the benefit of the adherents of a religious denomination, or

for any other purpose, must be carried also the thought of providing these educational advantages for the various considerable local sections of the country. For it plainly appears that in no other way may we hope to awaken anything like a general interest in higher education or bring it within tempting distance of those even who may desire it. Notwithstanding the cheapness of travel, people will not go far to reach the college; the college that reaches the people is the college near their homes. So it does seem quite evident that our colleges and universities are practically in large measure, community interests.

Thus the subject becomes a much more important and practical one than, perhaps with most of us, it at first appeared. The most important matter with a college president and his college is to know its field, and the only thing practical is to cultivate it. Now, it is not contended that the only field of a college or university lies within a radius of fifty miles. The figures reported do not say that, but they do show, with rare exceptions, that this local, comparatively small area does constitute its chief field. Most colleges also have and should cultivate territory lying beyond, but every college sensitive to the call of duty and awake, likewise, to its highest interest, will bestow its best attention upon that field which in the very nature of things is made peculiarly its own. Indeed, service to its own community and the surrounding regions stands out before us as the prime mission of the college or university. Perhaps on the part of most college men the failure to have and carry out this conception has been one of their chief mistakes as directors of educational policies. That there are possibilities of larger service to the community on the part of the college or university is plain enough to all.

How may these possibilities be realized? In any enterprise where certain ends are to be reached the essential thing is that those concerned in these ends be thoroughly awake to their importance and inspired with the purpose to achieve them. So here; but let us once really see and feel the thing at this time before our thought, and effective methods for consummating the ends contemplated will be promptly devised. And here is a conception whose very con-

crete nature gives it strength, an aim whose wisdom and righteousness stand forth—it makes its own appeal. It is not a new thought; it has been in the brain and upon the heart of the foremost leaders and seers of higher education in our country for years.

"Why," they have been asking. "should not our colleges mean more to the districts in the midst of which they are located? Are they rendering that service to the community to which it is entitled? How may this service be enlarged?" From this thought was born the University Extension movement; also such yet more local movements as that being conducted at Brown University; also the organized efforts made by various colleges to gather into the student body a larger number of the young people of the local and near-by communities. This idea, evidently, is bound more and more to prevail, until it becomes a conviction and is crystallized into a general policy.

Because of the number and distribution of colleges and universities in Ohio, we are in position to carry, and have been carrying, the blessings of higher education to more communities and to a larger percentage of the population than perhaps is the case in any other State west of the Alleghenies. And to this fact is largely due the high standard of general intelligence in our State, and the number and prominence of Ohio men in positions both of State and National leadership.

In an address given not long ago by Dr. King, President of Oberlin College, I heard him make this very just and significant statement: "The omnipresence of the Ohio college has much to do with the omnipresence of the Ohio man. It means much to the State and to the Nation, that every Ohio man should have a college within a stone's throw of him." The question before us is, may we not make these superior advantages mean more to Ohio men, to our communities—more to the State and to the Nation? With too many Ohio men, with far too many Ohio families, it signifies too little that they are "within a stone's throw of a college." How may we make it signify more? To lift this thought and purpose above mere benevolent sentiment and give it practical efficiency, it

should be adopted as a policy of the institution. The faculty should give it specific attention, appointing a strong committee, with the president at its head, to put it into form and effect. This done, something definite and valuable will be accomplished. Each institution will, of course, adopt such plans and methods as may in its own case be deemed most wise.

The subject is in a general way outlined, but perhaps some further observations should be made. It will be noticed that while the end sought—making the college count more to the community and surrounding region—is in fact one effect, there are two elements contributing. The one aim is reached through two aims—the leading of more young people to become students, and the quickening of the intellectual life and lifting the ideals of the general public. To promote either of these is to promote the other and the general end sought. Ideal results can be reached only in working along both lines.

In the field of increasing the number of students I suggest that it is important to begin with most pupils before they reach the senior year of the high school. One of the most discouraging features of the educational work of the State is the very small percentage of our youth who graduate at the high schools. Cultivation for college must begin early, and this attention should extend to the lower grades of schools—in the villages and country and often to families and individuals—and be personal, by some representative of the college. President Hunt, of Denison University, in his letter of reply, after speaking of appreciation of large attendance from a distance, makes a strong point thus: "We are apt to overlook the territory near by which should be intensively cultivated. Some of the best things Denison has ever done have been in discovering and bringing out families of country boys near by, who have proved to be important factors in educational and church history." In its canvass for students, whatever it may or may not do in sending literature and a man to districts and public schools at a distance, a college should give full information and close personal attention to home and near-by regions, as a matter of plain duty and highest interest.

The other side of this two-fold work—the coming into more close and helpful touch with the community at large—will be regarded by no thoughtful educator as unimportant. Often there is not only an absence of that interest and cooperation between college and community which mere geographical contact naturally should produce, but even an aversion. The middle wall of partition between college and community, the antipathy between town and gown, years ago proverbial, though not nearly so prominent, has not altogether disappeared. Responsibility for this can not all be laid to the community. Whatever fault lies with us, either of theory or practice, we are all anxious should be righted. Possibly our conception of the duty of the college or university to the public has not been sufficiently clear and positive. President Faunce of Brown University in a communication writes: "I am in heartiest sympathy with every endeavor to bring the university into a larger service for the immediate community. The modern university exists not only for the students, but for the entire community of which it is a part, and for the state at large."

As to plans and methods for the promotion of this work, each college can, of course, through its committee, provide most wisely for itself. Possibly the university extension idea could be followed in some form. However, the original conception has not seemed practicable with most colleges, perhaps more so with a few universities. Perhaps the policy Brown University has been carrying out could with good results be adopted by some colleges. That policy, it will be remembered, is to encourage adults in the community to come into regular courses, to take the regular work and have a certificate of courses completed. Respecting the success of Brown's plan I am not informed.

In various ways, natural and readily carried out, can the college serve the community. It can cooperate in providing a high-grade citizens' and college lecture course; members of the faculty can lead in conducting popular study clubs; professors can give courses of free public lectures; college men should take a helping hand in municipal affairs; the student body

should be educated to regard themselves not as apart from, but a part of the community; the college can meet a constant local want by providing courses for teachers, another feature of the work at Brown and concerning the local popularity of which President Faunce also speaks; the same sort of service can be rendered through the summer school; the college could grant the privileges of its library and gymnasium on the same terms to citizens as to students; it can so conduct its great annual occasions that the populace will gladly join in their celebration—for instance, asking citizens both to attend the exercises and to decorate their homes and places of business with the National colors, on the opening and closing days of the college year. The president and faculty could give a general reception during commencement week.

Whatever we may unselfishly and intelligently do in the interest of the people will evoke in response their interest in us and our work. Perhaps some of us need a new baptism of the real spirit of our work—the baptism of the love and service of humanity. It is heart that draws and conquers, a heart interest that leads the college man out in his sympathies and sends him forth into beneficent intercourse with men. A modern successful college professor can be no recluse. This spirit of the open heart and open hand pervading a college, both its faculty and its students, is bound to make itself felt all about.

There is concentrated at a college a life, intellectual, social and moral, which in its intensity and power of self-diffusion is unequalled. But give it free and well directed channels of outflow and it will vitalize the atmosphere all about it with its own life. This influence which a college has in quickening the intellectual life and elevating the ideals of a community is silent but powerful, and persists and grows through the generations.

Contrast the intellectual standard of a college community with that of other communities not thus favored. The case of Marietta, the seat of Marietta College, as put by President Perry in his recent letter, is in point. He says: "With a population of fifteen thousand, we have a high school containing two hundred and twenty-five

students, and we have in our academy about seventy-five a year from town. That means that nearly three hundred children from this town are pursuing a high school course of study, a record I am sure not to be equalled in most towns, probably due to the presence here of the college. There are in Washington County nearly two-hundred men who have been students of the college, most of them having graduated. Such a body is bound to affect the character of any section."

Note the moulding power of the college upon a community under the comparatively negative, unaggressive spirit of the past, and consider what may be accomplished by developing, organizing and directing the forces at our command.

The theme I am discussing brings to attention a question than which none more important will be brought before the colleges of Ohio. At once we see its eminently practical nature. We discern in it that which bears directly upon the success of our several institutions and upon the success of the general work of higher education in the State. But its weight lies

in the fact that at the heart it is ethical. It carries with it an "ought." The evident need of the larger service proposed and our ample ability to render it, but constitute the measure of our obligation as the educators of Ohio to perform that larger service. The possibilities in the case create the responsibilities on the part of our colleges and universities. The field at its door makes and will continue to make to the ear of every college and university in the State its loudest, first appeal.

So, while as State, or denominational or special institutions we continue to give that attention to our respective clientele which we are under obligation, and constantly aim, to render, and although at some points the lines of our efforts may cross each other, let us cooperate in a general, comprehensive scheme, in which each institution shall seek especially to awaken in its own community and the surrounding regions increased interest in higher education, cultivating this field as in a sense its own assigned territory, and thus together the more efficiently reach and serve the communities of the entire State.



The Next Way to the Pacific

By Ernest Cawcroft



THE Canadians are building the next way to the Pacific. Down at the tip end of the continent Uncle Sam is working his way through the Culebra Hills to the Pacific Ocean; through and far beyond Edmonton the Canadian people are backing the construction of the most northerly route to the Great Ocean. One crosses a tropical region fifty miles and the other traverses twenty-five hundred miles of fertile agricultural empire—both to end on the shores of the Pacific. One terminates at La Boca, a place that is, where the ships of the Pacific tie up; the other seeks a terminus at Prince Rupert, a geographical point in the Northern forests of British Columbia, the site of the city that is to be.

One project is retarded by the heat, and the construction of the other is subject to the restraints of the cold weather. Both will be monuments to the constructive efficiency of the white men, who have demonstrated anew that amidst extreme heat and cold they are sturdy and reliable. Both are hundred million dollar propositions and more; each is taxing the engineering ingenuity of the age; and one, no less than the other, seeks the shores of the Pacific as the natural outlet for that boundless Caucasian energy, which desires to storm the ports of the yellow nations, to find markets for the commerce of the Occident. The next way to the Sea of Balboa will be the completed Grand Trunk Pacific; and the chronicle of the progress made in the construction of this continental project is a story involving engineering and racial activity of no small significance.

The story of the inception of and present work upon this enterprise is of double interest to American readers. The practical effort to construct another Canadian transcontinental line springs from the desire of Charles M. Hays to connect his

Atlantic terminals with the ports of the Pacific. Mr. Hays received good training as a Yankee railroad manager, and he was called from the Wabash to take complete charge of the existing Grand Trunk. From the day of his arrival the road has been operated in Canada, rather than from the staid and conservative London offices; and since that hour the tracks of the company have been tending toward the Pacific.

Coupled with the ambition of Mr. Hays, there was presented the business fact that population was and is moving into Western Canada from England and the United States faster than the present continental lines are being extended. The wagon trains of the settlers are going ahead of the steel tracks, and thousands are prepared to send down to the seaboard the natural riches of Northern Saskatchewan, Alberta and Athabasca, as soon as the freight lines are provided. Combined with personal ambition and business necessity, the Canadian people favored the construction of another transcontinental road from one coast to the other. The problem of being controlled by one transcontinental, or of controlling two or three roads by inducing competition between each, entered into the politics of the Canadian people. The proposition involved the continuance in power of the Laurier ministry, and finally the results of a given election led the Premier to announce that he favored the project now known as the Grand Trunk Pacific.

Everybody in Canada west of North Bay comes from some other place, and hence the precedents of the Old World have little weight in the settlement of public questions. A new and square deal was impending, and thousands favored the Dominion owning this transcontinental. The magnates realized that government aid was necessary to the success of an enterprise



WHEAT FIELDS OF THE SASKATCHEWAN.

This great Producing Territory is Tapped by the Grand Trunk Pacific.

of this character, and the rival needs of the people and the promoters resulted in the adoption of a compromise that will assure the construction of the steel highway on terms which will protect the interests of the future citizens of Canada, without discouraging the initiative of individualism.

Thus the people wanted the railway and the railway needed the support of the people. This mutual demand afforded the basis for the commencement of the first transcontinental railroad which smacks of governmental ownership. The grant for the extension of the Grand Trunk Pacificward is patterned after the New York Subway franchise, in that the Dominion may become the owner by exercising its option after a given period of years. Here, then, commenced the first case of governmental ownership upon continental proportions. Of course, the maps for the new line contemplate the utilization of the portion of the Grand Trunk which is the key to the Atlantic seaboard. Reaching an agreement upon that proposition, it was then necessary to compromise the conflicting demands of the people and the capitalists. The lat-

ter expected that the railroad would be given a land subsidy such as was granted the Canadian Pacific, while the people thought that the Dominion might as well build the new road as to give away the remainder of the public domain in order to encourage its construction.

The Laurier ministry hit upon a happy solution of these difficulties. The Canadian Government is to build the line from Moncton, New Brunswick, by way of Lake Abitibi through Northern Quebec to Winnipeg, the coming center of three and perhaps four transcontinental lines. When the Government finishes its constructive work that portion of the project is to be leased to the Grand Trunk Pacific Company for fifty years in consideration of the payment of three per cent. upon the total constructive cost during the final forty-three years of the fifty-year period. The company is also entitled to the first option for a renewal of that lease, unless the Government decides to operate the road at the expiration of the fifty-year period. From Winnipeg through Edmonton and the Peace River country to the coast the Grand Trunk Pa-

cific Company is to construct the railway. Between Winnipeg and Edmonton, on the prairie section, the Government guarantees the bonds of the road to the extent of thirteen thousand dollars a mile; while from Alberta's capital through the mountain region to Prince Rupert the guarantee is to be to the extent of thirty thousand dollars a mile.

In consideration of this guarantee, the

project, and it protects the people from the bartering of their rights in perpetuity. By vesting actual ownership of the first fifteen hundred miles in the Government and the taking of an option to assume title to the remainder when the lease of the Grand Trunk Pacific to the former expires, the Dominion is placed in a position to keep step with the demands of the whole people relative to railroad regulation. Cer-



PRINCE RUPERT SHORE,
Where the Grand Trunk Pacific Ends.

Government not only has the first mortgage upon the entire property northwest of Winnipeg, but it is privileged to take over the properties of the company at constructive cost at the same time that it decides to exercise the option to assume the actual management of the strip between Moncton and Winnipeg. This arrangement in effect balances the contending forces of public and private ownership; it affords the credit desired by the promoters of the

tainly, this is a masterly achievement in railroad finance and one whose wisdom will be increasingly evident with the passing of the years.

The construction of the governmental and quasi-private strips has been placed under the control of a special commission. The Government was not willing to leave to exclusive private supervision the building of a road whose bonds it had guaranteed and whose constructive cost is to be

the pre-determined purchase price during the years of the future. The project appealed to the patriotic sentiments of the Canadian people, as well as to many adventuresome Americans. The grim, deter-

trail between the two coasts. Two years ago these thousand hardy, venturesome, skilled youngsters were divided into working parties and bidden to enter the Western wilderness. Accompanied by wagons,



GRADING ON LAKE SUPERIOR BRANCH.

mined Lumsden was appointed Chief Engineer, and his appeal for a thousand young men to make the preliminary surveys met with a ready response on both sides of the international line.

These young men were to mark the steel

cooks, tents, supplies, canoes and instruments, the youngsters entered the wilderness, prepared for a stay of two years. During a tour of Canada the writer met a party of young surveyors who were returning to their work in the region north

of Edmonton. Wholesome lads they were, and as they talked of the country known but to the Hudson Bay trapper and the fortress missionaries of an earlier day, their story seemed to possess that vividness which comes from personal contact only. During this interval of more than two years, during the course of three summers, with eighteen-hour days, and two winters of clear, snappy cold, these parties of young men have trod and retrod every inch of ground between Moncton and the saw mill that marks the site of the coming depot of the Grand Trunk Pacific at Prince Rupert.

They have forded streams when the spring freshet threatened their lives; they have walked on thin ice over the mighty rivers of the North; they have followed their Indian guides as it was necessary to portage their canoes and supplies cross-country; they have been compelled to blaze their way through dense forests with the same confidence as possessed the Cuban army when cutting a path through the tropical jungle. No home but a tent in the wilderness, and no postoffice but the oncoming fleet native rider, these men have been a law unto themselves, the blazers of the next way to the Pacific. Out of the thousand who volunteered to brave the wilderness over two years ago, some have lost their lives through the overturning of their canoes in rivers whose turbulency was unknown to them; others have starved in the wilderness three hundred miles from the nearest postoffice, after having failed to maintain their connections with the trains of supply sleds; while among some parties there have been worthy individuals to whom the task of braving the rigors of the wilderness proved to be too severe. They have succumbed like the many other explorers who have prepared the way for the advance of civilization. It is one thing to connect existing towns with an assured business upon the completion of the enterprise; but it is quite another matter to so route the road that it will connect with cities yet to be and still be a success from the standpoint of commercial operation.

And after two years of effort, just what have these young engineering pioneers accomplished? They have run their tape lines over the St. Lawrence River from

Quebec one hundred and fifty miles to the vicinity of the St. Maurice River, in the tree-covered wilderness known as the Province of Northern Quebec; thence on a parallel two or three hundred miles north of the Canadian Pacific and on a line south of Hudson Bay they have marked the way along the Atik River, over the plains of Manitoba, around Tunnell Lake, through Winnipeg as the wheat spout of the Northwest, rounded the mighty Saskatchewan, entered Edmonton, thence on through the region of Jasper Lake, the Peace River country, the romantic sections of Athabasca Landing, by Great Slave Lake and the Red Paint River, over the Northern Rockies and through the timbered lands of British Columbia to Prince Rupert on the shores of the Northern Pacific.

But this merest outline of the steel trail that these youngsters have marked under the direction of their division engineers is in no sense a measure of the wisdom or extent of their work. They have been platting a road which is to convert the Hudson Bay posts into commercial cities; they have been planning the way to carry the wheat of Saskatchewan, the minerals of Athabasca and the timber of British Columbia down to the ports of the Great Lakes and to the shores of the Atlantic. The problem has been to find the best route from a commercial, engineering and scenic standpoint. Thus the men have been compelled to traverse a veritable width of country apart from the twenty-five hundred miles of extended empire.

One line has been given up for another; one path has been changed to the other in order to secure a better grade; bridges have been located, tunnels have been mapped, plans have been noted on the profile for controlling menacing streams, and cities have been sited. This could not be done with the vigorous directness of a Czar Alexander, who is reputed to have drawn a straight line across the map of his domain as the route of the Siberian transcontinental. The modern railroad demands straight lines whenever possible and the greatest elimination of grades. The mapping of this route is about completed, and the success of the young men will go down in history as notable. The engineers have arranged to take this road over the

Rockies through a pass not over twenty-five hundred feet above sea level; that is, indeed, small as compared with the seventy-six hundred feet covered by the Santa Fe and the ten thousand feet of elevation traversed by the Rio Grande and Midland. There is a governmental interest in this road, and hence the railway is being constructed by the best possible methods, in the belief that it is wiser to be a longer time in doing the work than to rebuild after the commencement of traffic operations. This fall the young men from American and Canadian engineering schools went into the wilderness for the last time, and when they return the way will have been determined to a nicety.

But the engineers in charge have not been awaiting a determination as to whether the road will go this way or that through certain sections of the Dominion. No sooner had the surveying parties entered the wilderness than plans were made for assembling machinery and the millions in supplies needed in the construction of this road. Lumsden has been quite as efficient as Stevens and Goethals at Panama, and after an era of criticism it is dawning upon the Canadian public, as it has dawned upon the American, that far more progress has been made toward Prince Rupert than was anticipated, considering that the completion of the road was not promised until the year 1911.

Once the surveys were completed over a given strip of country, the actual constructive work commenced in earnest. During the interval the purchasing agents had assembled a thousand miles of rails between Portage and Winnipeg; a hundred steam shovels were in readiness between North Bay and Edmonton, to attack the grades and make the necessary cuts; hundreds of portable houses had been secured to accommodate the thousands of men of all climes who were rushed forward along the line; and with the project divided into working sections, each under the direction of an expert engineer, the progress on the roadbed had been marked from the outset.

The immense viaduct necessary in crossing the St. Lawrence is in course of construction; work has been in progress more than a year on the road between Winnipeg and the Eastern terminal; the extension

from Winnipeg westerly is nearing completion; and beyond Edmonton through the Peace River region to Prince Rupert, steam shovels, blasts, drilling machines and an army of roadbed-builders are preparing the way for the laying of the Pittsburg rails. As in the case of the Panama Canal, the men are working on an original stamping ground, and each party of workers is followed by supply trains. Little settlements here and there dot the line which two years ago was a pathless wilderness; already the settlers are pushing ahead of the steel rails, attracted by the fertility of the virgin soil; and with the coming of the tracks there will appear the civilization of easterly and southerly climes. Two thousand miles are now under contract for construction, and as the completion of one section facilitates the building of the next, because of the increasing ease with which it is possible to connect with the base of supplies, another season will witness large portions of this wheat highway being used for freight and passenger business. There will be immense freight yards and elevator arrangements at Winnipeg and Edmonton, the two cities of the New North World, for which all Canadian transcontinentals aim. Nor has the Grand Trunk Pacific neglected the strategic features of this project, as the work has progressed between the terminals of the two coasts.

It is with the latter thought in mind that branches are being built to connect with such commercial centers as Fort William. Situated at the head of Lake Superior, the rival of Duluth from the standpoint of harbor facilities, shippers have agreed with railroad magnates during the past decade that Fort William is destined to become the greatest inland port in the world. Already the junction of two railroad systems, the rails and supplies for the Grand Trunk Pacific were piled high on the shores of Superior when the writer traversed that region. Today Fort William has a series of towering elevators, and it boasts of the largest elevator in the world. There are immense docks and cranes, large railroad yards with grain cars feeding the elevators, and in turn there are hundreds of barges taking the grain from the elevators to the port cities of Canada and the United States, there to be

shipped to the industrial centers of the hungry Old World.

The Grand Trunk Pacific, in that it taps the richest and largest area of virgin wheat continent in the world, and in turn makes ready to take that grain by shortest rail haul to the lakes, where the less costly water transportation available is the determining factor in competition, possesses the key to the bread basket of the coming century. Through Edmonton and Winnipeg to Fort William there will flow a spout of wheat during the coming years such as will cause the world to marvel at the productive riches of the North Country.

And how shall we measure the effect of the completion of this third steel transcontinental line, designed to cut the Canadian Empire in twain from southeast to northwest? Do you realize that month by month the extending of this line brings another million acres of rich wheat lands into the arena of civilization's grinding flour mills? Has it occurred to you that this

road is to take thousands of settlers to their new homes in the Northwest and in turn bring back their wheat to Fort William, bound for Liverpool, to feed their friends in Yorkshire and Lancashire?

Every hundred miles of completed Grand Trunk Pacific means that some Englishmen have settled in Saskatchewan and Athabasca to raise grain to feed their relatives in the mother country. But not only is it to be the decisive factor in the development of the wheat empire, but the completed Grand Trunk Pacific will provide a four-day trip across the continent, it will greet ships whose sailing time will be one day less and five hundred miles nearer to Yokohama in Japan. But, moreover, this road crosses the continent to terminate at Prince Rupert—that city to be—the point which will bear the name of the daring Prince who by royal charter and by right of exploration secured this vast empire to the British crown and for the hungry peoples of the earth.

HOMESICK.

BY ANNICE SHAW.

Oh, sing me a song of sun-kissed hills,
 Sing of streams and daisied meadows;
 Oh, sing me a song of sun-kissed hills
 And their ever-changing shadows!
 Sing high and sweet where the waters meet
 And echoing vales the songs repeat;
 Sing low and sweet o'er the listening wheat,
 Where nodding flowers the words repeat—
 "Fairer than all is the land we call
 Home of our childhood days!"

Oh, sing me a song of sun-kissed hills;
 Sing of mirth and joy and gladness;
 Oh, sing me a song of sun-kissed hills
 With a single note of sadness;
 Sing o'er and o'er of the forest's roar
 In the blinding storm, when rains down pour;
 Sing clear and high of an azure sky,
 Where birds with sweetest trills reply—
 "Fairer than all is the land we call
 Home of our childhood days!"

SNOWBIRD

A NOVEL

By S. N. Cook

CHAPTER XX.



CAPTAIN CAMERON was waiting for them at the hotel that evening and had ordered a special dinner. When Mrs. Everett wished to go at once to her home and prepare for her guests, the Captain interposed.

"Please do not refuse, Mrs. Everett. It is ten years since our first dinner together."

When they were seated Captain Cameron occupied the head of the table and at his right was Mrs. Everett. His demeanor toward the widow of Yancey Everett was so respectful, so dignified and gentle that all present silently commended him when they saw a wistful smile flit over her face as she timidly lifted her eyes to him in mute thanks for his attention. Each one present wished that some day the mountain girl's dream of heaven might come true.

"Are you not all going to the train with us?" Arthur asked when the time drew near for them to go. Lina saw the same question in the eyes of the man who loved her.

"Perhaps we had best say good-by here."

"I'm goin' ter stay weth Arthur till the train starts," Bess said.

Their baggage had been taken to the train, and when Major and Joseph Hawley had each taken Malvina by the hand — the hand once so freckled and hard — the tears were streaming down her cheeks, for each had told her how near she was, and how in each she should find a friend and brother.

Major Hawley said: "The Captain will be here much of the time, Mrs. Everett, and you must be free to confide in him and consult him. If any trouble not now anticipated should come to you, do not fail

to let him know. We will not be far away at such a time."

When Arthur offered his hand she drew him closely to her and kissed him. "Arthur, Arthur, brother," she said, "thet's what yuh seem. It ain't good-by fer always, is it? I want yuh ter come back; an' now Bess won't keer if I kiss yuh agi'n."

No one heard Lina say good-by to her hero, as she considered him. There was a clump of bushes in the side yard and they were hidden.

The Major said to Bess as he was about to enter the Pullman, "Let me call you my little girl, too. Remember, we will make you very welcome when you come."

"My Arthur, must yuh go?" she whispered as the bell rang out and the brakes creaked.

"Sweetheart," he said.

She wore a pretty hat, which rested jauntily back on her head, instead of the white sun-bonnet she wore the day she rode with him to Lige Evans' cabin. The curious onlookers saw that the tall young man's face was hidden for a swift, sweet moment by a golden-brown mass of curls. Motionless she stood, staring at the departing train, the passionate green changing to the colder gray in the eyes that through every waking hour haunted the junior member of Hawley, Wade & Hawley.

"Come, dears." Jack said, when the train was speeding swiftly away, "come, Malvina will be a-waitin' fer us, an' we got a deal ter do terday."

Arthur had a few moments' conversation with Lina before going to the train. It was not the easiest matter in the world, for Joseph Hawley scarcely permitted her out of sight; and Bess, while she had all faith, could not forget the hours that were very dark and miserable. That was when

Arthur and Lina were often together, and she was wondering what it meant, that strange, dull ache in her heart.

Arthur might have told her what he wanted to talk to Lina about, she thought, but not a word did he tell her. She heard Lina say, however, "No, uncle would not like it; and some day, you know, it will be your right."

For a moment only there was a dash of anger in the wide, gray eyes. "Come, dear, we must go to the train now," he said.

Arthur had proposed to Lina that he help her bear the expense of the preparations necessary to fit Bess for school.

"I appreciate your kind intentions, for you wish to help your orphan sweetheart," Lina had said.

"You cannot know how eager I am to help Bess," Arthur had replied.

When Lina and Bess had returned to their mountain home, Mother Fallis and Nate were waiting for them. That evening Nate brought Nannie over. They were glad to see her, but were so quiet and sighed so wearily that Nate's sweetheart felt for the first time that she was unwelcome. Nannie knew, of course, the story of Arthur and Bess, but not that of Lina and Mr. Hawley. Nate knew, but he wished his sister to impart the secret to her friend and future sister, and so had been silent.

"I knew yuh all would be lonesome when the gentlemen went away," Nannie said, "but I reckon yuh miss 'em more than I thort. I 'low, Nate, yuh needn't bother hitchin' up. I'll walk ovah home."

"Yes, Nate can hitch up, but not to take you home." It was Lina who spoke, and in that determined manner peculiar to her in certain moods. "Nate, bring Mrs. Catlin over to stay all night. I want Nannie with me to-night, — all night, too, — and you are not to bother us much."

"I sort o' got through weth thet trouble fust in the fambly," Nate replied.

"I know," Lina answered. "You two never knew when your love story began. It may have been before you were born, for all we know."

"Oh, Lina, hev yuh a love story, too," Nannie asked.

"Yes, an' I'll go an' git yuh mother, fer Lina's dyin' ter tell yuh the story," said Nate, as he turned away.

Lina put her arms around the fair young girl and together they sought the shade of the walnut. "You know, Nannie, dear, how I have been called proud or 'stuck up,' as they say here, and how I have associated with few except yourself. I cannot help it. I was not proud, but the young people here are not of the kind that I felt he would approve of. Now I did not know who that 'he' might be, but I was certain it was some one. When Arthur Hawley came I was not sure but he might be the one — not that I ever loved him, though we were often together. I saw Bess kiss him the day he first came, and for the moment, yes, for some time, I felt angry at her. I did not understand then that it was to be. I did not then know the depths of her nature, but when I learned that Bess had saved his life, I know why she kissed him."

"But that was the day he came," Nannie said.

"I know, but it was to be, and that was why she kissed Arthur. One evening Arthur told me about his uncle, and I began to dream that he might come to me as the prince came to Cinderella and Bess. He did come, and every word he said to me I will remember, and the sweetest of all were, 'Lina, my queen, my queen!' I am to be his wife," she continued. "Think of it, I, Lina Burrell, the wife of such a man as he. I sometimes think I am dreaming even yet."

Later, when they looked for Bess, they found her in the orchard, sitting in the forks of the tree from which she had sprung into Arthur's arms. They saw that she had been crying, and they laughed at her, saying, "We won't more than get your new dresses made until you will see him again."

"Will yuh tell mother when she comes?" Nannie asked.

Lina thought Nannie might tell her mother. She was not averse to the publication of the news and there were no newspapers in the neighborhood of Pisgah: therefore, why not let the Widow Catlin into the secret.

Lina did not attend church at Pisgah that next Sunday, but Mrs. Catlin did. She came early, and so did the Peters' family.

"I low as I'm not ter tell secrets, 'case I'm sorter in the fambly 'count o' Nannie. Yuh all ain't lucky like some gyrls I know. Some air born lucky.

"What do you know, now?" asked the eldest Miss Peters.

"I reckon its somethin' about the Fallis gyrls," the fat one interrupted.

"Yaas, I reckon."

Mrs. Catlin did not care to break the news too suddenly. She led up to the subject step by step, omitting no detail as far as she knew. At last she said: "Now think of it, Lina Burrell is a-goin' ter marry a man so rich he'd hev ter throw his money into the creek ter git rid o' it. An' then he war said ter be smarter than Parson Brownlow, even."

"Land o' Goshen!" exclaimed Mrs. Peters, "she'll be more stuck up than ever."

* * *

About ten days after the departure of the Hawleys, Captain Cameron found it necessary to go to the mountains. There was a big saw mill on the Wade and Hawley property. The Captain knew he was ever welcome at Fallis', and the girls were delighted that he came. It seemed that Arthur and Mr. Hawley were nearer when the Captain was there to talk to them.

Jack accompanied him when he went to talk to Liz about the men whom she might board if she would do so. When the matter was explained, the relict informed the Captain that she did not own enough dishes to feed their men upon. "Whar will they sleep an' whar will they eat? Thur ain't room enough in yere."

"The question is, will you do the work?" asked Captain Cameron.

"I reckon I'm willin'," she answered.

"Then I will provide a dining-room and the dishes and a place for the men to sleep."

"An' what am I ter do?" she asked.

"You are expected to give the men their meals and take care of things; if you cannot, I will bring a man from the city to do the work."

"I reckon Liz an' me kin do it."

"Then I will pay you five dollars a week and the young girl three," said the Captain.

Liz and the girl talked long after their

usual bedtime about the fortune that had come to them.

"It's sort o' comfortin' thet Lige caint kem back an' git the money," said Liz.

Ten days after that there were two large tents erected in the clearing near the house, and the work on the mill rapidly progressed.

Lina and Bess expected letters from Cincinnati the day Nate went to Williamsburg, and they were not disappointed. They were both waiting at the gate when Nate returned.

"I 'low I'll put up the critter," Nate said, when they clamored for the mail. "I didn't think yuh war so foolish, Lina," said the young man, as he handed her a dainty, but well-filled envelope. Bess received a letter also, and each darted away to read their first love letters.

Arthur told Bess to hurry and come to the city; that he could not wait from May to August to see "the one little girl in the world." He told Bess that his mother was pleased to know that the girl who had saved the life of her boy was coming to go to school. She should find a home and mother in her. When Bess read this she could read no more just then. All that he said need not be told. There have been many letters that were intended to gladden one heart, and so it was with the one that Bess slowly read that afternoon.

Lina found the closely written message difficult to read. The great lawyer was not noted for the elegance of his penmanship. He urged her to be ready to marry him when she came with Bess. "We shall have a grand wedding at the home of my brother," he wrote, "and I will have all your people come — the good old grandmother and the little, flaxen-haired girl your brother loves. Gladly will I come and meet you, my beautiful one. If you prefer that we shall be married at your home, your wishes shall be a command, but I desire you to come, and while you are yet Lina Burrell, enjoy with me a few social triumphs, and then we will go whenever you wish, to England, France and Italy; or shall it be to New York and New England, or to the Pacific Coast?"

When Lina answered this letter she said they had best wait and decide this matter when she came with Bess. "Do you recall

what you said to me that evening when I told you my poor little story? It was of a king and a peasant girl. Then the king offered her a throne and she feared to lift flooded eyes to his face, but when he said, 'Lina, my queen, my queen,' she felt her heart breaking for joy, for she knew she was loved by one worthy of every honor man could bestow, and all the love her girl's heart could offer. I am waiting, my prince, for the crown—I am longing for the throne, for I'm proud, dear—I'm proud."

* * *

One of the younger of the men Captain Cameron brought to work upon the mill was a rather dissolute mechanic named Tom Sellers, of Cincinnati. He had not been long at work until the young girl, Lize, was completely infatuated with him. As there was nothing better in sight so far as female society was concerned, than this stripling of a girl whose ignorance amused him, he encouraged her affection, and when he managed to secure a team from a neighbor, he took the girl to Williamsburg, and when they returned they were intoxicated.

"So yuh run off, did yuh?" Liz said, in bitter anger; "yuh run off an' come home a shame ter all o' us."

"I reckon I know yuh, An't Lize; it would be sorter hard ter shame yuh all."

When the men had all left the vicinity of the cabin the brutal instincts of the woman arose, and she struck the girl with her clinched fist.

"What air yuh beatin' me fer? I'm no wuss nor yuh all. I reckon I know," said the girl. At the first opportunity Lize told Tom Sellers how her aunt had beaten her, and that young man went at once to the woman and told her that he was at fault in taking her away and getting her to drink.

"I 'low yuh war the fault, but she's my niece, an' I'll lick her when I please."

"If you do I'll put a mug on you that will make you look as if a nest of bumble bees had layed off a day to decorate you," he replied.

When the girl found Tom was her champion she grew so worthless and impudent she was sent home. Although her aunt would not permit her to stay about the

house, she came daily to the mill, waiting with the patience of a dog for a kind word from Tom. On the following Sunday she came again, and with Sellers strolled to Lone Creek, where Arthur and Bess had sat and where her brother had seen Arthur kiss Bess.

There was little affection in the make-up of Tom Sellers, and he cared little for the simple young thing who knew no better than to follow in the path of her mother and her aunt. When he talked of the times he had in Cincinnati, and how he might take her along with him some day, she threw herself into his arms and kissed him until he begged her to desist.

"Yuh all ain't much like Arthur Hawley." Then she told of Arthur and Bess and how she heard that Bess would marry him some day, for he had promised, and her brother had seen him kissing her right at this very place.

"Is it Arthur Hawley from Cincinnati?" Tom asked.

"I reckon he's frum thar. My a'nt said he war a son o' Major Hawley, who war awful rich," Lize said.

"I know him." Tom was saying. "He is one of the bloods there. He don't know me. The way I know him is I did some work for his father. I think I'll look up this girl Bess, myself. Anything nice enough for that young man will suit me."

"Say, Tom Sellers, yuh all an' me knows jist what we know, an' I hain't tole mother, but ef I ever find yuh talkin' ter Bess Willard I'll give yuh somethin' yuh'll carry longer than the marks thet my a'nt give me."

"Threatening me, are you? Well, you'd better go to your mother, and stay there."

"Look heyre, Tom, my pap, he war in the wah, an' he give me a long, sharp knife, an' I hid it. When yuh all try ter see Bess Willard, I'll find thet knife."

"I don't care for Bess Willard," he replied, in gentler tones, for he had heard how these mountain girls avenge their wrongs.

"Dave Wilson is a-comin' back purty soon, an' Dave he likes me. Yuh don't ever want ter git Dave riled," Lize said, presently.

"Say, Skinny, do you think these 'yaps'

here are the only ones that can shoot?" asked Tom, with a sneer.

"Dave, he kin shoot, shore enough," she answered.

"I'll tell you what I'll do with you; I'll get your aunt to let you come back; you are losing three per week," Tom said, wishing to change the subject.

* * *

It was a sultry afternoon when Bess strolled to the creek to read the letter again and sit where she and Arthur sat the day they first went to the stream together.

"The birds will sing o' him as they did before he come," she thought. She did not see the couple who sat silently looking down into the clear water, watching the fish dart hither and thither, until she came close upon them. She had never seen either of them, but knew the girl who stared sullenly at her.

"What do yuh want, Bess Willard?" Lize asked.

"I don't want yuh, anyway," was the retort, and Lize did not fail to see the look of scorn upon the face of the girl who stood staring at her.

"Sit down and be sociable," said Tom; "we are out for a stroll and stopped to rest."

"Yuh all must want ter see a fight, Tom Sellers, ef yuh ax thet thing ter set weth yuh," Lize said, angrily.

"My hands would be stained ef I touched yuh, an' it wouldn't wash off," Bess said, with her eyes flashing.

"Yuh think yuh better 'en me, but I 'low yuh ain't. Somebody seed thet Yank an' yuh a-huggin an' a-kissin' right heyre. Mebbly I know some one else he kissed," said Lize, with a sneer and a laugh.

"I sooner think he'd kiss a pisen moccasin than yuh. I'd ruther see a snake coiled ter spring on him than even sittin' near yuh. Yuh air dirt, all o' yuh kind air dirt. Ef he kissed yuh, your soul is so black it would leave a mark."

Bess turned away, and the girl, knowing that her falsehood hurt, cried again:

"Yuh ain't the only one, Bess Willard; yuh ain't no better nor me."

Bess drove the thought from her mind, but it returned to wound and grieve her loving heart. "She lies, she lies, he could

not have kissed such as that," she kept saying, and when she reached the house she began the poorly spelled but pathetic letter that made Arthur Hawley's heart ache when he read it.

"Arthur, dear," the letter read, "did yuh ever kiss thet gyrl, thet slim, long-legged dirty gyrl thet lived weth Liz Evans after Lige war killed? When I come, ef I do, I'll look first ef thar is a stane on your lips yuh cain't wash off. I'd ruther yuh all had killed me, Arthur than that. She said yuh kissed her, but yuh couldn't, no, yuh couldn't do thet, could yuh, dear? I went ter the crick terday ter set whar we did ther first time we went ter Lone Crick tergether. I found a feller thar weth thet thing, an' she tole me I war no better than she war. Ef she tells me thet agin I thnk I'll kill her. When yuh write, tell me the truth, dear. I 'low I kin bear it, but it would hurt, Arthur, yuh don't know how it would hurt. Heyre I wrote yuh I would kill thet thing; thet war wicked, I wouldn't; but I would ruther be in a grave, alone, ovah at Pisgah, than know thet yuh did."

CHAPTER XXI.

During the month of August there was more or less suppressed excitement at Jack Fallis'. A fashionable seamstress from Knoxville had been sent for, and her creations for Bess stirred Pisgah profoundly. There was one dress of fleecy blue, and another that Jack said reminded him o' thistledown. Miss Davis, the creator of these beauties, could only repeat over and over again, "Ain't thet too sweet fer anything?"

Bess wore the "thistledown" when she went with her uncle to Pisgah the last Sunday before leaving the mountains to attend the school at Mount Auburn. The young lady wore a new hat with a great wide brim and the hat was trimmed with a circlet of green leaves from which peeped out little nests of red berries. There were ribbons on the hat which matched the dress. The "thistledown" was an easy-fitting blouse waist, and the round, girlish bosom made the handiwork of Miss Davis all the more beautiful.

Bess created a sensation that day. Per-

haps she tossed her curls a bit more disdainfully than the occasion required when some girls of her age looked her over critically and walked away without saying a word. Had there been two women in Eden, envy would have been added to that other sin. When she walked with imperious step down the narrow aisle, her wide hat resting jauntily on the golden brown mass, the elder nearly fell from the pulpit chair watching the vision. Proud old Jack bowed unconsciously as he stepped into the pew. It was an obeisance to the radiant beauty of the "baby gal" he had found in the snow. The glorious light in her eyes was not there because she was conscious of her beauty or the glory of her dress, but because Arthur had written as soon as he could pen the lines, an answer to Bess' letter that told of Lize. There were many letters after that one, but none were quite like that. The letter had said:

"Do not believe her, Bess, I had rather kneel and kiss your footprints in the dust than lips which could frame such lies."

When the elder read that morning of the glories of the New Jerusalem as described in Revelations, the heart of the fair one throbbed with quick joy thinking that the evangelist had seen, perhaps, Cincinnati.

On the following Tuesday she was on her way to her new home and her new life.

The official and confidential relations that existed between the Honorable Joseph Hawley and the officials of the X—Railway, made it an easy matter to send to Jack Fallis three tickets good from Knoxville to Cincinnati.

"These things sort o' make me think thet Mr. Hawley can make a grand lady o' yuh some day; so grand thet mebbey you'll fergit yuh old uncle. Yes, an' my baby gal may, too, fergit, she's a-lookin' so fine."

There was a rush for the dear old grizzled giant, whose eyes were suspiciously moist, and both Lina and Bess had wound their arms around his neck and kissed him.

"Don't say such a thing again," said Lina. "If you do you will be punished severely."

"The keenest blow yuh could deal would be ter fergit, ter fergit," he repeated, looking from one to the other.

Mr. Hawley and Arthur knew how long the train would stop at Louisville, and

when it came slowly into the depot these gentlemen were waiting to climb aboard. They had not written a word of this; it was a surprise they had planned. The travelers had eaten their lunch and Jack had gone to the smoker to indulge in a pipe. The girls had closed their eyes; the movement of the train had lulled them to sleep, for there had been late hours at the home of Jack Fallis. Each of the girls had a seat to herself and Arthur bent over one fair sleeper, who stirred uneasily. What swift messenger is it that comes unseen and whispers, "Wake, wake," when some one who loves you is near?

Two gray eyes slowly opened and looked wonderingly into the smiling face above her, and then the gray changed quickly into the green that he looked for. Her arm stole about his neck as in the orchard, and neither care that those in the car were looking. "Miss Burrell," said a low, deep voice, and Lina started suddenly. The older man did not, like Arthur, wait for the soul messenger to wake her; he was too impatient to look into those brown eyes that told him even more than her lips had said.

There was waiting for the travelers a sumptuous repast at the home of Major Hawley. Lina, with the advantages her school days at Knoxville gave her, was at her best, but Bess felt ill at ease amid the splendors of the imposing mansion.

"Mother, this is Bess," Arthur said when Mrs. Hawley, petite and yet beautiful, notwithstanding she was the mother of a tall young man of twenty-three, came, and taking Bess' hands in hers, gazed into the eyes which Arthur had said were unlike any other eyes from which a soul looked forth. "How very young, Arthur," she said, softly. "I do not wonder that you lost your heart in the mountains, but I cannot understand how one so young could have been so brave. I am glad you have come to us, dear that we may show you how much we love you. not only for that act of the true heroine, but for your own sweet self, as well."

Bess could not reply for a moment. She felt a choking sensation, and in the eyes that sought Arthur's timidly, there was an appeal for help.

"Mother," he said, "this little one, who knew naught of fear when the outlaw was

surely strangling me, is as frightened as a captured bird; it is not like you, Bess."

"It is so strange and beautiful here. I'm not used to it," Bess said.

"After dinner, my little girl, you shall go to my room with me, and you will never be afraid again," Mrs. Hawley said, in gentle tones. Bess drew near her, and when she saw how tender were the blue eyes, her heart went out to the little mother smiling upon her. Happiness flooded her being when Arthur's mother kissed her.

"My good sister," said Joseph Hawley, when Mrs. Hawley came toward him, "in your pardonable eagerness to see the little girl who saved Arthur to you, you have forgotten others who are waiting to be numbered among your friends,—Miss Burrell, Mrs. Hawley." Lina gracefully responded to the welcome Mrs. Hawley gave her when her husband said, "Ellen, I have told you often the story of Jack Fallis; don't he look like the man who dared?"

Mrs. Hawley looked up at the great, rugged mountaineer and offered her hand timidly. Arthur had told her of his hand clasp and its destroying effects. The little white hand was lost in the big brown one, but it was not crushed; is if it was a nestling bird, Jack bent over it, saying:

"I'm proud ter know yuh, Mrs. Hawley, as I'm proud o' the friendship o' yer husband."

"We can never tell you, Mr. Fallis, how much we owe you and your family. We can only hope to make your visit so pleasant that you will not soon return to your home."

"Mother," said Arthur, "the girls may desire to visit their rooms before dinner; their baggage has gone up."

"Dinner," thought Bess, "why, it's bedtime now."

A maid was summoned, who led the way to two splendidly furnished rooms en suite.

"Which is Miss Bess?" she asked.

"I'm Bess."

"I'm to look after everything for you, and assist you to dress for dinner," said the girl. "Pardon me," she continued, addressing Lina. "that is your room and this is for Miss Bess; I will assist you also if you will call me."

As neither of the girls had ever been waited upon by a maid, they were loath to

give commands. The young woman had been instructed to see to Bess' wants particularly, and to notice whether there was anything required that she did not possess, and get it for her.

It dawned upon Bess that the gray traveling dress and the one that she would wear often to school was not appropriate for the dinner, as it was called.

"The dress I will wear is in that trunk," Bess said.

Lina, remembering how pleased Mr. Hawley was upon seeing her in white, wore one he had never seen, and when he joined her to escort her to the dining-room, he whispered, "How beautiful you are, my queen."

The maid spent so much time in arranging the tumbled mass of brown and gold that Bess feared dinner would be over before she could finish dressing. Arthur had never seen her in a dress so pretty or so long as the blue one, and when she came quickly to him, her smiling lips like two red, ripe cherries, he stood for a moment looking at her wonderingly.

"Is this my Bess?" he asked, proudly.

"Why, Arthur?"

"I shall have to fight for you, I see that, when you grow up."

Bess had closely observed Arthur at the table when at their home in the mountains, and with Lina's teaching she did not stumble as she would have done three months before. The dinner was served in courses, and Bess wondered when the servants would cease bringing in dishes she had never heard of before. She sat by the side of Arthur, who assisted her through the somewhat complicated ways of the elaborate dinner. Jack, with his mighty appetite accentuated by the journey, swept all before him. Lina had said:

"Now, uncle, when you go to the city, you must not use your knife."

"What do they make knives fer; jist ter lay 'round careless like?"

Only once in a while did he forget, as he kept an eye on Mr. Hawley.

"Come, Bess, let us visit a little while," Mrs. Hawley said, "and then you may sleep, for those eyes Arthur talks so much about must look their brightest in the morning. Sit on the stool there close beside me. I want to hold you in my arms

and have you know that you have found, after these years, a mother's heart."

Bess did not reply except when a direct question was asked, and presently, as Mrs. Hawley bent to look into the face of the girl she knew she could love very dearly, she saw that Bess was asleep.

The tinkle of the silver bell calling the maid awoke the sleeper, who blushed as she said: "Kin yuh ever fergive me, Mrs. Hawley, fer goin' ter sleep an' yuh a-talkin' ter me? I'm glad I went ter the crick ter Arthur fer your sake."

* * * * *

It was late when Joseph Hawley sought his bachelor quarters that night. Even the lateness of the hour did not prevent him sitting long and looking at the portrait Lina brought him. "She is neither rich nor brilliant," he said aloud to himself, "but how sweet and pure and good—a rare flower that grew upon the mountain side."

The next afternoon he and Lina, behind a pair of his fleet horses, viewed the city. He met many who knew him who wondered not only who the beautiful girl could be, but at Hawley himself. Who of all his friends had seen him riding with a young lady? At social entertainments he was the gallant esquire, but no further did he venture. If custom had permitted the fair sex to do the wooing, Joseph Hawley would have been in danger. The citadel of his heart would have been stormed. He was not only a brilliant lawyer with a future that meant the governorship or the United States senatorship, but he was a man whom men called splendid looking, and whom women called handsome. Therefore, when he was observed paying attention to this attractive young woman, in such lover-like fashion, it caused no end of speculative gossip. Those who saw him told others, until the ladies of his social acquaintance were discussing the matter.

When passing an imposing mansion sitting well back in a wide lawn, Mr. Hawley asked Lina whether she considered it a pretty place.

"It is lovely, is it not? There are so many handsome homes in this city," she said.

"A bachelor whom I know owns that residence. He bought it only a few weeks ago,

and many joked him about the purchase. 'That looks like you meant to enter the ranks of the Benedicts,' some said. It happens," Mr. Hawley continued, "that I possess some information that only a few of his immediate family friends know. He expects, in the very near future, to marry a beautiful girl, end his bachelor life, and live happy ever afterwards, as the story books have it."

"I truly hope he may be happy. Does she live in the city, also?"

"No, she is a southern girl, and he met her once when there on business," Hawley replied.

"How wonderfully like our own that story is," she said.

"Yes, even to the beautiful girl," he answered.

They had passed by the residence under discussion when Hawley, looking back, said, "I have forgotten something; I meant to leave word there; we will return."

"You will not stay long?"

"I will return in a moment," he answered.

When in a few moments Mr. Hawley returned, he said to his companion: "I must ask you to come in with me a moment. There is no one here but the housekeeper and a maid, and I wish very much to show you a picture which has just been hung."

Lina noted that the furnishings of the home, like those at Major Hawley's, were rich and elegant. He led her into the great drawing-room, where, when the lights were turned on, she found herself standing in front of a life-sized portrait of Joseph Hawley. Presently he said, "There will be a companion portrait for that as soon as my bachelor friend can get his wife to sit for it."

"Dearest," she said, softly, "have you been laughing at me all this time, and is this yours?"

"Yes, and yours as well," he replied, gravely.

* * * * *

It was only the most intimate friends of Major and Mrs. Hawley who were invited to an informal affair a few evenings after the arrival of Lina and Bess. There were some young people, of course, and to these select few the girls were presented.

One of Major Hawley's friends who was present that night was a famous editor, whose name was known throughout the land, and to him the Major related the story of Bess and Arthur. The Major could tell a story well, and when he pictured the little one standing motionless, her finger on the trigger of the weapon, pointing it at the burly villain, he did it quite dramatically. The editor was interested, and asked to be presented.

He had not failed to notice a very beautiful girl with a mass of golden-brown curls — no longer a tangle — and he had forgotten to ask the Major who she was. When Major Hawley presented Bess, he arose, and bowing very low, said:

"I have been listening to a story with great pleasure and interest — pleasure because the heroine and hero are living, and interest because it was a most thrilling incident. What a very young heroine you are."

"Not very young, sir," she replied, modestly; "I will soon be fifteen."

"I admire bravery in man," the editor said "but such coolness, with daring, is what surprises me. Your sex, my dear young miss, is usually given to hysterics at such a moment."

"I don't know why they should," Bess replied; "any one ought to have done that much for a friend."

"Did you try to kill the villain?"

"Oh, no, sir; of course I would if he hadn't let go o' Arthur. The first shot I tried only to scare him, but he kept Arthur's head under water, and then I shot ag'in. That time I meant to put a hole through his ear, but I shot a little low and the bullet seemed to blister his cheek. Then he let go o' Arthur. He knew I wasn't foolin'."

Her narrative was simple and modest, as if it was the most ordinary occurrence in the world. The journalist observed that the Major seemed very proud of the little mountain girl, and his eyes expressed his feeling when she said, "Of course I would if he hadn't let go o' Arthur."

"Miss Willard," and the famous writer

looked down into the girl's flashing eyes, "I am truly delighted to have met one heroine. I have read of many, but in you have met the first one."

The next evening, the city editor of the paper, of which this gentleman was the chief, was not a little surprised to hear his principal say, "Here is a story I picked up last evening; better run it before some other paper tells it."

The following morning Major Hawley was startled to see his name in the head lines of the story that he little dreamed would ever appear in print.

The head lines read:

A MOUNTAIN HEROINE.

A Brave and Beautiful Young Girl, Now the Guest of Mrs. Major Hawley, Saves the Life of Arthur Hawley.

A Young Cincinnati Society Man Narrowly Escapes Being Killed by A Desperado in the Tennessee Mountains.

Then followed a well-told story, already narrated of the event which changed the fortune of Bess Willard. The article extolled her beauty of person and strength of character.

"This young lady," said the story, "is not yet fifteen years of age, but looks older. She possesses the serious earnestness of a woman combined with the rare sweetness of a young girl who knows nothing of the artificialities of life in society. Her eyes are expressive and beautiful, and beyond the fact that she is a fearless heroine, she possesses an indefinable charm which fascinates. Miss Willard will attend the Mount Auburn Seminary and complete her studies. Shortly after her graduation, it is anticipated she will accept a like position in this city, which at the present time we are not permitted to make public. Suffice to say, however, the gentleman whose life she saved may be able to give definite information on the point."

[To be continued.]

SAVING MONEY

A SHORT TALK ON THE SAFE INVESTMENT OF SAVINGS

By Charles H. Brown

Secretary of the Central Building, Loan and Savings Company of Columbus



THE subject of saving money is as old as the hills, and I doubt very much whether or not I can impart anything new regarding it, but if I can influence one person to start an account with some reliable concern, and if that person will keep everlastingly at it, I am sure I will be amply repaid, because it will be only a question of a short time until that "starter" will begin to sing my praises, and that will be reward enough.

The world condemns stinginess, it hates a miserly person, but it admires and encourages frugality and sensible saving. The old saying, "Make a business of saving and your savings will make you a business," is still true. There are many thrifty people who could and would save a part of their earnings, but who do not know just how to invest it profitably or safely. Occupying the position I do, I naturally advise a building and loan association as the most profitable place for savings, and I can say without fear of contradiction that one of these companies properly and honestly conducted is the safest place for the savings of the people. We all know that these companies pay higher rate of interest than the savings banks, and it may be asked, "How can they do it?" My answer is that such companies have no checking accounts, no money subject to immediate call, and are not compelled to keep a certain amount of idle cash in their vaults, as do the banks which receive money subject to check. As for safety, all the money deposited with a building and loan association is loaned on first mortgage real estate, to be repaid in monthly installments, thereby increasing the security each

month. It is a well known fact that nothing is more safe or secure than a first mortgage on improved property. Money so invested is not subject to speculative dangers, for real estate is the last to feel the effects of good times or bad. The laws of the State of Ohio under which building and loan associations are incorporated limit the nature of their investments and place them under the direct supervision of the State Inspector, by whom each company is subject to a strict examination. In addition to this safeguard, each company has an auditing committee, to audit the books every six months.

What are you doing with your money? I will anticipate your answer to this question—"I haven't any money, I can't save a cent." That is the most polite little white lie that you ever told. You don't want to save; you could cut out a cigar now and then, or you could walk to work once in awhile, instead of taking a car. There are dozens of ways to save and you know it.

A woman is a better saver than a man, and a dollar in a woman's hands will go twice as far as a dollar in the hands of a man. If you want to save your money, let your wife be the banker for a while. This applies to the working-man, whether he labors with his hands or toils with his brain. It is good advice for the married man and the man about to be married. It is the best advice for the average man everywhere. I know of a young man who is employed in a large manufacturing establishment in a certain city who has for years been depositing one dollar each week, no more, no less, and he has to his credit at this time nearly one thousand dollars. I know of a certain business man

who saves every coin of a certain date. There are at least fifty men and women on our books who have started to save every dime they get in change—and they do it faithfully, too. Some of these savers have told me that they would break a dollar before they would spend a dime. At least a dozen of this class to my certain knowledge have saved from ninety to one hundred dollars the past year and not one ever missed a cent of it.

To show you how money grows, let me cite an example. When I became secretary of the Central Building, Loan and Savings Company about nine years ago, in going over the different accounts I found that Miss Mary Blank had to her credit the sum of \$2,403.65, two thousand dollars of this amount being the principal, and the remainder being the interest which had accumulated up to that date. In looking at the same account January 1, 1908, I find that the principal remains the same (\$2,000) but the interest credited is \$1,916.46, making a total of \$3,916.46. Surely, money grows while you sleep. The secretaries of other companies could cite many similar cases. Habit is the strongest impulse we all have, and if one can get the savings habit instilled into his or her system, future prosperity is assured. The man with the savings habit is the man who can get along without you, but you can't get along without him; he never gets "laid off."

When you decide that you want to begin to save a small part of your earnings, if you are not acquainted with the savings banks of the building and loan associations where you reside, ascertain from some one in whom you have implicit confidence the name of some good financial institution, then go to the cashier or secretary, or whatever he may be called, and state to him frankly your desires, and say to him

that you want him to be your banker and you propose to save at least one dollar, or fifty cents, each week; and I can assure you that he will be glad to explain the whole matter in detail to you, and right here let me say that it does not make much difference to the company what the amount is; it is the persistent saver they like—the fellow that can be depended upon—rather than the amount he deposits. During the past year the financial concerns of Columbus have spent thousands of dollars in the way of advertising, urging the people to put aside just a little bit of their wages or income for the proverbial rainy day. A great many have followed that advice, but the majority have ignored the call.

If I were to start a savings account I would ascertain who the officers and directors of any suggested savings associations are, whether they are competent to manage the business, and whether they enjoy the confidence of the people. It should be ascertained how much of a surplus fund the company has to provide against any possible loss which might occur; and, last but not least, I would not look for a higher rate of interest than the concern can honestly pay, thinking more of the important question, Is the principal safe? When you are offered an investment that pays one hundred per cent., look out! Beware of big profits! The average return from safe investments is four and five per cent.; some pay a little more, many pay less. A safe rule to go by is this—the higher the promised profit beyond five per cent., the greater the reason for suspicion. You can much better afford to be content with a five per cent. return than to risk the loss of the principal through some speculative venture.

Always keep in mind the little song, "Every little bit added to what you got, makes just a little bit more"—and start now.



By Himself

ALL is vanity, because vanity is natural.
* * *

MISTAKES humiliate wise men and mad-
den fools.
* * *

JEALOUSY is the strongest manifestation
of egotism.
* * *

THE first sign of spring is the patent
medicine sign.
* * *

FADS are most popular with people who
don't have large families.
* * *

COURTSHIP is a great cultivator of ego-
tism and the imagination.
* * *

A MAN and a mule should be approached
at the point of least resistance.
* * *

WILD men lead the simple life, and busy
men get wild when they are told to.
* * *

SOMETIMES self-preservation requires us
to do the other fellow as he has done us.
* * *

No man who is always trying to get sat-
isfaction will ever experience it.
* * *

THE hardest thing is to have the apple
of your eye turn out to be a lemon.

THE best local option a man can exer-
cise is the option to behave himself.
* * *

THE application of the noiseless explos-
ive has not yet extended to womankind.
* * *

IT might be easier to reform the currency,
if so much of it wasn't left in bad places.
* * *

MANY men exhaust more vitality over
the telephone than they would in hoofing it.
* * *

NOTWITHSTANDING love is blind, an in-
dignant wife can look right through a man.
* * *

CANDIDATES and maple sugar come
along at the same time, and both are sappy.
* * *

CANDIDATES and married men find it
necessary to keep in touch with their man-
agers.
* * *

IF people on the stage waited for ap-
plause like those off, there wouldn't be any
lines spoken.
* * *

SHOW an old bachelor a baby that is the
center of attraction, and he becomes a cen-
ter of gravity.
* * *

A REFORMER is a man who would want
to have things the way they are, if they
were otherwise.

EVERY man thinks he can run a hotel or newspaper better than the hotel or newspaper men.

* * *

WHEN a politician encounters a storm door he instinctively enters the side that says, "Pull."

* * *

IT seems odd, but it is when hard times come and his pay stops, that a man lives beyond his salary.

* * *

MAGAZINES in war and literature are pretty much alike. Both are always blowing somebody up.

* * *

THE man you don't want to see is convinced that the telephone was invented for his especial benefit.

* * *

POLITICS produces strange anomalies. As soon as we learn where a man stands we hear of his running.

* * *

THE only thing that pleases a woman more than attracting a man's attention, is showing that she resents it.

* * *

WHILE editors often tell more than they know, they keep peace in the community by never telling all they know.

* * *

WHEN a man looks at a woman he looks her in the face, but when one woman looks at another her gaze sweeps up and down.

* * *

IT is very seldom that a man will lose anything by following a woman's advice rather than his own inclinations.

* * *

IT is not the quantity of money in circulation that worries most statesmen as much as the quantity they are able to keep out of it.

* * *

A WOMAN will go to the back door with her front hair down, but no woman will go to the front door with her back hair down.

* * *

SOME people have such tough luck that the only good things they can count in their lives are their chickens before they are hatched.

SOME flowers have their season of popularity and then go out of favor, but you can always please your best girl with orange blossoms.

* * *

THE people who are fondest of declaring that matrimony is a game of chance, are the one's who played it and failed to get a prize.

* * *

HIGH ideals are good things, but they don't stand much chance of realization unless accompanied by an occasional willingness to work.

* * *

CRIMINALS who escape punishment on the ground of insanity are never regarded by their attorneys as too crazy to pay for legal services.

* * *

THE fiction about women proposing in leap year was always unnecessary, because they propose practically everything that is done all the time.

* * *

A CYNICAL man is one who has gone the pace, and a cynical woman is one whose male acquaintances have been limited to that kind of man.

* * *

WHILE all young women should learn housework, it is admitted that practicing on the piano is often not as disastrous as practicing on the stove.

* * *

WHEN we pretend that we are mad at others for asking questions, we are in reality only angry with ourselves for not being able to answer them.

* * *

THE philosophers have long maintained that everything is relative in this world, but the man of large family connections knows it by experience.

* * *

IT seems strange that nobody has thought of joining the Octopus Club by buying straw hats in the Fall and selling them in the Spring.

* * *

MISTAKEN enthusiasm is the kind exhibited by the clergyman who sits up all night over a sermon that will put his congregation to sleep the next day.



EDITORIAL

"The Democratic Opportunity"

SOME interesting possibilities in the way of early developments within the Democratic party, with special reference to Ohio but also having national import, are suggested by Hon.

Charles P. Salen's article, "The Democratic Opportunity," in the current number of THE OHIO MAGAZINE.

For a long time Mr. Salen has been prominently identified with Democratic affairs in Ohio and it will be generally conceded by those in a position to know that he is always entitled to a hearing on political subjects. The present article pays due tribute to the progress achieved by Mayor Johnson in street railway matters in Cleveland, suggests the possibility of an Ohio candidate for president in the person of Hon. Judson Harmon of Cincinnati, covers a broad field of possible candidates for governor and advocates the nomination of a Democratic candidate for United States senator from Ohio by primary vote, for the first time in the history of the state.

Here undoubtedly is sufficient material to interest the Ohio Democracy for no little time. The article proves conclusively, if incidentally, that not only among Republicans is Ohio to the forefront in politics. The Buckeye Democrats assert themselves with equal emphasis. The mention of Judge Harmon for president is far more than local to the State and has received most encouraging impetus in many centers of the East and South. It evidences the kind of material Ohio would put forward in case events should not so shape themselves as to require the nomination of Mr. Bryan.

So far as character and ability are concerned the candidates for governor likewise give assurance of the sincere purpose of the party leaders to have the State

Democracy represented by its best men in the approaching campaign. Such a determination should be gratifying to the voters of all parties and might result in a Democratic administration worthy of the best traditions of the State and National Democracy.

Mr. Salen's suggestion of a primary for the nomination of a candidate for United States senator is probably in accord with the popular idea of reform, but its adoption for any considerable length of time must be a matter of doubt, as long as there remains in this State much adhesion among the people to the original American principle of representative government. Notwithstanding this, we repeat that Mr. Salen's idea is in accord with a powerful public sentiment and therefore deserves the most earnest consideration, not of Democrats alone but of all the people. It is a proposition that should not be accepted without debate, because it cannot attach itself permanently to our institutions without revolutionizing a system under which the Republic has become the greatest nation in the world.

THE OHIO MAGAZINE takes pleasure in presenting Mr. Salen's views to its thousands of readers in this State and elsewhere. His article will shortly be followed by another in these columns, from the pen of a Republican equally competent to speak from the Republican standpoint, dealing with the outlook of that party as viewed from Ohio, the hotbed of politics.

College and Community



very interesting discussion of the relations which exist or should exist between the college and the community is contributed to the current number of THE OHIO MAGAZINE by the Rev.

Lewis Bookwalter, D. D., president of

Otterbein University. The most casual reading of this article will indicate that Dr. Bookwalter has not been content to view his subject from a distance, but has delved industriously into the facts, from which he has brought forth conclusions of distinct value.

Throughout the East and Middle West the lives of many generations of non-collegians have been beneficently influenced by direct contact with collegiate bodies in hundreds of communities where the latter exist. The indirect influence of higher education upon the people at large is often discussed, but here we have a more intimate phase of the subject, involving direct contact between college men and the college atmosphere and the communities where the separate destinies of each are worked out.

This phase of the subject should be particularly interesting in Ohio, which has been so long and so largely under college and university influence. We have in this State some fifty institutions of learning that boast the name of college or university, and there are more than thirty that may be called "standard" from the standpoint of the professional educator. In half a hundred communities, therefore, in Ohio alone, we have direct contact, and have had during many years, between the ideals and associations of higher education and the people who, outside of that sphere, make up the social and industrial life of these places. It would be impossible to estimate the value of this contact to both parties thereto, during all this period of the evolution of the college in Ohio. We often hear of social friction between the college and the community, and sometimes it takes the form of active hostilities. On such occasions there is usually fault on both sides; and the average man, who, by the way, is not a collegian, will undoubtedly place the blame for this condition upon the youth pursuing a higher education or the institution providing him with it. But these evidences of friction are the exceptions and not the rule in the long story that records the joint progress of the college and the community in so many communities of Ohio at least. The influence of each has been beneficial upon the other, and if one owes a greater debt

than the other it is the community and not the college. The college puts its stamp on every community where it flourishes, and never to its detriment. Its influence is often exercised without the knowledge of those who benefit from it, and it is perpetual because it extends from generation to generation and is involuntarily handed down from parents to children among those who perhaps unconsciously share its wholesomeness.

"The Other Side"



IT affords THE OHIO MAGAZINE great pleasure to present to its readers such a candid and authoritative statement of "The Other Side of the Standard Oil Controversy" as that submitted by Hon. Virgil P. Kline in his article under this caption, elsewhere published in the current number.

Mr. Kline has been long identified with the legal interests of the Standard Oil Company and appears before the public in this article with an open avowal of that fact. Notwithstanding this, he makes no plea as of counsel for a client. What he says has the ring of a plain statement from a sincere man, who believes that he is in the right and that he has represented the right, so far as it was known to both his client and other great business interests, for a long period. He makes the unqualified assertion that the various phases of the development of the Standard Oil Company have never been brought about with a view to nullifying or evading the law, but in reality with the object of complying with it in the most practical manner possible under conditions which occasionally existed.

There can be no doubt, from a perusal of this article, that these conditions were often desperate. On at least one occasion the Supreme Court of Ohio found it necessary to qualify its own decision, to the extent of modifying it in reality, although without any public acknowledgement of that fact, in order to prevent the results of its attitude toward the Standard Oil Company from being most disastrous to large business interests and thousands of in-

dividuals. From a candid reading of Mr. Kline's statements of fact and an unprejudiced view of his deductions therefrom, the average man must be convinced that in the race which the Standard Oil Company has run for a number of years, with an army of state legal representatives and a horde of journalistic and magazine contributors in pursuit, the corporation has not always found strict compliance with statutes and court decisions an easy matter. There were undoubtedly times when it was not only difficult to understand what the law was, but others, when compliance with it, without the most careful searching of details, would have been most disastrous. It is also pointed out that during all this period covered by the aforesaid pursuit, the corporation has most rigidly protected the interests of its shareholders and in particular of the small holders, whom a different policy might have occasioned most serious loss. At the same time it is shown that the consumer has at least suffered no apparent injury, because the product of the company has been not only cheapened to him, but its quality greatly improved.

Monopoly is not popular, but it at least deserves a hearing; and as to whether any particular monopoly may be beneficent or not is a subject worthy of debate. We repeat that it affords THE OHIO MAGAZINE great pleasure to add such an authoritative word, "from the other side," to this debate as the message of Mr. Kline to our readers, which, so far as we know, is the first official and formal defense of the history and policies of the Standard Oil Company made by any accredited representative of the corporation in current literature.

Romance Still Lives



ONE of the most charming romances of any period comes from the scholastic town of Delaware, Ohio, and has the county poor house for its stage setting.

John H. Gwinner, a well-to-do Florida fruit grower at the present time, years ago made love to a daughter of the Sunny South, and for a considerable period things went smoothly, until they were

separated by a lovers' quarrel. Later the girl married and came North. After a number of years her husband died, leaving her in straitened circumstances, and very recently, at an age above fifty, she was admitted to the infirmary of Delaware county, without money or friends.

The hero of this romance had grown prosperous in Florida. He heard of the plight of his former sweetheart and came North to see her. To make a long story short, there was a glad reunion in the poor house, followed by a wedding, and the pair were soon on their way to the Southern orange groves.

That must have been something of a transition for a pauper. Cinderella could hardly have received her prince with more joy than was experienced by this lone woman at the coming of the man who had proven his faithfulness through all the years. The story shows that human hearts are as susceptible now to impulses of lasting tenderness as ever they were, and that we do not have to go to fiction or fable to find the survival of true romance. Nor do we have to couple it with the blood of royalty and the names of kings and queens, knights and ladies; nor are we obliged to look for it in a fantastic age, through the mists of centuries. This romance still survives and is as real now as ever it was in the history of this good old world.

Anarchists in America



SUCH crimes as the attempted assassination of Chief of Police Shippy of Chicago, give warning to America that the beasts of anarchy do not have their habitat in Europe alone. Followed so closely by the murder of the Rev. Father Heinrichs, the Denver priest, at his very altar, this manifestation of human fiendishness in Chicago is doubly shocking to the thoughtful mind.

The American people, unless they consent to be terrorized, must come to the conclusion that the anarchists of the world are all of one breed. We cannot express maudlin sympathy for the Russian terrorist who blows off the head of a grand duke in the name of human liberty, unless we are

prepared to give the same theoretical indorsement to the government-hating assassins who are beginning to infest our own country. Most of these men are insane, or partly so, and we are cultivating insanity whenever we make any mental concession in favor of the anarchist who strikes a cowardly blow against constituted authority, whether it be in St. Petersburg, London or Chicago.

The anarchists are all of the same race and should be dealt with alike, the world over. The government of the United States and of the several states, and the police of all American cities, should maintain a steadfast attitude toward them. In the schools, in the churches, in the press and in the forum we should do our utmost to inspire throughout the country a public detestation of the anarchist propaganda calculated to deplete the ranks of these criminals and fasten upon all of them who are caught red handed, wherever it may be, the contempt and resentment of outraged civilization. There should be no cessation of the campaign of education and no quarter shown to the guilty.

will heal, and the leaves will bud forth, to crown with garlands man's best friend, the tree, for this sacrifice.

From this spot men will convey the sweetened mixture, and the laboratory of the gods will convert it into billions of crystals, to bless the sunlight with radiant reflection. Children will hail them with the welcome of longing lips, and in the marts of the world they will go forth to reward the industry of man with the fruits of toil and herald the annual tribute of the trees through the confines of civilization.

And when the snows have come again, the buckwheat cake shall rejoice once more, as it sings on the griddle of the housewife; and the glow of many a morning's firelight will rejoice the happy groups of human kind assembled around the family board. Hail spirit of Spring, fair empress of the awakening world! The gods on high Olympus have their nectar, but quaff it with never the joy that animates their creatures, when the snow is on the green-sward and the sap is in the pail.

Maple Syrup



THIS is the time of year when the meditations of B'r'er Rabbit, cogitating beneath the maple tree upon the advent of Spring, are interrupted by the mysterious drip, drip, drip of a musical note, as from the splash of a pearl dropped in a golden pool. Up in the lower branches Mr. Squirrel cocks his head on one side and wonders what is doing. Faint noises they are, rivaling not even the fall of an acorn on leafy ground. B'r'er Rabbit and Mr. Squirrel are in a quandary, for alas! they never will find out the secret of that sound.

The sap is running. Spring has taken the wide world in her arms, and up from the bosom of Nature the sweet tide of her lifeblood flows through the glad arteries of the trees. In some groves there will be a thousand monarchs, each paying this kingly tribute of his royal blood to the coming of the wood nymphs and the Queen of May. And then presently the wounds

The Cruise of the Fleet



PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT'S plan to send the Pacific fleet across the waters of two hemispheres has been emphatically vindicated by its progress in the Western world. Whether its presence on the other side of the globe will be accompanied by equally gratifying results is a question surrounded by much doubt, but up to the present time the fleet has notably fulfilled the purposes of the cruise.

Indeed, it might be reasonably assumed that it would have been wise statesmanship to confine the cruise to the visits already made at South American ports and the coming advent of the fleet in the harbor of San Francisco. At any rate, the reception of this mighty American armada by the republics of South America is a thing calculated to greatly promote our trade interests, as well as to cement the friendship already existing between the United States and the lesser nations to the south of us, while convincing them of our

ability to maintain the Monroe doctrine and afford them protection from foreign encroachments when necessary. These objects achieved would be sufficient for one cruise.

While we are talking about the extension of our trade in the Orient, which thus far has been accomplished mainly by force of arms, we pay too little heed to the great industrial possibilities before us among the republics of South and Central America. Thitherward a great volume of American trade can be directed, and thence we may receive in exchange unlimited commodities to the mutual profit of all concerned. The great states of South America are destined to become mighty factors in the industry of the world, not only by reason of their illimitable powers of production of food stuffs, but their rapidly increasing genius for manufactures and the transaction of business on modern lines. South America in late years has become more cosmopolitan than ever before and is in every sense metropolitan. The progress of many of its cities has been as great as any noted in America, and the development of its agricultural interests is one of the marvels of modern civilization. These states are our neighbors and friends, and it is most fitting that that friendship should be cultivated. For such a purpose the cruise of the fleet was admirably well designed, and its mission has been most happily concluded.

Marbles



HIS is the time of year when the national game of American youth lays its inspiring hold upon the rising generation and makes the boys of the land frenzied financiers in marbles.

Baseball has its youthful devotees, no doubt; but they don't begin their careers

of sport with the ball and bat. All ages and all conditions of boys play marbles, and invariably it antedates the other games by numerous years. It may therefore be rightfully called the National Game of American Boyhood, in which it is developed long before baseball and football and other sports blossom in the affections of our youth.

Marbles is a good deal of a game. It requires skill, patience and calculation, and it carries with it a certain definite reward or loss in accordance with the merits of the play. There is less luck about it than with billiards, which is supposed to be the most scientific of games requiring physical exercise. The element of chance hardly enters into the game of marbles at all, and in playing it the doctrine that to the victor belongs the spoils is vindicated on the ground of superior ability alone.

Marbles proves the old theory that the boy is father to the man. It inspires his first impulse to gather together more riches than he needs. A boy with a hundred marbles will work just as hard to get a hundred more as a boy with ten will work to get his first hundred. It is just like dollars among the men. The boy with the most marbles is the biggest magnate — the John D. Rockefeller of his group; but he is just as anxious to corner all the others in the market as the kings of Wall Street are to get away with oil, steel, sugar or cotton. The instinct of gain is deep-rooted in the game of marbles, and shows that the boy of eight or ten is after all not much different from the millionaire of forty. While we are legislating against monopoly and combinations of capital, it might be well to consider our own early efforts in the direction of marbles. It may indicate to us that human nature is not only the same the world over, but in different ages of one man, and that we cannot reconstruct the world by law.

The Trend of Opinion

Mr. Bryan On the the Issue of Security for Bank Depositors

From the Newark Advocate.

THE address of William Jennings Bryan before the Ohio Legislature on Tuesday on the subject of guaranteeing bank depositors against loss, was a most able and convincing presentation of a measure that is now engrossing the public mind. The subject of surety for bank depositors seriously confronts the public because of the numerous losses of people caused by the recent panic and financial scandals. It appears that it is not a new subject to Mr. Bryan, because some years ago, when he was a member of congress, he introduced a bill providing for the insurance of bank depositors against the possibility of loss.

Mr. Bryan's clear and concise presentation of the subject in his address to the Legislature on Tuesday was listened to by an assemblage that crowded the hall of the house, as well as the members of the assembly, and practically universal were the remarks of approval by the entire body present.

Many were the encomiums passed upon Mr. Bryan by political opponents as well as friends. Many Republicans, under the sound of Mr. Bryan's voice, could not conceal their pleasure at having heard him, and it is known that not a few wished that some Republican leader had given utterance to the sentiments and arguments he so ably and forcibly presented. The principle that bank depositors should be insured against loss will be espoused by many bankers themselves as well as the people who desire the enactment of laws for such protection, and the great question cannot fail to be a leading issue in the coming presidential campaign.

All this proves that Mr. Bryan stands today in an unprejudiced light before large classes of people to a degree that he never enjoyed before. Mr. Bryan, in fact, has greatly grown in favor with people who have heretofore been strong opponents, and he is today immensely stronger with all classes of

people as a presidential candidate than ever before.

President Eliot and the Hebrews

From the Cincinnati Enquirer.

IT would be interesting to know how far Rabbi Fleischer, of Boston, represented the views of his coreligionists in a recent criticism of President Eliot, of Harvard. Mr. Eliot, in addressing a Jewish society which exists at Harvard, referred to the fact, which probably few had realized—if, indeed, it can be an ascertained fact rather than a generalization based on insufficient data—that Jews in this country, at least, are inferior in stature and physical development to the American average. As a means of remedying the defect, and for the further purpose of regaining what he described as the ancient martial spirit of Israel, he advised them to join the militia.

This seems rather surprising advice coming from such a quarter. If one were in search of boon companions for occasional drills, and an annual picnic, or was fond of gold braid and brass buttons and street parades, the militia might suggest itself, but hardly as a school for the cultivation of the martial spirit, particularly the ancient martial spirit of Israel. Look at an example of it. It was after one of David's victories, "and he brought forth the people that were therein and put them under saws and harrows of iron, and made them pass through the brick kiln; and thus did he unto all the cities of the children of Ammon."

Small wonder that the rabbi expressed himself as shocked at President Eliot's advice and feels impelled to deny, as he does, that the Jews might make good fighters if they are to be guided by the ancient martial spirit of Israel.

Dr. Fleischer claims that the Jew, not having been recognized as having any part in any national life for ages, has lost the habit of fighting, and no longer has any desire to kill, because he has been so long civilized. But is he not in his turn generalizing without

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sufficient facts? It is not very long since statements were published under Jewish auspices showing that in the Civil War the Jews furnished their full proportion of fighting men, and were proud of having done so. Are they as a race ready to accept Rabbi Fleischer's estimate of them that they have no fighting blood left in them, no matter what the occasion may be? It is doubtless true that unused faculties become atrophied, and that the strongest propensities long enough suppressed may be destroyed, but it is hardly to be believed that the Jews, either as individuals or as a race, if placed in a position that demanded it, would not prove themselves as courageous and ready to fight as they have shown themselves capable and efficient in all other directions. •

Law Making in Oregon by Initiative and Referendum

From the Portland Oregonian.

NOW we may see how extensively the people of Oregon have embarked on the business of making their own laws. Nineteen measures are to be submitted under the terms of the initiative and referendum. The time expired Friday when such bills might be filed with the secretary of state at Salem; so we know that there will be just nineteen, no more, no less. It is enough, far more than enough. The voter has ample time, perhaps, between now and the June election to acquaint himself with the provisions of these bills. But will he? He will not. Very few will take the time or trouble to know what these things are about, or what vital and far-reaching effect they will have on the legislation and life in Oregon. For these measures are important, every one of them, and some of them are revolutionary.

Take, for example, the extraordinary constitutional amendment proposing in effect the single tax as the sole method for all future property tax in Oregon. It proposes to exempt from taxation all manufacturing establishments and all dwellings and to impose the chief tax burden hereafter on land. If this measure shall pass there will be readjustment and reform of all values in Oregon that will shake and undermine the whole property structure at its very foundation.

Here is an innovation that no sane community would adopt if at all, without careful

consideration and long preparation; yet here in Oregon a few agitators and reformers propose that it shall be done by the mere scratch of the careless or uninformed voter's pen.

The facilities for law-tinkering and law-making in Oregon are too easy, and we are beginning to see that they are dangerous, or at least that they may be employed in dangerous and ruinous ways.

Ends of Justice

From Judge.

A JUDGE in Todelo has solemnly sentenced himself to jail for one day, in order, as he says, to see what life his prisoners lead. It is a confusing subject for speculation. If the judge took himself seriously, he has violated his oath by sentencing a man whom he knew to be innocent. If he did not take himself seriously, he is guilty of contempt, and owes the State a fine. If he levies this fine and then pays it himself, he defeats the ends of justice by nullifying a righteous punishment. He's a wicked judge, any way you look at it.

New Use for Detectives

From the Ohio State Journal.

A DISPATCH from New York informs us that the detectives have entered a new field of labor. There are instances where they have been employed to find out all they can about the personal life and habits of bankers, their associations, their manners of business and style of living. It is said these inquiries have been instituted by depositors, and that the results have been noted in the transfer of deposits and the resignation of directors.

This belongs to the natural order of things. The dispatch says: "It is nothing new for a bank to want to know something about the men with whom it is doing business, but now the depositors are getting more particular and are becoming more deeply interested in the men who handle their money, and want to know their associates, habits of life and general business methods." This is perfectly natural. There are faults in bank management, and disasters resulting from them, that depositors ought to know all about, so they can govern themselves accordingly.

This incident leads us to state a general

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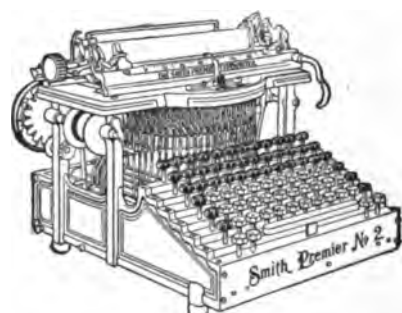
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proposition—that no man honors his own business who is indifferent to his associations and habits. It makes no difference what the business it—selling cigars, baking bread, running a livery stable, practicing law or conducting a bank—it gets to the level of the character of the man who is engaged in it. It takes manhood to make the true business man every time. And he who thinks he can do anything outside of business hours—indulge in extravagance, dissipation, and roystering association—and not taint his business, has not yet got on to the true relation of cause and effect.

George Meredith's Message

From the Indianapolis Star.

IS there anything that a man more needs in this new-found world of Lord Bacon and Herbert Spencer and Ernst Haeckel than the assurance that nature, as Meredith puts it, "leads us to God's footstool?" Are we groping more eagerly and sometimes despairingly for anything than for the hope and trust that if evolution is true, faith and God and heaven are also true? This is what Meredith believes and depicts and sings. He does not shrink from Darwinism; he rather clasps it to his heart as the divinely ordained demonstration of the spiritual tradition and the spiritual life. There is more hope for humanity in this brave and clear-eyed reading of earth than in all the theology of timid souls that fear the light of science will discover their flimsy faith as a thing of shams, about to be dissolved with Prospero's palaces and towers into thin air. Strange conception of Deity, that what it has written in nature and in the heart of man must be suppressed or expurgated in order to keep the universe from being disowned and outcast in our feeble, faltering minds!

The Tramp Problem

From the Toledo Blade.

THE New Anti-Vagrant Campaign" is the subject of an opportune and interesting article written by Frances Maude Bjorkman and published in a recent issue of the *American Review of Reviews*. It discusses the genus "tramp," a type of man peculiar to the country, and describes the work of

the national vagrant committee, which has undertaken to reform him.

The writer estimates there are half a million tramps in this country, basing the conclusion on the fact that from 1901 to 1905 over 45,000 were killed on the railroads, and computing the ratio by comparison with the ratio of employees killed to the total number in service. But this comparison is faulty, for the tramp, in his purpose to steal a ride, exposes himself to greater peril than the railroad employe, and besides lacks the knowledge of railroading that affords protection to the employe.

The growth of the tramp class is due to several causes, chief of which are mentioned the inadequate policing of railroads, lax enforcement of law by municipal authorities, mistaken philanthropy on the part of householders and housewives, and cheap and dirty lodging houses. All these elements combine to make it easy for a man to live without work, and therefore, until we remove the incentives for vagrancy, we shall have the tramp on our hands.

The vagrant campaign committee's policy, however, is not confined to repressive measures. It appeals for the co-operation of the railroads, the municipalities and the well-meaning philanthropists to the end that tramps may find it difficult to exist in idleness, but it purposes to create a constructive plan, to substitute honest employment for begging and teach the tramp that he must earn his bread before eating it.

It is contemplated that municipalities maintain institutions where every tramp who is willing to work can be given employment. Provided this program is generally adopted, every community will look out for its own vagrants, and the more selfish plan of driving them from pillar to post will be unnecessary. It is believed that when a tramp finds the avenues of an easy existence closed to him he will more readily adapt himself to the new life demanded of him.

The Juvenile Court Bill

From the Columbus Dispatch.

THE Gayman juvenile court bill has been reported to the senate with a recommendation that it be passed. The committee have found it a worthy measure, and so, we believe, will other senators. It has been

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prepared with great care, at the instance of juvenile court judges, by those who can look at it dispassionately from the standpoint of the constitution. The need that the bill is drafted to meet is real; the terms in which it has been drawn are believed to be constitutional. The bill, therefore, merits the earnest and favorable consideration of all the legislators.

The imperative need that calls for the bill is that of saving the children who are without good homes from the demoralizing influence of criminal and vicious adults. It may be news to a good many persons that there are adults who delight in the corruption of children or are indifferent to their welfare. But in the records of the juvenile courts that fact is written big and undisputable. There are parents who fell no responsibility for their children, who desert their offspring at the time when they most need a safe guiding hand, or otherwise surrender them to vicious and corrupting conditions and who, by this neglect, make it almost certain that their children will become the vicious and criminal class of the next generation. When parents are so unmindful of their own, it is not surprising that there are other adults who are indifferent to their welfare and even willing to aid in the work of undermining their character.

As the law now stands in Ohio, there is no adequate punishment for this crime against childhood. The aim of those who have drafted the bill is to correct that grave error and to make it at least as serious to abandon or corrupt a child as it is to steal a purse.

Raisuli on the Stage

From the Toledo Times.

ADMIRERS of the drama may not be greatly edified by the intelligence that comes throbbing across the Atlantic to the effect that that eminent bandit and financier, Raisuli, is in danger of being induced to go upon the London stage.

But we submit that unfortunately there is ample precedent for this performance, at least on this side of the ocean, and perhaps for that reason Raisuli should start upon his histrionic career in the United States. It was not so

long ago that some of the most familiar figures of the American stage were the "real articles" in the way of "bad men" who had been brought from the plains, with their guns and lassos, to thrill the heart of our budding youth from behind the footlights. Jesse James was not regarded as too tough a character for this distinction. Then we must not forget Geronimo, the old cut-throat Indian chief, who, after the massacre of the gallant Custer and his men in as dastardly an ambush as ever took place in the history of savage warfare, was permitted to go about the country in company with Buffalo Bill, exhibited in a tent, for some mysterious educational purpose. Everybody knew that he should have been strung up at the end of a rope instead of emitting fat grunts for the delectation of metropolitan audiences, but that made no difference. Old Geronimo was still received with open arms wherever he went.

Nor would the appearance of Raisuli on the stage be inconsistent with the starry heights of art that have been climbed by some celebrated actors and actresses whose chief claim to renown was that they had been mixed up in salacious divorce cases or had committed some offense against society that made them peculiarly and conspicuously obnoxious.

Besides that, Raisuli might be received in this country, at least, as a high type of the "captain of industry" who gets money by the most enterprising methods. The British government recently paid him a hundred thousand dollars for releasing only one individual whom he had kidnaped, but in America we have financiers like him who have kidnaped whole railroads and municipalities and never got on any stage except the kind that perambulate around summer resorts, drawn by four or six prancing steeds, with a gentleman in livery handling the ribbons and a dude tooting a bugle to the terror of the inhabitants along the highways. Raisuli's entrance upon the drama might encourage some of these other artists to vindicate themselves in the same direction. All things considered, from the standpoint of precedent and as an example for others in his line, if not in the name of art, it would seem that Raisuli might do worse than quit the bandit business and tackle "Hamlet" or "The Bucket of Blood."

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THE OHIO ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE

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Vol. IV

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The Papyrus Libbey

By George W. Stevens

Director of the Toledo Museum of Art



FOR the past year an innocent enough appearing Egyptian papyrus, over two thousand years old, has been resting quietly in one of the cases in the Egyptian gallery at the

Toledo Museum of Art. Those who for a long time viewed it, together with the many other Egyptian antiquities presented to the Museum of Art by President E. D. Libbey, had no idea that this document was one of the most important discovered in modern times. For months the foremost Egyptologists of Europe have been cognizant of its existence and importance, and Dr. Spiegelberg, of the University of Strassburg, Germany, has published a monograph of twelve thousand words describing the new light it has thrown upon the history and customs of ancient Egypt. In Europe the document has been named "Papyrus Libbey," to honor its discoverer.

The officials of the Toledo Museum have known of the importance of the papyrus, but before making it public have wished to have in hand full reports from those authorities who have been giving the document their attention in Europe.

Besides affording much valuable information on matters of minor interest, the papyrus determines two questions of great importance. In the first place, it establishes the period of an Egyptian pharaoh whose time of reign has been hitherto unknown; and, in the second place, it gives us documentary evidence of the exalted position accorded to and maintained by women in Egypt three centuries before Christ — a position almost undreamed of and unhopd for by the most enthusiastic "new woman" of these modern days.

The name of the pharaoh whose period of reign is established in Khabbasha.

References to this monarch have been found on several monuments, but there has never been discovered any clue by which to determine his period of reign until the finding of the papyrus now in the Toledo Museum.

The papyrus proves to be a marriage contract, and in the first and date line reads, "In the month of Athyr, in the Year I of the Pharaoh Khabbasha." Imagine the excitement when the European savants deciphered the name Khabbasha — the first time it has appeared on any known document. To make it more exciting, this name was about the only word decipherable on account of the weakness of the photograph sent from Toledo. Then came requests for a clearer photograph and consequent weeks of delay before these could be taken in Toledo, sent to Europe and the complete translations sent back.

However, there was full compensation for the anxiety and delay, when at the end of the document was found the name of a scribe or notary who by virtue of another papyrus now in the library of the University of Strassburg was known to have lived in the middle of the fourth century before Christ, from which fact, combined with its relation to other events and dates, the beginning of the reign of the Pharaoh Khabbasha is definitely fixed at the year 341 B. C.

The papyrus is written in the demotic characters which are abbreviations of the more formal hieroglyphics and which were used generally in ordinary business and legal documents.

The translation is extremely interesting, not only in its matter, but in its style as well, which latter undeniably stamps it the precursor of the modern legal document. It reads:

*In the month of Athyr in the year I of
the Pharaoh Khabbasha.*

The woman, SET-YER-BOONE,

*Tcos, son of POW, whose mother is
ENS-HAR-PEKHRAT, thou hast made
me wife and given me five-tenths silver*



EDWARD D. LIBBEY.

President of the Toledo Museum of Art, Who Discovered in Egypt, and Presented to the Toledo Museum, the Ancient Writing now Famous as the "Papyrus Libbey."

*daughter of PETEHARPOKHRATES
whose mother is SENMINIS says to the
Pastophore (a kind of priest) of the God
Amon of Karnak in the Western Thebes*

*pieces equal two and one-half stater. I
repeat five-tenths silver pieces as my dower.*

*If I repudiate thee as husband so that I
hate thee and love another than thee, I*

give thee two-tenths plus one-half tenth silver pieces equal one and one-quarter stater. I repeat two-tenths plus one-half tenth silver pieces which are part of the five-tenths silver pieces equal two and one-half stater. I repeat five-tenths silver pieces which thou hast given me as my dower.

I cede to thee the one-third of whatsoever I shall acquire together with thee during the time thou art married to me.

A copy of the above writing shall be put down on another papyrus roll.

I will cause it to be put down.

I will do every word which is written above according to the present document.

I will supply it with sixteen witnesses.

I will hand it over to thee.

I shall not be able to change the date of it without a legal decision or a word with thee.

Written by PETEHARPRES son of PEKAAS.

From this translation it will be observed that in Egypt at that time, in case the wife repudiated the husband, she allowed him to take back half his dower. This is the reversal of modern custom, especially in European countries, where the wife is always expected to contribute the "dot" or dower. The Egyptian husband evidently not only received nothing from the bride, but had to put up a bonus to make himself a matrimonial possibility. The document shows, further, that in case of a separation he was allowed by the wife to take but one-third of the monies they should have acquired together during the time they were married.

Diodorus, the Greek historian who lived in the first century before Christ, in his universal History, Book I, Chapter 27, speaks of this custom. Modern scholars have been inclined to place no credence in Diodorus' statements, but this papyrus shows Diodorus to have been correct and is the first document to be found in all the twenty centuries that have elapsed since Diodorus lived, that has thrown any additional light on the subject.

The oft refuted statement of Diodorus translated is as follows:

"And they say that the Egyptians have enacted a law contrary to the common custom of men, that men may marry their

sisters because of the artifice of Isis. For she was the consort of Osiris, her brother, and when he was dead she made a vow never to marry any other man and to avenge the murder of her husband; and she spent the rest of her days in ruling her subjects according to most righteous laws, and she became in general the cause of the most and greatest blessings to all mankind. For these reasons it was proved that the queen attained to greater authority and honor than the king, and that among private individuals the wife should be the master of the husband, for men marrying, agree in the contract concerning dowry, that in all things they will be obedient to the wife."

Numerous other passages in the history by Diodorus have been questioned as to their veracity, but this papyrus, proving him to be correct in this instance, will do much toward establishing in the minds of modern scholars confidence in all the writings of this ancient historian, which confidence has in considerable measure been withheld of late.

Prof. Spiegelberg, of the University of Strassburg, who is one of the foremost authorities on hieroglyphic and demotic writing in the world, prefacing his monograph on this papyrus, among other things says:

"In the month of September, in 1906, Emil Brugsch Pascha, curator of the Egyptian Museum in Cairo, was kind enough to send me photographs of a demotic papyrus which he had seen in Cairo, in the possession of Mr. Edward Drummond Libbey, of Toledo, Ohio. Since it appeared from the photograph that this was a document of unusual importance, I asked the owner of the original for a new reproduction, and he very kindly sent it to me with the permission to publish the papyrus. I wish to express here to Mr. Libbey my most sincere gratitude, especially as the new text possesses a most extraordinary interest in several respects. I have, therefore, considered it my duty to make it accessible to scholars as soon as possible, and I am indebted to the 'Wissenschaftliche Gesellschaft in Strassburg' for having supported this, the chief purpose of my publication. For the sake of speedy publication the philological notes



HALF SECTION OF THE "PAPYRUS LIBBEY."

have been made as brief as possible; but I have tried in my commentary to elucidate the significance of this new papyrus in its bearing upon history and upon the history of civilization. The marriage contract from the Strassburg Library, dating from the time of the Ptolemies, and in connection with it the ostrakon from the same collection, which I have brought to bear upon the Papyrus Libbey, are intended to be a new contribution to the material thus far known."

It will be seen from the foregoing that the papyrus now owned by the Toledo

Museum of Art, as the result of the generosity and enterprise of President Libbey, is a document of more than ordinary importance.

An English translation of the German publication on the papyrus is now in press and will shortly be ready for distribution. It will be fully illustrated and will be sent with the compliments of the Toledo Museum to all students of Egyptology and others in the colleges and museums of the country who may be interested in any of the subjects on which its contents have a bearing.



HALF SECTION OF THE "PAPYRUS LIBBEY."

Public Opinion in the Far East

By Charles F. Thwing, LL. D.,

President of Western Reserve University and Adelbert College



UBLIC opinion in the Far East is a phrase without meaning. Its absence is more impressive than its presence. There is no judgment which all classes accept, compelling them to united action. There is no sentiment moving like an atmosphere among the whole body of people, quickening them to one method of conduct, inspiring them to some great course of action. All for each, each for all, as a duplex motto has no meaning. Each is for himself, and it might be added that there is no all.

It is not hard to find apparent exceptions to this comprehensive judgment. Did there not pervade Japan at the time of the war with Russia a public opinion at once general, individual and irresistible? Is not love for country a sentiment which is the white crest of a mighty wave of public opinion? But patriotism in Japan is not a public opinion; it is a sentiment of loyalty to the Emperor. It is a domestic allegiance. It is a family feeling. In most modern countries the government exists for the people. In Japan the people think of themselves, largely, as existing for the government. This sentiment of loyalty to the Emperor no more deserves to be called a form of public opinion than the fact that husbands love their wives and mothers love their children deserves to be so called.

Perhaps the most impressive illustration of the lack of public opinion,—and the fact may be both cause and result—is the lack of influential newspapers. There are, of course, newspapers, daily newspapers, and many of them in Japan and China, but in make-up they are slight, in their report of news limited, in their interpretation of news making an appeal

usually to a small constituency. Above all, they are under the immediate inspection and control of the government.

The censorship is not so strict as obtains in Russia, but it deserves to be called strict. The penalties for an outbreak may be suspension of publication and the severe punishment of publisher and editor. It was not long ago that the editor of a small sheet in Peking was sent in chains into exile for telling some plain truths about the stealings of Chinese officials. That punishment has, it is probable, already resulted in either his death or his insanity. In the United States, England, France, the newspaper reflects conditions, aids in forming the thought of the people about politics, government, industry, literature. The Occidental nations have their papers; and these papers, standing for the people, are interested in all that constitutes life, the life of one nation, the life of all nations. But it must be confessed that the Oriental people are not interested in each other, nor indeed, as a rule, in themselves as a people. They have no conception of the Roman sentiment, borrowed from the Greek, that nothing human is foreign. Why should they buy and read papers in which they feel that they have no concern, and which tell only such truths as the censor approves? The comparative absence, therefore, of the newspaper is at once a sign, a cause and a result of the absence of public opinion.

In the United States or England, if one wishes to arouse public sentiment, he starts a newspaper or he organizes a propaganda of public speeches. The newspaper in China would reach few readers and they largely indifferent ones, and a system or cycle of public speeches would call out only small audiences, and these

small audiences would prove to be irresponsible. The chief method of influencing the sentiments of the people would be through the proclamations of the government. These would be read and their admonitions heeded.

Another cause and result of the absence of public opinion lies in the different dialects, the different manners, and, it might be added, the different financial currencies of the people. The language for the eye may be unlike the language for the ear, and the language of the ignorant unlike that of and for the scholar. The Mandarin speech is understood by all Mandarins, but the common speech of Shanghai would be unknown in Che Foo, and the common speech of Che Foo also unknown in Shanghai. The essential difficulty, too, of writing, reading and interpreting the languages of the Far East prevents a facility in their use which bars the spread of common judgments and sentiments. The money, too, which is good in Hong Kong may not pass current in Peking. China, in fact, is not so much a nation as a conglomeration of peoples.

But the one comprehensive reason of the lack of public opinion among the nations of the Far East lies in what may be called the struggle for existence. In China, Japan, India, the population swarms far beyond the natural and easy means of sustenance. In the State of Maine every farmer knows that each son born into his home represents an increased force for that home as well as for the community. But every son born into the swarming hundreds of millions of China and India, born unto an impoverished soil, does not represent any such increment of force. The one receptive mouth which every baby has is more important than the accompanying forth-putting two hands and arms. The struggle, therefore, for barest existence is as long as the length of life, as common as the fact of life, and as intense as the love for life. The struggle is an individual struggle, as individual as the fight of Constantinople's dogs for a simple bone. This struggle leads to economies in the use of food, of fuel, of water and of clothes, which are in part pathetic, in part disgusting, in part immoral, and

in part humorous. The fight with poverty is increasing and relentless, and poverty usually wins.

In this struggle for existence, a struggle inherited from the past, inherent in each generation, almost as natural to the thought of an age as the rising of the sun, the individual is concerned only with himself. Of course one does not forget the various Societies of the Chinese: they do indeed conserve important general influences. But self-preservation is the first law, and it he follows. Individualism seeks to protect the individual. Each man is unwilling to surrender his personal rights. Many men, even in their labor union, prefer not to surrender their personal rights for fear that those rights will never be regained. Many manufacturers prefer not to surrender their property rights to a trust, in the fear that those rights would permanently prove to be lost. Many men prefer to keep their little because it is their own, than to pool it with other sums, preferring small assured individual holdings to a large, uncertain communistic aggregation: — "A poor thing, but mine own."

The individual struggle for the individual life, therefore, among the nations of the East is perhaps the mightiest difficulty preventing the formation of a worthy public opinion.

In this struggle for life emerges a quality which also tends to prevent the formation of a public opinion — the quality of dishonesty. The quality bears names of all kinds, chicanery or rascality as applied to individual acts, insincerity as applied to character, disingenuousness as applied to personal moods and conditions. The Japanese are frequently called tricksters. There is a proverb among them to the effect, "Here comes a man, look out for the thief." The reputation of the Chinese for honesty is far higher. "We can trust a Chinese merchant," is the usual interpretation made by their brother merchants of the world. But it requires no prolonged observation or intimate experience with the Chinese to learn that they, too, are not unwilling to take advantages. Their phrase, "Face talk," is significant. To make money, to save money, is a purpose

for which lying is common enough in China. To disbelieve what one is told is the natural mood. The attitude of suspicion is customary. Public opinion is based on the great foundations of mutual confidence and respect. In the lack of such confidence and respect no public opinion can be either created or conserved.

Small, therefore, is the hope that this most efficient instrument of government and social service of the Anglo-Saxon world will, within reasonable time, become a potent agent in the regeneration of the nations of the Far East. The making and the use of this instrument represent forces and conditions which are remote from these ancient and historic peoples. The only,

or the chief, method by which these dull millions can be quickened into great popular understanding and relationships is through noble leaders who, educated more abroad than at home, and holding high places in the government, can bring to bear upon this vast, unresponsive, human mass the weight of official guidance and the inspiration of rich personal character. In securing this tremendous result education, and the higher education no less than the lower, is the most efficient force. Long and hard will be the endeavor thus made through education, but it is the most available method and by far the strongest power.

THE DREAM LAND LANE

By Harvey R. Gaul

Oh, where, oh, where is the dream land lane
 I traveled long ago—
 The flower-strewn road I have tried to gain?
 If I could only know!
 It led o'er the hills and far away
 To places of great renown,
 And 'twas always found at close of day—
 The Lane to Dream-Land-Town.

It started near the foot of my bed,
 And o'er the window sill,
 Then through the snuggling valley it fled,
 And up the shelt'ring hill,
 As if 'twere glad to leave behind
 The town called Toil-and-Woe.
 Oh, if only again my steps might find
 The Lane I used to know.

Through meadows sweet it wended its way
 Out by the lilly pond.
 One always forgot the cares of the day
 In the dream things far beyond.
 I never could find, if not dressed right,
 The Lane to Dream-Land-Town,
 For the proper robe was of purest white—
 Just a little child's night-gown.

Since I've grown up I've hunted in vain
 For this delectable road,
 But no one knows of the Dream Land Lane,
 Where elves have their abode,
 Where the Sand Man is a sentinel,
 As he paces up and down;
 T'is only he the secret can tell—
 The Lane to Dream-Land-Town.

My Dear Ohio Home

BY KATE BROWNLIE SHERWOOD



valley bound by circling hills,
And glad with songs of tinkling rills;
Where in the Spring the dog-wood
blows,

In clusters close as apple rows;
Where service-berries glow in June,
Rose-red beneath the waning moon;
Where, wild and sweet, the grape vine flings
Its perfume on the dipping wings
Of jay and swallow, thrush and dove,
And red-wing, calling to his love;

A river where fair meadows creep,
To drink the waters cool and deep;
A river where the Indian corn
Hangs golden in the Autumn morn;
Where raspberries in the morning dew
Are rare and luscious; where the blue
Valerian clusters and the long
Green rushes quiver into song;

An orchard sweet with apple bloom,
An orchard glad from glow to gloom,
With robins darting through the leaves,
And bobolink that builds and weaves;
An orchard where red apples fall
In Autumn days, and high o'er all
The bell-flower ripens, and the gold
Of pippin deepens with the cold;

A garden with wide border walks,
Set close with mint and four-o'clocks;
And thyme and rue and carraway,
And larkspur, pinks and poppies gay;
And fennel growing strong and bold,
And hollyhock and marigold;
And morning glory and sweet pea,
And balm and sage, and rosemary;

A cottage high upon the hills,
Where sweet the west wind, blowing, fills
The air with piny odors, where
The bracken grows, and maiden-hair
And wintergreen and lady fern;
And downward clustering to the burn,
The laurel, with its waxen crowns;
Where upward on the breezy downs,
The sheep bleat softly, and the cows
Upon the purple clover browse;

There, there at even I would be,
Close clasped upon my father's knee,
To hear of feats of valor told,
In song and story, quaint and old;
Or catch my mother's laughing eye,
And see her put her sewing by,
When we ignored the summons dread,
"Come, children, time to go to bed."
There, there at even I would be,
Where all is peace and harmony.
O time, from all your wanderings, come—
Give back my dear Ohio home!

The New Leviathan of the Great Lakes

By James Cooke Mills



THE launching of a great ship is always a fascinating sight; it is inspiring, and though the interesting event be scheduled for a mid-winter day, it is well worth traveling many miles to see. If the ship is of the modern passenger type, the graceful lines of its finely moulded hull change wondrously with every new position of the spectator; and from bow or stern the study in curves of the smooth, easy outlines, to the short, well-rounded bulk of the mid-ship section, is pleasing to the landsman as well as to the old sea dog.

To the old salt and the fresh water sailor, the huge, bulky, and deep-hulled ships of the ocean, and the clumsy freighters of the great lakes, with their immense cargo capacities, are likened unto that denizen of the deep, the strong and powerful whale, the giant among the fishes of the sea. Their great boned frames, with the strength of steel sinews and almost impenetrable skin, are comparable with the stout frames of keel, ribs and arches and the double bottoms of the modern freight ships. Again, the great warships of the nation are likened unto the stealthy pirate of the sea—the crab. Their broad, short bodies, covered with strong shells, and their grasping tentacles, are in imagination quite like the heavy armored battleships with their bristling guns, boat davits and booms stretched out. And how easily the imagination follows to the graceful and sharp-bowed passenger boats, which may be likened unto the mackerel, the most active of oceanic fishes. These long and slender fish, it is said, have hardly two bones the same size and shape, and, evidently in-

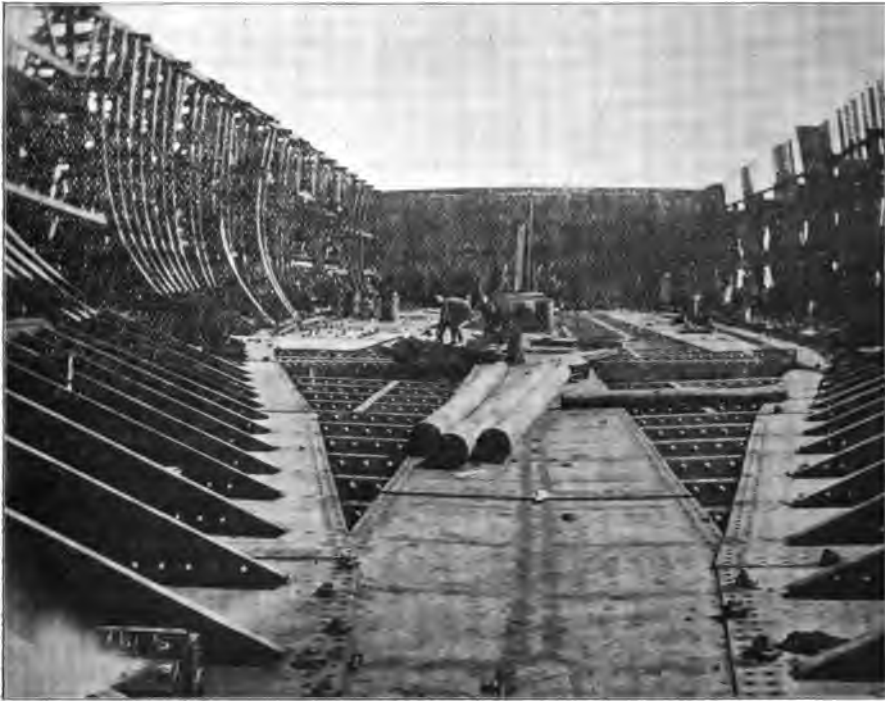
tended for speed, are entitled to the distinction of being the racers of the sea. So the ships designed for fast passenger and express service on the great lakes, are modeled on long, easy lines tapering to bow and stern from a narrow section amidships; and it is of some interest to note that in the newest ship, there are no two ribs or frames of exactly the same shape or size, on one side.

Such a ship, towering high on the smooth ways ready for its baptism in the waters of Detroit River, a perfect winter day, cloudless, and the sun shedding its slanting rays beneficently on the scene, seemed to form a coalition to render the notable event a memorable one in the annals of shipbuilding on the great lakes. Precisely at noon on the eventful day, the launching party assembled on the stand at the ship's bow; a red burgee was unfurled from the fore-truck, and the ship's name, *City of Cleveland*, was thus announced for the first time to the public. At the same instant the launching signal was given. Six stout lines which held the great mass on the smooth ways, were cut and the ship was free. With a splash of champagne on the bow the christening words were spoken, as the ponderous mass glided down the ways. A great wave higher than the ship arose, with spray thrown high in the air, and the largest side-wheel steamer in the world made her first dip into her native element, with a mighty shout from thousands of throats and noisy shrieks of many whistles.

The largest and most luxurious passenger steamer on fresh water was built by the American Shipbuilding Company, at their Wyandotte yard, for the Detroit &

Cleveland Navigation Company, and she will ply between those cities, making night and day trips. The dimensions are: Length, 404 feet over all, 390 feet keel; 54 feet beam of hull, 92 feet 6 inches over guards, and 22 feet deep. Aside from the size of the great ship, the more notable features which will appeal to all travelers are the new and improved devices for the safety and comfort of the passengers; and also the magnificence of the decorations

houses and paddle-wheel housing are constructed of steel, thus insuring against fire the portion of the ship immediately above the boilers and engine. The hold is divided into ten compartments of water-tight cross bulk-heads of steel. The double bottom is also divided into twelve compartments arranged to carry water ballast when desired to change the trim, or draft of water of the ship. On the guards are fitted two tanks, one on each side, of



THIS COMPARATIVE STUDY OF WORKMEN AND HULL SHOWS THE VAST PROPORTIONS OF THE VESSEL.

and furnishings. Every convenience that an ingenious mind could suggest has been installed to make the night trip across Lake Erie, or the five hours' day trip, the most enjoyable of all short journeys on the lakes. The cost of the ship complete in every detail will exceed \$1,250,000.

The hull is constructed of mild steel up to the main rail, including the main deck, which is sheathed with wood to deaden the noise of loading and unloading baggage and express matter. All the deck

twenty-five tons capacity, to control the athwartship trim; and in the hold forward of amidship is a one hundred ton tank to steady the ship in a beam sea. Powerful pumps are fitted for discharging the water quickly. For the absolutely safe control of the ship there are three complete steam steering gears, two of which are fitted to the rudder, while the third is connected with a rudder in the bow to facilitate maneuvering in the narrow stream at Cleveland, and in moving to and from the vari-

ous railroad and fueling docks in the Detroit river. This will be accomplished easily without turning about.

To accommodate the full capacity of 4,500 passengers, there are seven decks, namely: Main, orlop, salon, gallery, promenade, upper, and trunk. All of these decks, excepting the trunk, or topmost deck, are connected by means of an electric elevator.

The designer of the splendid ship was

with a wide opening into a large lobby which gives access to the purser's and steward's offices, and the baggage-room and dining-salon. The lobby is paneled and finished in mahogany, and the deck is covered with interlocking rubber tiling.

From the lobby a broad, grand stairway leads up to the main salon which extends through three decks and is paneled with Mexican mahogany, and elaborately decorated. The Louis XVI style is followed



EARLY STAGE OF CONSTRUCTING THE GREAT STEEL HULL.

Frank E. Kirby, the famed master in the difficult art of shipbuilding, who, in a busy career, has planned many of the floating palaces of the great lakes and has to his credit the design of the new Hudson river day boat, the "Hendryk Hudson," and the steamer now projected for the same line, to be named "Robert Fulton."

Four broad gangways are provided on each side of the new leviathan *City of Cleveland*, to permit of easy handling of the several thousand tons of cargo. The passenger entrances are aft of the wheels,

in the general finish of the salon; the Wilton carpets and soft cushion settees are luxuriously comfortable and arranged for convenience in conversation, and are in absolute harmony with the surroundings. Louis O. Keil, who was the decorator of the Hendryk Hudson, was given the task of beautifying the new "Queen of the World's Lake Craft."

One of the leading features of the main salon is the large mantel and fire-place located in the amidship section and connected with the forward stack. This fea-

ture will add much to the cheer of the salon, and comfort of the passengers on dreary and stormy days in October and November, the navigating season being extended to about December 10. A large assembly or convention hall is placed on the promenade deck amidships and is designed to accommodate committees and delegates in their meetings, on the way to the "convention city of the Straits." This room is finished in Circassian walnut, the

and gold. Every room is supplied with lake water, both hot and cold, under pressure.

Twenty parlors of exquisite splendor, executed in the Marie Antoinette and colonial styles, border on the main salon. The walls and ceilings are finished in ivory, enamel and gold. The carpets covering the floors indicate the predominating color, and from them the colors blend to the paneled side walls, which are treated with or-



THE MONSTER BOILERS OF "THE CITY OF CLEVELAND."

walls and a highly decorated dome ceiling being finished in the style of the Elizabethan period. The woman's boudoir is a beautiful room at the after end of the salon on the promenade deck.

The staterooms, 342 in number, are all on the salon, gallery and promenade decks, and access to them is provided for by double galleries extending around the main salon, with numerous exits leading to the various decks, which are kept in constant communication by the elevator service. The staterooms are large and conveniently arranged, and are finished in white enamel

namental and floral decorations into the ceiling itself, where they are lost in panels of dainty paintings. Dainty lace curtains are hung from gold cornices, covering the windows. Brass beds, soft upholstered divans, dainty chairs and tables furnish the rooms. All upholstery is of the most tasteful and luxurious character and in full keeping with the colors of the rooms. A bath room finished in white enamel connects with each parlor, and some are equipped with shower baths. Probably the most pleasing feature of the parlors located at the forward end of the prom-

enade deck, is the arrangement of a series of private verandas opening from the parlors, and enclosed from the other parts of the outer deck. This is accomplished in such a way that parties occupying the parlors may be entirely secluded, though having a full view outward over the water.

In every stateroom there is a telephone, connected with the main office, and when at dock the steamer will be connected to ten lines of the city telephone exchange. This innovation will be appreciated by

The dining-salon is located on the orlop deck, and is reached easily from the lobby by broad stairways, and also by elevator from the decks above. It is seventy feet long and extends across the width of the hull; is finished in oak, art nouveau style, and the floor is laid with monolithic tile. The furnishings are most elaborate and complete. Two private dining-rooms are located forward of the main salon. Aft of the dining-salon is the buffet, and it is furnished in a style that is an



ON THE STAYS, READY FOR THE LAUNCH.

travelers between the two cities. Upon awakening in the morning at either city it will be very easy for a passenger to call his home, in almost any city or town, over the long distance lines, without leaving the stateroom. The ship is also equipped with the Clark wireless telegraph, so that business and private messages of importance may be sent to either Detroit or Cleveland or Toledo and Buffalo while the steamer is en route. Nearly all the telegraph business of the Navigation Company, between their offices in these cities is now carried on by the wireless telegraph.

entire departure in steamship decoration. This room is given a Venetian garden effect. Heavy ceiling beams with lattice work entwined with vines will be supported by massive columns, while the floor will be laid in large Venetian red tile. The side walls will be decorated in landscape paintings and hidden electric lamps of soft blue will cause the blue ceiling to resemble the famous Italian skies by moonlight. The seats and tables are of appropriate style and finished with soft leather.

An additional protection against fire, aside from the usual equipment required

by the United States steamboat laws, is provided in the complete sprinkler system leading to the fire holds, main salon, and wing passages, together with a thermostat automatic alarm system in every room which will give alarm in event of fire. Any part of the ship breaking out with fire would be immediately flooded, before the regular fire apparatus could be brought in play, by the crew. The entire ship is ventilated with cool, fresh air by

be at least twenty-five miles and will likely earn for the ship the distinction of being the fastest vessel on fresh water in the world.

The engine is of the inclined three-cylinder compound type driving feathering paddle-wheels connected direct to the main shaft. The high pressure cylinder is 54 inches in diameter and is arranged between the two low-pressure cylinders, which are 82 inches in diameter, and of 8-foot stroke



THE LAUNCH.

the McCreary system, and a vacuum cleaning system is provided for removing dust and dirt from the carpets and furniture.

It is interesting to note some of the furnishings for cabins and staterooms. It will take 5,500 yards of carpeting, 3,400 pieces of silver service, 6,500 pieces of crockery, 2,000 pieces of glassware, 2,000 mattresses, 4,000 sheets, 4,000 pillow cases, 2,000 blankets, 5,000 towels, and 3,000 napkins.

The motive power that propels the great ship at a normal economic speed of twenty-two to twenty-three miles an hour is of much interest. The maximum speed will

of pistons. The cylinders are fitted with Corliss valves and gear. The immense maddle-wheels are 28 feet in diameter, and the paddles are 14 feet long and 4 feet wide.

A visit to the busy machine shop of the shipbuilding company where the great engine was being assembled proved of absorbing interest to the novice. Almost in the center of the shop, two of the immense cylinders were being placed in position on their bed of cast steel. The huge, low-pressure cylinders weigh twenty-three tons each, and are large enough for a good-

sized truck horse to be driven through the bore, or a seven-foot giant could stalk through the tube by inclining his head slightly. The high-pressure cylinder weighs seventeen and one-half tons.

A little further along were the great pillow-blocks, and scattered about, in what seemed endless confusion, were bearings for the heavy shaft, connecting rods, valves, bolts and nuts. Many machinists were busy fitting and putting together the heavy parts of the big engine, every single piece machined to fit exactly in its intended place, so that when complete the utmost power, 8,000-H. P. will be developed.

In the forge shop, was the main shaft, in keeping with the monster cylinders. The shaft is 70 feet long, 24 inches in diameter, and weighs in its entirety 74 tons. The two outboard sections, one of which is shown in the photographic illustration, weigh 29 tons each, and the central portion 16 tons. The illustration also shows the wheel centres of one paddle-wheel. Skilled mechanics were at work in other departments of the works, constructing the auxiliary machinery, which consists of compound feed pumps, fire pump, sanitary pump, fresh water ballast pump, hot draft and ventilating fans, double steam steering engine, two gypsy capstans, one deck capstan, and a combined steam windlass and capstan. Two air bilge and cooler pumps are connected to and worked by the low-pressure engine. A hand reversing gear is installed, as is also a Nichol-

son log. There is also an electric lighting plant of 2,000 lights and a powerful search light.

In the boiler shop there were being constructed the cylindrical return tube boilers, of which there are eight. Four of the boilers were completed and moved out on the dock ready for the great shears to pick them up one by one and lift them into place in the hull. The boilers are 13 feet 9 inches in diameter and 12 feet long, and weigh about 80 tons each. They are each 400-boiler H. P. and are provided with two furnaces 52 inches in diameter, fitted with Howden hot draft, and allowed a working pressure of 160 pounds. The boilers are placed in the ship in two separate water-tight compartments, each battery having its own coal bunkers and ash ejectors. This is an important arrangement, for in the event of one compartment being flooded from any cause, the other battery of boilers would still be in steaming condition for service.

Two smoke stacks are fitted, each 102 inches in diameter, and 75 feet high.

Captain Alex. J. McKay, the commodore of the D. & C. fleet, will command the splendid new ship when she goes into commission, the first of June.

If the bright and balmy weather of the launching day is indicative of the career of the new *City of Cleveland*, the majestic ship will contribute a large meed to the greater popularity of the lake trip between the Forest City and the City of the Straits.



SNOWBIRD

A NOVEL

By S. N. Cook

CAPTER XXII.



JOSEPH HAWLEY urged Lina to consent to their marriage before the time for her return to the home of her uncle. "But I am not ready, dear," she said, "I have no dress fit to wear

when I am your wife."

"You cannot get them in the mountains, my beauty. They can be purchased here," he urged.

"But does it not seem unmaidenly to come here and be married instead of at home. What will your friends say? Remember that means much to both of us," she replied.

"There are two persons whom we must consult. My sister-in-law and your uncle. We would not care to displease him, and Ellen will know what society will say."

"Yes, I am willing she shall decide."

"Then, my girl, let us see them at once."

"What an impatient man," she murmured.

Mrs. Hawley was clearly of the opinion that there could be no impropriety in the event occurring at their home, in view of the friendship existing between Lina's uncle and her husband. When Jack was asked his opinion, he said: "I reckon mother caint come, an' as Lina must leave me sometime, it must rest with her to say when and where. I sorter think she had better go home weth me. Ther air lots o' little matters gals will keer ter fix, they mought do better at home. Git all yuh kin here, or all yuh need, and when yo' all air ready, Mr. Hawley kin run down ter Knoxville an' meet yuh an' I'll bring mother if she feels able ter come."

To the inexperienced Lina, Mrs. Hawley was an invaluable friend during the

purchasing of the bridal trossseau and the thousand little details of woman's wants. The change from the simple conditions existing at Pisgah to that of a social position in a large city was a momentous one. While Lina loved deeply the man whose wife she was so soon to become, she feared the ordeal of facing society. She was to marry the famous lawyer, orator and political leader who for all these years had lived a lonely life as far as love of woman was concerned. As for herself, she did not fear the possible inuendoes or the smiles in which sneers lurked, but for his sake, the man she adored, she did fear lest she might stumble.

Something of this she explained to Mrs. Hawley, and all to him who was to be her husband.

There was not one in all the city who filled a higher niche in that indefinite, shifting, unincorporated trust — society — than Mrs. Major Hawley. Her social position, if not leadership, was unquestioned. A protegee of Mrs. Hawley would be accepted without protest, and the wife of Joseph Hawley could not be ignored. This, Lina could not fully grasp, but her perturbation was allayed by the cheerful encouragement given by Mrs. Hawley.

"Be your own sweet, natural self," she said. "No armor is so invulnerable as the atmosphere which surrounds a girl whose charms are heaven sent, whose purity and goodness are unmistakable."

Garments more costly than those chosen by Lina were ordered, but she knew nothing of this until she was Mrs. Joseph Hawley.

The days flew swiftly by and the time came all too soon, for the return to the mountain home. In two months Lina was to come back to the city, and the un-

changing routine of the quiet country home in Tennessee would be simply a memory.

"I reckon Mrs. Hawley," Jack said while the carriage waited, "I reckon I don't fit in ter the fine ways heyre, but I'm sort o' proud thet my gals will in time. It mought hev been different once; she war o' your kind, Mrs. Hawley, o' your kind, all but her heart. I like ter believe what the book says — Gawd made us all — but I don't quite see, mebby I will some day, how He come ter make some women without a woman's heart."

"If you have been less happy yourself, Mr. Fallis," she replied. "You have been enabled to make others happy. That is sometimes our duty — a duty we cannot evade, try as we may. You have been the stay and the joy of two girls, fatherless and motherless. Amid surroundings where social and educational advantages are most limited, you have guarded and sheltered them. Under the guidance of someone less true, these girls might not have been here. Your niece has won a most worthy man. I know something of the Hawleys. No tears will well in woman's eyes because of their unkindness. In the orphan whom you have cared for so tenderly, Bess, we shall have equal pride with you. I believe with my son, that he can well afford to wait. Remember, Mr. Fallis, you are mistaken in regard to where you fit in. A brave, honest, true man fits anywhere, but in the walks of night. They who do not care to know such an one as you, are undesirable people, at best."

"It is wuth walkin — ef yuh hed ter do it — all the way from Tennessee, ter hear yuh talk jist once," Jack said.

Mrs. Hawley and Arthur decided that Bess must not enter the institution without some preliminary training. A private teacher was engaged who devoted every hour to that young lady, her employers would permit. Presently it dawned upon Bess that Uncle Jack had not been consulted upon this matter and, perhaps, had not provided the funds.

This, she told Arthur, protesting mildly. "Some day, Arthur, yuh'll be byin everything for me an' I'll be proud when that 'ime comes for I will not be as I am now. I know I talk like they do at home an'

mebby sometimes yuh feel a little ashamed o' me, but yuh must not git teachers for me now — not unless uncle says so."

"Then we will fix it all right with uncle, dear." Arthur said soothingly.

When the time came for Bess to enter the seminary there was little of the mountain speech left except that quaint dialect which clings to the daughters of the South under all circumstances.

* * * *

Among the young ladies to whom Bess was introduced was Elise Langton, who was in her second year at the seminary. "I wish you girls to be friends," said Mrs. Hawley. The mother of Elise Langton was one of Mrs. Hawley's friends and was well known as a devoted worker in the field of practical charity. She believed that a girl who had been tempted and who had wandered away into the shadows, was worthy of more effort to save than many heathen. Mrs. Langton may not have objected to foreign missions, but she saw such a field of work in her own city that all her energies and all the means set apart for the work of missions and charity were spent upon the poor girls who drift in from village and from farm to the city, where life's current runs more swiftly, and where the whirlpools are.

Just as with those who climb to the top of the ladder of fame, so it came to Bess. It was because of her bravery and her love for Arthur that she came into the new life she was now leading, and it was all because Mrs. Langton was charitable to the erring that made it possible for Bess to suffer.

When Bess had come to Arthur that afternoon under the walnut — the first day in the mountains — he observed that the brown legs, bare to the knee, were exquisitely turned. They were brown because she was out in the sun and the rain, because she ran bare-footed in the fields and woods. The sunburn had now faded and the "thistledown" dress and the blue were almost to the shoe tops.

Joseph Hawley said to Lina after they were married: "Those lips of Bess' seem laden with passionate kisses ready to burst forth and overwhelm a lover. This is what one sees at first, but, if you look again,

you see the soul shining through — a white, pure soul — white as the lilies."

"That is very pretty, I'm sure, but you have never said any thing so sweet of me, Lina pouted.

"Mine eyes have been trying to tell you more," was his reply.

CHAPTER XXIII.

The month of October is like a fair widow who is beginning to forget. Her gowns are brilliant in hue, but there lingers here and there bits of gray and brown. With the widow, these somber touches belong to the past when grief has reigned, but with the Autumn prototype, it is the coming event which casts the shadow. Notwithstanding one loves the gold and glory of the Autumn, he sees in the changing tints of the leaves the coming of winter. In our northern climes a part of nature dies in winter. The trees seem to shiver in the blasts, for they are naked. The bird's songs are hushed and the nests deserted for the warblers leave, seeking for a land of eternal summer, as the soul, weary of earth, searches for a realm of eternal brightness.

If these thoughts came to Joseph Hawley once in a while as the train bore him swiftly toward Knoxville, he cast them aside to think of the vernal loveliness soon to be his own, and in whose presence his soul felt that buoyancy and sense of joy that comes to youth in Spring.

Lina was waiting, and Jack too, when the train pulled in. Nate and Nannie came along as far as Knoxville and would return with the team. Lina wanted her brother and her dear little friend, Nannie, to go with them, but Nannie said: "We'll wait till next year an' mebbly Nate an' me will be married. We'll sorter feel freer ter come.

Arthur and Bess went to meet them at the Cincinnati depot, and they were soon driven to the home of the major. They had traveled all night and Lina had not slept much. She was not yet used to being rocked to sleep by the swaying, swinging train. The wedding was to occur Thursday evening and this was Tuesday. There was much to do in those two days. The dresses were all completed and tried

on and admired. They had not determined where they should go upon their tour until that Tuesday evening.

"By the way," said Joseph Hawley, "Lina and I are not going alone. It has just occurred to me that we should all go."

"Impossible, impossible," replied the major, "I cannot get away."

"I must return in two weeks," said his brother, "and during that time we will be on the go always and it will spoil half our pleasure if some of you are not along. It does not matter how a bride seeks to disguise the fact by assuming indifference, the public is pleased to announce it by impudent stares and knowing winks. If there is a party of us we can smile back at them."

There were a dozen questions in Bess' eyes just then that did not escape Arthur, and that gentleman seconded the suggestion which met the unqualified approval of the young lady.

"Let us go, certainly. Mother will chaperone the party, and Bess and I wish to go very much."

"Well, why not?" asked his uncle.

"It is as you say, Ellen," the major said.

"Will you not also go?" Mrs. Hawley asked.

"No, I am busy, besides I want Jack to stay here with me, I mean to get him interested in some property in the city. I want him to leave off working and live here where the girls are."

"I hev been kinder thinkin' lately thet when mother goes ter sleep I'd like ter be near my gals. Nate kin take keer o' the farm," Jack said.

"Now it is settled, we go," said Arthur with all the enthusiasm of a boy. "Mother, see that Bess is all ready."

"Truly can I go, Mrs. Hawley?" asked Bess.

"I certainly will not go if you do not," that excellent lady replied.

"I'll thank you when you go to sleep," Bess whispered.

"Let us discuss the itinerary," said the Honorable Joseph: "First to Cleveland, where we can rest or take a steamer to Buffalo. Then to Niagara Falls, from there to Toronto; thence to Montreal and Quebec. From Montreal we will go to Boston. We shall enjoy a brief tour of

New England, a glance of the White Mountains, a sail on historic Lake Champlain, and a day at St. Albans. From this village there unrolls a panoramic view so beautiful that none who have seen it can ever forget. Standing on the veranda of the hotel looking to the south one views a scene that appears more like a cycloramic painting than a real landscape. To the left rises Mr. Mansfield. At your feet nestles Lake Champlain, and across the lake the Adirondack peaks rise out of a sea of blue ether that makes the illusion complete. You cannot get rid of the idea that it has been painted by some mighty Bierdstadt. To the southward stretches a pastoral landscape of rare beauty. Here are orchards and vineyards and green meadows and lowing herds. We must not miss St. Albans. From there we will go to Boston again and from there to Plymouth, Massachusetts. From Plymouth we will go to quaint old Rockport. With a hurried peep at the great mills of Taunton, Pawtucket and Fall River, we will take a sound steamer for New York and thence home."

"Can we do all that in two weeks." Lina asked.

"By taking cat-naps, yes," he replied.

The route was not changed and on that Thursday evening after the wedding dinner the major and Jack rode with them to the train to see them off. Arthur was quick to observe how Bess had changed in her demeanor toward him since coming to the city. No one had suggested it; she intuitively knew that she could not love Arthur with the unconcealed ardor that marked her intercourse with him in the mountains. She did not love him less only with more propriety and it caused the young man no little wonder that she learned so quickly what the proprieties demanded. He was pleased that it was to his mother she went for permission to do this or that or for advice, instead of Lina or himself. The entire trip had been a delight to the girl. Very much of the time upon the train when traveling in day time, she spent with Arthur, and occasionally she forgot that she was now a very proper young lady instead of little girl, Bess of the mountains, and her head rested upon

his shoulder. This did not occur, however, until Arthur complained to his mother in the presence of the little lady.

"Arthur found you dear, lost in the mountains and he brought you to me to keep only part of the time," said Mrs. Hawley.

Bess had never been further from home than Williamsburg until Yancey Everett was buried. Mrs. Hawley was never too weary to explain everything the girl did not understand. The mountains in New England did not particularly interest her. She had looked upon mountains all her life. She loved the ocean, however, and she saw it in an angry mood at Rockport. There had been a storm at sea the night before and the white caps were dancing and the waves thundering. It was a shingled hotel in which they were domiciled, a plain, storm beaten, wave washed building, but Bess did not notice this; she saw simply the great waves rolling in and they seemed to shout to her, "Come and meet us, daughter of earth, come, come."

There was a rough sea that night when they left Fall River and the steamer rolled and tossed and the girls grew ill. Lina could not leave her state room to listen to the orchestra concert in the salon. Bess thought she must hear this and asked Arthur if he would remain with her.

"I am fearful that the sea will make you ill," he said.

"Mebby not," she answered.

In a medley the orchestra was playing, a theme from the Flower Song was introduced, and Bess forgot for a moment the dreadful sinking feeling which had taken possession of her.

"Take me to your mother, quick," she said. Her face was white and drawn.

"Take care of her, mother," he urged gently and the arms of the mother enfolded her, and the white face was drawn close to her.

The sun was shining and a soft breeze was playing with the flags and streamers on the rovers of the seas that next morning and the great noisy metropolis of the country rose up before her. Two days, wearing yet wonderful days to Lina and Bess, were spent in New York. The night of the second day they were speeding home.

Jack remained until Lina became the mistress of the new mansion. Her husband did not forget upon their return, thronged though he was with the multiplicity of professional and political demands upon his time, to have a few sittings for the companion portrait to the one Lina saw the day she first learned where her future home was to be. Jack was perhaps even more elated over the elegance of this home than Lina.

"All this is yours, dear," he said to her one day. "All this, and it seems only a long yistiday since I went ter No'th Car'lina an' got yuh, an' yuh eyes war like a skeered fawn's."

"If I shall always be as happy here as I was in the home you gave me, I will have no thought of worry."

"He is a gentleman o' the true kind, Lina, allus honor him an' love him an' let him know yuh love him, fer its only the narrer souled man who takes advantage o' a woman's love."

When the day came that he must return, he was so silent and sad that Mr. Hawley said:

"My brave, good uncle, your departure saddens us, even in this hour of our newer and greater happiness, and I want you to promise now that you will come back to us. There is room in this house as in our hearts for you always."

The mountaineer could not reply at first, and Lina left her uncle's side and winding her arms about her husband, whispered: "Oh, how I love you for those words. It is so good of you."

"No, not good of me. We want him, dear; he belongs to us. How could we feel otherwise?" he asked.

"Yes I'm coming back some day, shore," Jack said when his voice grew steady. "But yuh all must come to the old home sometime. Mother ain't a goin' ter stay heyre long. When we left home ter come ter meet yuh, mother she clung ter Lina an' told her she hoped she might stay at home till the Lord called her. 'But you're mightily favored by Our Father in Heaven' mother said. 'Yes, mighty favored in gittin' a man yuh kin look up ter an' honor so I caint blame yuh fer goin'; fer I went as willingly weth yuh grand-

father. When I die I want yuh heyre, Lina, fer thar's no one kin fix my cap just like yuh all. When I go into the presence o' my Lawd I want my cap on straight.' Mother she war always sort o' proud-spurited though a Christian," Jack said softly.

CHAPTER XXIV.

The Southern office of the lumber company of Cameron and Caine was located at Knoxville. This was the nearest point in which communication with the business world could be had. Every week the captain visited the mills for a day or two and then returned to the city. When the weather grew stormy in the late autumn and the roads became bad, he gave up the mountain trips, placing everything in the hands of a foreman. The tents had been replaced by log and plank structures that were made comfortable for winter. Cameron decided that the work might continue until the first of the year when they would cease until spring.

Once a week, usually on Sunday evenings, he called upon Malvina in a formal manner. Not a word did either say about the past. He was well aware that she was always glad to have him come. He saw her face grow brighter as he talked of Arthur and Bess. When Lina was married the Cincinnati papers contained glowing accounts of the affair and Cameron brought them to Malvina to read.

"Strange, ain't it," she said one night, "but for thet timber land Yancey would be livin' yit. But fer thet timber land, Lina would be livin' in the mountains, single. But fer thet timber land, Bess would hev growed up like the rest o' us did up thar."

"Yes, and had it not been for those timber lands you would not have to be on trial for killing Lige Evans."

"When will the case come up?" she asked.

"Next week, and I have written to Arthur and his uncle."

"Yuh allus seem ter be thinkin' o' me."

"I have not forgotten that you went for reinforcements that my life might be saved ten years ago," he replied.

"Yes," she answered dreamily.

When he arose to go she said: "Wait

a minnit, and hurriedly left the room. When she returned she held in her hand the weapon he had given her that day in '64.

"I didn't know Yancey Everett when yuh giv' this ter me, but it killed the man who shot him an' now I'm ter be tried fer it," she said.

"Never fear," the captain answered. "You will come out of the case triumphant."

Colonel Cassidy had been retained to assist Wade & Hawley in the defense of Malvina. Early in the November term the case was set for hearing. Captain Cameron consulted Colonel Cassidy in regard to the matter, and whether the Cincinnati lawyers should be there when it was first called. Cassidy suggested that Cameron communicate with Wade & Hawley and learn their wishes in the matter. The case, of course, might be continued until such time as those gentlemen could come, but if possible it should be tried at the earliest opportunity, and while the death of Yancey Everett was fresh in the minds of the public. Such in brief, was what Cassidy wished the captain to write the Northern attorneys. This was also the opinion of Mr. Hawley who wrote in reply that he and Arthur would come when the day of trial was set. "Wire me," he wrote Cameron, "and tell the friends in the mountains if you see them that Lina will accompany me."

Beverly Wade found it impossible to go to Knoxville to assist in the trial but Arthur was of the opinion that with Colonel Cassidy they could present a strong defense.

The case did not last long. There were few witnesses except Jack Fallis and the family of Squire Peters. Malvina was not called upon to testify in her defense. It was with difficulty her attorneys could get her to consent to the plea "not guilty."

"Ter be shore I killed him," she said when they were discussing the case with her. "What else could I do?" Ef the question is asked me p'int blank, 'Who killed Lige Evans' I'll tell 'em," she persisted.

The feature of the trial was the plea of Joseph Hawley. There were two of the

jurors who had known Yancey Everett in the army of the South. These men did not attempt to hide the tears that flowed freely when Hawley pointed to the empty chair and told what Yancey had asked when dying. "He requested," said Hawley, "that a chair might be placed at this table; and that empty chair has set there, as you know, gentlemen, of the jury, through all this trial. Whether he came as he wished, none of us know, but I have caught myself bending my ear to catch his whisper, and if the Supreme Judge of the Universe, in his infinite goodness and wisdom bids those who have passed away, to revisit familiar scenes then he has been sitting here. The soul of one like Yancey Everett, who loved his wife with a tenderness that touched the hearts of all who knew him, would be clouded by sorrow if his wife's unsullied honor should be stained by the verdict of "guilty." Remember, gentlemen, we are taught that there is flowing somewhere, a limpid stream, the overflow of a fountain of love in which each ransomed soul seeks to bathe, and this fountain burst forth when the lowly Nazarene left earth."

The prosecutor closed the argument for the state and the judge, who in his boyhood lived on those lofty peaks Malvina knew, delivered the charge to the jury. A smile of triumph swept over the face of Joseph Hawley when the judge concluded for he knew the verdict. In half an hour the jury sat in their accustomed seats. The usual form was observed:

"What is your verdict?" asked the court.

"Not guilty."

A cheer rang out which sounded to Major Hawley wonderfully like that one time "rebel yell."

The judge rapped for order; the bailiff was among those who had been cheering.

"Gentlemen of the jury," said the judge, "I thank you, you are discharged, but, before you go permit me to say, if as the eloquent attorney from Ohio has pictured, my one time friend whose memory I hold dear sat in that chair unseen by us, he can bear to his comrades in the white bivouac beyond, the message that no court or jury in Tennessee would stain the soul

of a lady who did her duty. Adjourn the court," he cried.

The court room had been crowded and when the bailiff had cried: "Hear ye; hear ye; the court of H—— county has now adjourned" there was a rush to take the hand of the acquitted woman. Arthur was first, and impulsively he put his arm about her and kissed her. Her wet eyes thanked him, she could not speak. Joseph Hawley was about to offer congratulations when Lina, who had sat through the closing scenes, whispered, "Let us get her away; she is so wrought up." This was easier said than done. The judge came. "I never met you until this trial began," he said, "but I knew Mr. Everett well. There is a great difference between a heroine and a murderess and I congratulate you from my very heart."

Through her tears Malvina looked into his face. A half smile flitted, her lips moved, but her thanks were unspoken. She turned to the jury who had risen and was waiting their turn to take her by the hand. One after another took the soft hand upon which there were yet freckles as when Captain Cameron thrilled with a hand clasp unknown before. Few words were spoken. One of the veterans who had charged with Yancey at Gettysburg, took both her hands in his half crushing them. Bending low he held them to his bearded lips, and when he turned away they were tear-washed.

Captain Cameron, too, was waiting to tell her how glad he was that she had triumphed; for it was more like a triumph than a mere acquittal. She turned to him her face pale as though she had heard the judge say "guilty — guilty" — but, when he murmured: "Mrs. Everett, Malvina, I am not less happy than you," the red blood rushed quick as a lightning flash and as quickly receded, leaving her as pale as before. In her eyes he saw the soft light he remembered seeing that night in 1864, but then the eyes were heavy with sleep and utter weariness.

CHAPTER XXV.

Dave Wilson was a frequent visitor to the cabin where Liz Evans lived. Her niece, Eliza Grimm, continued to assist in the work of cooking and waiting upon

the workmen of the mills. After their first trouble, when Liz had severely punished the girl for running away with Tom Sellers, they had been upon amicable terms. The mill men did not know her name. Perhaps they did not ask. It was sufficient that they knew her as "Lize." The girl was not pretty, nor was she homely. Tom Sellers seemed to like her, and resented, as far as he dared, the attentions Dave Wilson paid her.

Lize was quite elated over the conquest of these two men. Dave was known as a dangerous man, and Tom Sellers bore the reputation among his fellow workmen as one who was as ready with his weapons as his fists. He preferred the latter, however, and had he been sure Dave would be willing to settle the question of who had the best right to the affections of the girl, according to the rules of the prize ring or even a rough-and-tumble fight, it would have been quickly determined.

Dave, however, preferred the weapons. While Lize enjoyed the distinction of having two men seeking her affections, she cared most for Tom. Such as Lize hate the authors of their ruin only when they neglect. Tom could not be accused of indifference, particularly when he saw Dave's intentions. The girl loved Tom as animals love their mates, and tolerated Dave because it pleased her to see Tom annoyed.

"We've got ter settle this matter one way or the other," Dave said, one day. "It's either that feller or me. This foolin' hes got ter stop."

"Thar'll be no settlin' o' thet matter with pistols," Lize replied.

"I reckon I don't hev ter ax yuh all, do I?" and there was a sneer upon his face.

"Yuh'd better, thet's all." There was a cold glitter in the small, black eyes.

Lize related the conversation to Tom and the plan was finally decided upon for the settlement. There came a day or two of unusually warm weather for the month of November, and Lize received her aunt's permission to go nutting.

"Don't hev any o' them fellers trailin' after yuh," the woman said. Dave was waitin' for her on the path that led to the hickory ridge. He insisted that he knew where they could find the greatest number

of nuts lying waiting for them, but Lize refused to go where he directed.

"What's the matter with yuh?" he asked.

"Nuthin'; I'm jist goin' ther other way."

Dave swore at her viciously.

"Yuh all kin go one way an' me the other, I reckon." She knew she would not long travel the path alone. Dave sullenly followed her. They worked for a while silently and sturdily and had filled the bag Lize brought with her, and Dave's pockets were bulging with the nuts that would soon be drying upon the hearth in the cabin.

"Let's go to the hazel thicket?" Lize said; "I want some o' them." Without protest he followed her. He stared at her curiously as she uttered the cry of the whip-poor-will.

"A lettle late fer them kind o' birds," he said.

Dave did not hear, but the quick ear of the girl detected a footfall upon the carpet of brown leaves on the other side of the thicket.

"I'm tired," she said, throwing herself down upon a bed of red and brown autumn leaves.

"I don't keer ef I do," Dave said, as he removed his belt, to which was fastened a Colt's revolver of the heaviest calibre. As he threw himself lazily beside her, he said in wheedling tones: "Ef yuh ain't a savin' all yuh kisses fer thet yank, yuh might pass' em 'round right now."

He saw her lips pucker, and thinking she was waiting for the caress, slowly put his arm about her.

"Te-wit, te-wit," the puckered lips whistled.

"What the hell do yuh mean?" he asked, his eyes flashing.

"I'm callin' the birds, what do yuh reckon?" she asked.

"Thar's all the birds heyre I want," Dave replied.

"Yuh all ain't a buzzard, air yuh?" she asked; "ca'se I don't know airy other kind o' bird yuh look like."

"I reckon thet yank is the kind o' bird yuh like."

"He calls me robin red breast sometimes," she replied.

"He mought a called yuh a crane, I 'low; yuh laigs air so long an' slim."

A hand stole out through the bushes toward the belt and the revolver. Dave did not see it, but Lize did, and she began singing loudly lest he should hear the leaves rustling.

"Shet up," he cried, and with the open palm he struck her in the mouth.

"O Dave," was all she said. She placed her fingers upon her lips; they were blood-stained.

"I didn't mean ter hit yuh so hard. Ter show yuh I like yuh arter all, I'll kiss yer lips."

"A kiss won't make 'em bleed; yuh may," she answered. She saw the hand from the bushes resting upon the weapon Dave had cast aside. She wound her arms about his neck and drew him toward her.

"Heyre is yuh kiss," she said.

He uttered a cry that echoed through the forest as he tore himself loose from her grasp. His lips were bleeding. Her sharp teeth had pierced them.

"Yuh young devil, I'll kill yuh!" he cried.

He drew back to strike her as he rose to his feet. The blow did not fall. The hand that had reached out from the bushes held a weapon that made no echo. Dave had thrown aside his hat when he sought to kiss the girl, and upon the uncovered head there fell a crushing blow. He sank unconscious to the earth. Not content, the assailant kicked the prostrate foe with his heavy boot, and the blood streamed afresh from the lips the girl had wounded.

"Don't Tom, maybe he's daid now," she said.

"I wonder if he is," and the young man turned the body over rudely with his foot.

"We hed better go."

"Yes, and I won't stop going till I'm out of this State," said he.

"What do yuh mean ter do weth me?" she asked.

"I don't know."

"Yuh orter."

"Why?"

"Ef yuh hev killed Dave I'll git the blame. Nobody knowed yuh all war along," she said, doggedly; "an' ef he ain't killed he'll make a finish o' me fer what I've done."

"Perhaps."

"Whar yuh go I'm a-goin'."

"All right, Lize, let us go quick, then. But, look here. I've not got enough money to get us both North and keep us a-going until I get work."

"I've saved my money thet I've worked fer all this summer," Lize answered.

"That will do you no good now. You won't dare let your aunt see you," Tom said.

"I got ter get my other dress. Yuh all wait fer me down the road thar."

Lize cautiously crept toward the cabin. She made a half circuit of the hut, approaching as near as she dared to the sawmill. She held her hand to her heart — it had never beaten that way before.

"I 'low I'm skeered," she said to herself as she peered out from behind a tree.

She observed that the door of the cabin was closed, and as the day was warm for the time of the year, she surmised that her aunt was not inside. Presently she saw a yellow sunbonnet there by the sawmill. In a moment she was in the cabin. Her best dress was hanging on a nail near the closed door. In another moment she was fastening it upon her, and in the deep dress pocket was her money. Now she was ready to join Tom. As she opened the door she saw the yellow sunbonnet moving toward her. The western November sun shown in the eyes of the wearer, and Liz pulled it down until the sun no longer dazzled her eyes.

Soon some mysterious prompting caused her to pause and lift the bonnet. She saw Lize hurrying from the cabin. She called to the girl, but there was no answer.

"Whar air yuh traipsin' now, Lize? Kem back. I see it now. Tom Sellers ain't at the mill," she said to herself, "an' thet fool gal's a-goin' ter meet him an' like as not go ter Williamsburg agin."

"Heyre, Lize, yuh all come back, now." But the girl had disappeared in the woods.

Tom hid while Lize reconnoitered. He did not propose to be seen by any of the mill hands, and the time seemed a sort of eternity while Lize was getting her possessions into a little bundle.

"Did any one see you?" he asked, as the girl joined him.

"Didn't yuh hear A'nt Liz a-squallin' an' yellin' fer me ter kem back?"

"You have got to do some traveling now, young woman," Tom said.

"Yuh cain't travel any too fur fer me."

When far out of sight of the mill, they having ran through the woods till each was out of breath, they paused and listened intently, as they hid in a clump of bushes, for pursuing footsteps. They were close to a road that led to Knoxville, and when they were sure no one was following, they came out into the road and began their long journey.

"Whar air yuh goin', Tom?"

"To Knoxville first, and then just as far as we can go—that is if they don't get us."

"Who's goin' ter git us ef we git ter Knoxville?" asked the girl.

"I don't know the gentleman's name or his present address, but there plenty of men to hunt us down if Dave is dead."

"How fur is it ter Knoxville?"

"More than thirty miles."

"Will we git thar ternight?"

"Tonight?" I don't observe that either of us have grown wings since we started," and Tom's nervousness was apparent to his companion.

"Air yuh goin' ter try ter keep up this gait till mornin'?" asked Lize after a time.

"Perhaps," he answered moodily.

"I'll be right weth yuh ef yuh keep on a travelin'," replied the girl.

The night seemed to fall suddenly and the wind arose and moaned through the tree-tops.

"No one lives in this devilish country," Tom said, presently. "I suppose we will have to sleep beside a log and cover ourselves over with leaves."

Lize had grown weary by this time and did not reply.

"I say we may have to sleep in the woods, beside a log."

"Yuh cain't find yo' log any too soon."

They were hungry now, as well as sorely worn by the long and hurried walk.

"Let me rest a minnit, Tom."

"All right, but not more than a minute or two. Let us go on for a while; maybe we will come to one of those scabby cabins. Any kind of an old hut would be a palace just now," he added.

[To be Continued.]

A Bullfight in Guatemala

By the Late William Ashbrook Kellerman

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Illustrations from Snap Shots by the Author



HUNDREDS of people — yea, thousands — were moving down the street toward the Plaza de Toro or amphitheater, where, in the suburbs of Guatemala city, on a balmy Sunday afternoon in January, a bullfight was advertised to take place. Well dressed and orderly they were — and why should not I join the procession? There was only a moment's hesitation and I found myself moving along with the great crowd.

That these quiet multitudes were going to witness the popular National game could scarcely be believed. If on pleasure bent why are they not boisterous — at least, why not gay? The faces were an interesting study — pleasant, cheerful, but in many cases rather strenuous. Were they hastening to perform some agreeable but urgent duty, these "excitable Spaniards?"

But the distance to the Plaza was not great, and my observations and meditations were soon interrupted by the necessity of purchasing a very high-priced ticket and seeking out the proper entrance, a narrow door through which the masses were filing in a somewhat leisurely manner but with evident rapidity. Within the enclosure some excitement could scarcely be repressed. It was an immense structure, the large central ring highfenced, a space of about two rods intervening. Then began the tiers of rising seats, to accommodate many thousand spectators, roofed to protect from the uncomfortable tropical sun. Throngs of people are already present, but crowds unabated still pour in. Surely the entire city of one hundred thousand people must be coming to see the great *acontecimiento*. Practically all the seats

are filled; hundreds of the more anxious ones are packed against the enclosure of the arena, and the small boy in goodly numbers is perched on the roof, upon tall poles near by, and in the branches of neighboring trees that afford good viewpoints.

The flags are run up on the poles, the band begins a lively strain, and evident anxiety is on every face of that mighty throng of people. They had been talking, but not shouting; laughing, but not boisterously. Now the marked lull indicated an appreciation of fine music no less than the inherited interest in a game almost universal in the Spanish-speaking countries of the globe. Conscience compels me to acknowledge that in such a crowd, in such an environment, excitement is contagious; no child could have experienced a deeper interest in all the events of the day than I displayed, and under such circumstances it was evident that my pocket camera would be a failure.

The music reaches a climax, the doors of the arena of slaughter swing open and forward comes a procession of matadors, picadors, horses gaudy-caparisoned and footmen gayly decorated. They salute the master of ceremonies, the referee for the day, and then proudly retire, showered with the applause of an expectant throng. Presently the trumpet sounds, the gates fly open and from a hitherto concealed enclosure a spirited bull rushes into the ring.

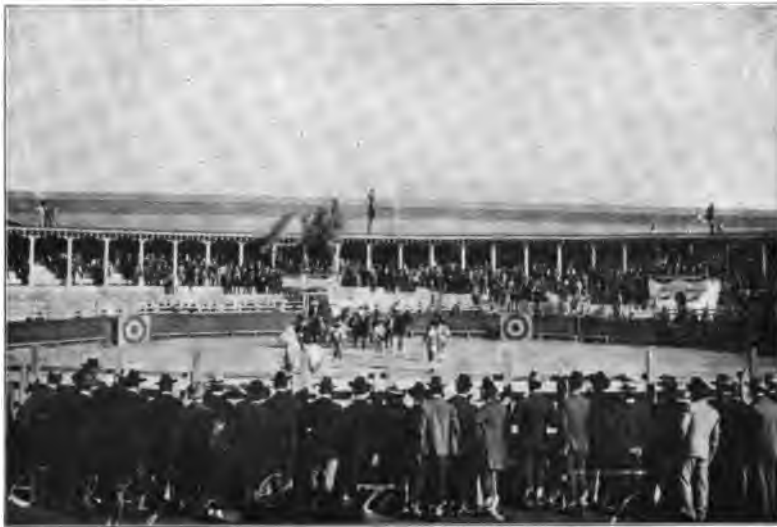
The astonished animal halts, surveys the scene with quick meditation, and, true to the intensified inbred instincts of his kind, prepares to attack the men and horses already stationed for the fight. A gayly clad horseman advances, and the bull, whetting

* See editorial department. "Professor Kellerman," whose death in Guatemala occurred as this article was in course of publication.

his madness for a moment, rushes at his antagonist. With sure aim the long, spear-pointed dart is thrust into the neck of the animal, which fortunately may serve to divert him, for the time saving the horse and winning for the lucky stroke a good round of applause from the alert spectators. The bull has failed and for a moment hesitates, but, pain from the stroke adding to his madness, a more furious lunge is made. !

No dart diverts him now; his mighty force is spent in goring again and again the helpless horse — a sight most repellent to one who witnesses the spectacle for the

and matadors face the infuriated beast. The red mantle is flung before the animal, but his mad rushes are futile; with the greatest ease the men jump aside and miss the lunge. The character of the bull and his capabilities are sufficiently tested by several tormentors; and now a lithe picador advances, two short spears swing with deft gyrations, the frenzied bull head, lowered, better directing its elegantly curved but fatal horns, meets the assailant, and horrors! is he gored to death? No; with consummate skill those two darts are set into the bowed neck. In less than the twinkling of an eye the Spaniard has



"FORWARD COMES A PROCESSION OF MATADORES, PICADORES AND HORSES GAILY CAPARISONED."

first time. But this is repeated, and even a third doomed horse, fatally wounded, is helped away or dragged from the ring, where his miseries are mercifully terminated. Why should this disgusting feature of the bullfight be retained? Let it be said, if not in palliation of this renowned game, at least to the credit of some of the Spanish countries, that this preliminary mangling of docile horses is now in many cases wholly dispensed with, the skill of the fighters affording a more refined — say less brutal — form of entertainment.

The bugle sounds again, the interest quickens, and the richly dressed picadors

dexterously jumped aside, and, writhing in agony, the bull rushes harmless by, vainly trying to escape the excruciating pain of those two dangling, be-ribboned lances.

The hurrahs of the vast audience make a deafening roar. This exhibition of daring and skill is repeated, the excitement growing, for the bull with more defiant menace rushes on his assailant, the cause of this torture, even more furiously than before. The heart stops, the vision dims! A misstep is made, the picador is hurled to the ground to be trampled, gored and re-gored by the justly infuriated animal. But no, the stationed helpers rush to his

assistance; by quickest unfurling dashes of the silken mantle, the bull, about to make his exulting fatal stroke, is happily diverted, the picador is rescued and a greater shout arises from the sea of spectators. Piqued at his failure, the perfect athlete again faces the red-eyed bull, who with desperately dilated nostrils and vengeful countenance almost human, unconscious of his doom, vainly meets superior skill. The audience rises, and the thundering shouts, the waving of hats and plumes, the uncontrollable excitement, if possible exceeding that ever witnessed on

the pity we may feel, the question that may come to us, Why pleasing, this useless if not purposeless combat — superior cunning against superior muscularity, superior skill against superior force, man against brute? Is a Jehovah looking down with pleasure on this human form divine, admiring the skill and cunning that exhibits to a proud people the mastery and dominion of man over all living creatures?

But the final act now claims our attention, the excited people, standing in their places, applauding every happy stroke, ridiculing and scoffing the least lack of



"THE ASTONISHED ANIMAL HALTS AND SURVEYS THE SCENE WITH QUICK MEDITATION."

the diamond or gridiron, terminates the second stage of the entertaining combat.

Decorated with this second set of twinging, dangling darts, his beastly fury increasing, seeking whom he may destroy to assuage his pain and madness, now by a third bugle blast the bull is quickly brought to the last act in the fatal drama. The real matador, perfect in form and strength, possessed of all the skill that long practice yields, clad in tight bejewelled garments, tasseled cap, a gleaming sword in his right hand, the rich royal mantle in his left, greeted with tumultuous applause by an admiring throng, faces his antagonist for the finish.

A moment only allows the reflection,

precision in the thrust, shouting "*Otro, Otro,*" when blood is drawn. But the furious lunges of the incensed bull are futile, the agile matador easily avoiding the terrible force, the assistants at many short intervals diverting the bull, wheeling him to the right and to the left, around and about, till at times he is utterly bewildered. He pauses for a moment, defiantly surveys the matador, then, with true directed rush again he seeks to annihilate his tormentor. But the latter with well judged thrust in the bowed neck makes a mortal wound. The life blood is staining the ground; the animal reels: maybe yet one effort he can make and as he summons the fast fleeing strength for a

still terrible rush, the confident matador directs another precise thrust, and the animal falls, never to rise again.

The gaily caparisoned team, three horses abreast, drags the carcass from the fatal field. But the spectators demand a repetition; another bull is brought to the ring, the enjoyment is even greater than before. And yet a third appears, a more spirited, if possible a more furious animal. The titanic power of the bull is again pitted against the perfect skill and daring prowess

climes, in all the past centuries, even antedating "civilization."

Today we build the greatest gymnasia, and the largest crowds assemble to witness the wonderful exhibition of athletic skill. The Spaniard is not an exception, not an anomaly. It is true that his favorite game is not sanctioned by highest culture and greatest refinement — no brutal sport can be. Yet the ardent hunters pursue the harmless game; the innocent wounded animals suffer cruel pains. The wounded



"THE RED MANTLE IS FLUNG BEFORE THE ANIMAL."

of the sturdy matador. These repeated combats are not monotonous; each time a more exciting spectacle is presented, and the people are commensurately elated.

Though present not to uphold or criticise — indeed, deeply interested, though truly disinterested — it must be confessed that my pleasure throughout was keen and my excitement not exceeded by that of the Spaniards. Human daring, human skill, intelligence and even brute cunning are attractive. Games have flourished in all

bird or beast, the fading lustre of a soft, bright eye, excites no human sympathy, appeals in vain to the noble heart of man.

But bullfights are degrading — a cruel sport, an inexcusable sacrifice of animals so useful to man that they should have his care and protection instead. That alas, is too true; yet perhaps we, too, inflict needless pain; perhaps we are cruel at times; even our games of human skill may be too severe; the human body may be maimed, precious lives sacrificed, though thousands applaud; and this is sanctioned.

The Tragedy of Gnadenhütten

By Harry Edwin Martin



RESTING peacefully in the scenic Tuscarawas valley, in Ohio, is the town of Gnadenhütten. A stranger visiting the village will note the beautiful site, the wide shaded streets, the pretty flower-dotted lawns and the thrifty, genial inhabitants and their tranquillity; but, unless he is very familiar with the history of Ohio, he fails to comprehend why the town is called Gnadenhütten, nor will he realize that this is an historic, almost sacred, spot. Here one of the tragedies of history occurred — a tragedy of pathos unsurpassed and involving Christian fortitude akin to martyrdom.

Late in August of the year 1772, two companies of Moravian missionaries and their Indian followers from Pennsylvania, after severe vicissitudes, arrived upon the banks of the Tuscarawas river, then known as the Muskingum. The first company to arrive, under the leadership of the chief missionary, David Zeisberger, stopped about two miles south of the present town of New Philadelphia and began the village of Schönbrunn, or "Beautiful Spring," named thus because of the small lake nearby. By October 9, 1772, the second company had reached the valley and farther down the river began building a town, which they christened Gnadenhütten, or "Tents of Grace."

This later colony was under the leadership of Joshua, a Mohican elder, and was composed mainly of Mohican and Delaware Indians who had embraced Christianity. The only white persons dwelling here were two or three teachers and their families. Surrounded by the peaceable Delaware tribe, who had invited these Christians to dwell in their midst, Gnadenhütten became a pleasant and prosperous village. It was well laid out, but had only one

principal street. The houses and chapel, like all of the new settlements, were built of rough and hewn logs. Each home was enclosed by a picket fence, the doors swung on wooden hinges, the windows were made of greased paper, the furniture was hand-made, and through a hole in each door hung the necessary latch string as a token of welcome. None but professed Christians were allowed the privilege of making their homes here. Notwithstanding this, however, the population steadily increased; for many of the neighboring red men accepted the white man's religion and became men, not savages.

Industry and order were necessary. Under these two guiding principles the inhabitants became well-to-do farmers, with now and then a proficient tradesman. Joshua, the leader, was an expert cooper and canoe-maker. Generosity and kindness were also marked characteristics that classed the Moravians wholly apart from the other Indians, and whenever opportunity offered the red men from afar visited Gnadenhütten. All visitors were treated with Christian courtesy and food in abundance was offered them. Oftentimes the inhabitants ransomed prisoners when their savage captors passed through the town on their return from an expedition against the whites.

Each day the chapel bell called the people to prayer. Such was the daily life of the meek Moravian Indians. As we look upon the Indian of yesterday all of this seems a Utopian dream. But the facts proved it a reality. Under the influence of Christianity, guided by their white brethren, these wild men of the forest put aside the tomahawk, learned to forego revenge and left off unchastity and drunkenness, to become obedient and industrious toilers. As we give thought to them and



THE MONUMENT TO THE MASSACRED CHRISTIAN INDIANS OF
GNADENHUTTEN.

their tragic end, we should venerate them not as savages but as civilized men, faithful and sincere in their Christian beliefs and reflecting from their lives lights that to this day have not been extinguished.

The first white child born in Ohio was John Lewis Roth, who opened his eyes to the light of day July 4, 1773, at Gnadenhütten. Historians differ as to who really was the first white child born within the

bounds of Ohio, but no authentic record of a birth previous to this has so far been found.

The opening of the Revolution was the beginning of the troubles of the mission town. However, these afflictions proved to be only the foreboding shadows of the crisis — the tragedy. The Christian Indians and missionaries being opposed to war, thinking it wrong, remained neutral,

and in so doing were the silent allies of the Americans. Their peaceable attitude influenced a part of the Delaware tribe to refrain from taking the warpath in behalf of the English. Gnadenhütten lay in the main trail between the British headquarters at Detroit and the American post at Fort Pitt, which made it a desirable vantage-ground for the English, if the aid of its inhabitants could be secured. Persuasion having failed, plots were laid to force the Moravians to array themselves under the Cross of St. George; but

ness until Sandusky was reached. Here the Christian Indians were liberated, while their captors moved on to Detroit, taking with them the missionaries, whom the savages deemed dangerous, should they be permitted to remain with their followers. Great was the material loss of this forced removal to the Moravians, but there was still a greater loss. The glory, the hopes and the blessings of the Christian kingdom upon the little Tuscarawas constituted a volume henceforth forever closed.



THE GRAVE OF MISSIONARY DAVID ZEISBERGER AT GNADENHUTTEN.

through all intrigues and plots they continued steadfast.

In August, 1781, a band of three hundred savages, flying the English ensign and commanded by the renegade Elliott and a Huron chief, Half King, entered the valley with the express purpose of removing the obnoxious Christians. A speedy removal was urged. The inhabitants not being inclined to accept this advice, were at once made captives and ruthlessly driven toward Detroit. With heavy hearts and intense suffering the captives trudged on through the trackless wilder-

Left alone in the northern forests, the exiles began to be in want. The small stock of provisions that had been brought with them was soon consumed. Game was scarce, corn was unobtainable, and it appeared that no means of sustenance could be found. They wandered from place to place, subsisting on whatever could be found that was at all edible, until, finally stopping at a place aptly named Captives' Town, they prepared to spend the remainder of the winter. However, the ravenous wolf of starvation stared them in the face. Something must be done. After

deliberation it was decided that a company of men and their families should return to their old homes to secure corn, which yet stood unharvested in the fields.

Acting upon this decision, one hundred and fifty Indians set out in February, 1782, for the mission towns. Upon arriving in the valley the band divided into three detachments, the first going to Schönbrunn, the second to Salem a later settlement, and the third to Gnadenhütten — all working toward the common end, the securing of food for their starving brethren in the barren wilderness.

During the autumn of 1781 and the winter of 1781-82, the Wyandotte and other warlike tribes had been on many marauding expeditions, attacking the lonely cabins along the frontier and killing the inmates. After committing these atrocious outrages the savages would make a hurried retreat in the direction of Gnadenhütten, causing many to suspect the Moravian Indians as the principal culprits and others to think that they at least had a hand in the crimes. At last the outrages became so flagrant and so numerous that two hundred pioneers organized themselves into a company, under the name of Pennsylvania militia, and, led by Colonel David Williamson, marched to Gnadenhütten to avenge the atrocities committed by the savages.

On the morning of March 7 the white avengers approached the town. The company separated into two detachments; one was to cross the river to the western side and capture the Indians at work in the bottoms, while the other division was to attack the village.

The first party on nearing the river's bank found a half-breed, whom they instantly killed with their hatchets, although the young man pleaded upon his knees for his life. Then they attempted to cross the river, which at this time was somewhat swollen; unable to find a canoe, only sixteen succeeded in reaching the opposite shore, and this they accomplished by using a large trough formerly used for collecting sap from the maple trees. Realizing the futility of attacking the large number of Indians in the fields, the little band quickly altered their plans and approached the

laborers as friends. After some words of sympathy and fraternal inquiry they told the Indians to get ready for the journey to Pittsburgh, where they and their brethren would be given food and homes. Pittsburgh, or Fort Pitt, as it was then called, was a dear name to the Moravian red men; for they had always been kindly treated and often befriended by the commandant at that post. Believing the whites sincere, they laid aside their work, which that day would be completed, and returned with their supposed friends to the village, never suspecting that they were being led into a trap.

In the meantime, the other detachment had entered the town, but found only a defenseless man and wife, whom they killed. When the first party, accompanied by the Indians, approached the town, those in possession intuitively grasped the situation and, also, accosted the red men as friends. Upon request of the whites the Indians put by their weapons and began preparations for the march to Pittsburgh. This was the border-men's opportunity. Without delay they made the Indians captives and imprisoned them in two houses; the men and boys were placed in one, while the women and smaller children were placed in the other. A party was sent to bring the Indians from Salem, which was not far away. Later in the day these Indians were led into Gnadenhütten and placed with their brethren. Now, instead of the friendly words the Moravians heard the wild curses and diabolical taunts of their captors. The friendship of the Americans was changed to the merciless cruelty of enemies thirsting for the blood of their captives.

Owing to some disagreement as to what should be done with the prisoners, Williamson's men held a council. Some favored killing them, others wished to take them to Pittsburgh. To end the discussion the men were drawn up in line to give their decision. Williamson commanded that all who favored taking the Indians to Pittsburgh as prisoners should step forward and form a second rank. Of the two hundred only eighteen stepped forward. The question was settled. Upon flimsy allegations they were to murder innocent Christ-

ians — men, women and children who worshipped the same God and lived better and purer lives than they, the assassins.

The plan was to proceed at once to massacre the Indians, but they pleaded that as Christians they desired to have until the next morning to make ready for the grim death that awaited them. The request was granted, and the whites prepared to spend the night pleasantly. During the evening they deliberated as to the best means of executing their murderous intents. Finally it was determined that they would kill the prisoners one by one.

The Indians at first were overwhelmed by the announced massacre, but, conscious of their innocence, they stood firm in their faith in God when thus brought face to face with death. They spent the night in exhortation, song and prayer, and it is said that the merciless guards grew strangely faint-hearted and thoughtful as they listened to the devotions of the Moravians. Indeed, some of the whites slipped away through the gloom, climbed the hill back of the village and spent the night where they heard not the songs and prayers. When the new day dawned — the memorable eighth of March — the fervent supplications and singing could still be heard. To the inquiry if they were ready to die, they gave the reply: "We are ready. Jesus, to whom we have committed our souls, gives us the assurance that He will receive us."

The awful massacre immediately began. The cooper shop was selected in which to kill the men and boys and another building was chosen in which to kill the women and children. The Pennsylvanian who conducted the slaying of the males, picked up a large mallet from the work-bench, remarking as he did so, "This exactly suits the business in hand." The captives were bound and led into the "slaughter houses," two at a time. The first to receive the death blow from the mallet was Abraham, the oldest of the victims, whose long gray hair caused his assassins to remark, "What a fine scalp this will make." One after another of the doomed was given the fatal blow, scalped and left lying upon the floor.

Some loudly begged for mercy, some prayed and some remained silent as the

instrument of destruction was lifted above their heads. Their life's blood discolored the puncheon floor and ran in rivulets across the boards and streamed through the cracks to the cave-like cellar beneath. Thus the terrible, blood-chilling work went on in both cabins until ninety persons had been murdered: twenty-nine men, twenty-seven women, eleven boys, eleven girls and twelve infants. In all, ninety-six were massacred, six of whom met death at the hands of the whites in or about the town previous to the general slaughter.

But two boys, Jacob and Thomas, escaped. They were scalped, but the blows from the mallet had only stunned them. After loosing his bonds Jacob slipped through a trap door into the cellar. Here with the blood of his friends dripping upon him he crouched in a corner until evening, when he squeezed through a window and fled to the woods. Thomas lay quiet, feigning death, until nightfall, when he crept over the dead bodies and ran off to the woods and joined Jacob. Together they hurried to Schönbrunn, to warn their brethren at that place of the impending danger. Abel, another stunned lad, was in the act of making his escape when one of the murderers espied him. A blow from a tomahawk quickly laid low the last of the Indian martyrs.

After securing all the plunder possible, burning brands were applied to every building in the town. As the flames from the burning homes raised their accusing light, the men, in wild revelry, marched away, never dreaming that they had been the perpetrators of a crime that would mark the darkest and most disgraceful page in the entire history of the white man's treatment of his red brother. The curtain had fallen, the tragedy had ended, and for cold blooded cruelty its equal has never since been enacted by civilized man.

Some sixteen years later kind friends gathered up the bleached bones and gave them decent burial. A tall shaft, erected in 1872, marks the spot where the ninety martyrs met death. A grassy mound points out the resting place of the bones. What was the site of old Gnadenhütten is the large and beautiful cemetery of the Gnadenhütten of the present.

Reclaiming Hudson

THE PRACTICAL PHILANTHROPY OF JAMES W. ELLSWORTH IN MAKING A MODEL TOWN OF THE ANCIENT SITE OF THE OLD WESTERN RESERVE UNIVERSITY

By Karl K. Kitchen

Illustrations from Photographs for THE OHIO MAGAZINE



HISTORIC Hudson, once the most famous village in northern Ohio, and for more than half a century the seat of Western Reserve University, is to be restored to its former glory.

James W. Ellsworth, a millionaire Cleveland coal operator, has become the patron of the village and with his magic dollars intends to make it the most beautiful spot in Ohio, as well as a seat of learning. No matter what it costs, he is determined to make Hudson once more famous throughout the land. Already a start has been made to do so.

The wealthy coal operator recently made one gift of \$100,000 to the village, and within the next few months he will spend many additional thousands in beautifying the little town and carrying out his plan of making it an educational center. These amounts seem small according to present day standards of giving, but when it is considered that Hudson has only 900 inhabitants their magnitude is appreciated.

The gift of \$100,000, which has been accepted by the village, is to be spent for the construction of an electric lighting, water and sewage disposal plants, together with conduits and mains for lighting and supplying water to every house and building in the village limits. A Cleveland engineer has completed the estimates for the improvements and is now at work on the plans. Sites for the electric lighting and water plants are being pre-

pared and as soon as the weather permits actual work will be begun on the improvements. All the appliances will be of the most modern construction and all the wires will be laid under ground in order not to mar the beauty of the village.

Naturally Mr. Ellsworth did not make this gift without some conditions, as it is his intention to have everything in the town just as he wants it. Perhaps the most important condition was that the sale of all intoxicating liquors except beer should be prohibited. It was his intention to have one saloon in the village which he would own himself, where beer would be sold. With that purpose in view he bought a block in the heart of the village for his beer saloon. According to the laws of the state, however, the village had to be either "wet" or "dry," and he was forced to abandon his half way measure. The "wet" and "dry" election was held the last week in December, and the village voted to go "dry" by an overwhelming majority. Accordingly, before the first of February its three saloons will go out of business.

Had it not been for the fact that \$100,000 was at stake, Hudson would not have gone "dry." The "wet" element has always been decidedly in the majority, but many voters put the prosperity of the village above their individual thirsts and made a sacrifice of their preferences. Even one of the three saloonkeepers signed the "dry" petition and voted to put himself out of business.

"This gift is going to be a great thing for the village," he said. "Nobody but a fool would vote against it."

The other conditions were of a minor character, but more or less important for the making of a beautiful village. All the overhead wires are to be removed and placed in conduits under the streets, and new trees are to be planted or cared for by the village. In addition no street railway can ever operate through the streets of the village. Mr. Ellsworth is willing to have a suburban line enter the village

sity to Hudson to occupy the buildings. Just what institution he will be successful in inducing to locate there is not known, but he will make overtures to a number of the smaller universities, and by the offer of a large endowment may be successful in making Hudson once more a seat of learning.

The old college buildings have been in disuse since 1884, when Western Reserve University was moved to Cleveland. Some of them are very old, having been built back in 1827, when the institution was



MAIN STREET OF HUDSON AT THE PRESENT TIME.

by a private right of way, but he does not want the streets marred with rails or trolley wires.

These conditions were of course agreed to, and the village has bound itself to live up to them for fifty years or forfeit its right to the gift.

But all this is only a part of the benefactor's plan of restoring Hudson to its former place of glory. He has acquired the title to the campus and college buildings on the old site of Western Reserve University, and within a short time will rebuild and remodel them so that they can be used for their original purpose. It is his intention to bring a college or univer-

founded. It will require at least \$50,000 to put them in shape, and in addition new buildings will have to be erected, if a university of any size decides to locate there. But the cost does not make any difference to Ellsworth. He is determined to make Hudson famous throughout the land.

Perhaps the most novel part of his program in beautifying the village is the destruction of unsightly buildings and everything, in fact, that does not suit his taste. His agents have been busy buying up property all over the village on which are located buildings which he thinks are a detriment to his plans. These structures will

be torn down and fine new buildings erected in their places.

"I not only want to make Hudson a model town, but the most beautiful spot in Ohio in which to live," he said, when he first outlined his plans to some of the leading men in Hudson. "If you will co-operate with me, I will make this village a modern Utopia."

Naturally the Ellsworth gift and the promise of more to come has started a veritable boom in the little village. Realty values have increased from 30 to 35 per

located there for years; in fact it was not abandoned until 1899.

The little village has long been rich in tradition and historic association. It was the home of John Brown, whose misguided judgment had a large share in precipitating the civil war. While he was away from home a large share of the time, he spent the greater part of his life there and always considered it his home. His father and mother are buried in the little village cemetery, and their graves are still visited by many.



MANSION OF THE ELLSWORTH ESTATE AT HUDSON.

cent. and the inhabitants have awakened from their long lethargy. Time was when Hudson was the leading town in northern Ohio. It was long the center of a rich agricultural district and its stores were the largest and best stocked in the Western Reserve. At one time it boasted of a population of more than 2,000, and people even came there from Cleveland to do their buying. As the seat of Western Reserve University from 1827 until 1884 it was far famed, and hundreds of the leading business and professional men throughout the country were graduated from it. In addition the Western Reserve Academy was

For nearly a quarter of a century, however, the village has fallen to decay. The population has dwindled down to less than 900 souls and the streets have taken on an air of silence and gloom that is almost oppressive. But few young people are there, the population being almost entirely made up of retired business men and farmers, with a small sprinkling of tradespeople who contribute what little life there is in its limits. Each year the population was getting smaller, and the most dismal future stared the village in the face.

Now all is changed. The residents see only a bright future for their village.

Electric lights, sewers and water will make Hudson a desirable place to live in, and, as thousands will be spent in beautifying it, they believe scores of Clevelanders and others will be attracted there and make it their home. As it is only twenty-five miles from Cleveland, with trains almost every hour in both directions, it should become a most desirable place to live for people who want to live in a small town and yet carry on their business in the city. The establishment of a college or university there will also do much to re-establish the village to its former place of importance. A score of professors and their wives will reanimate the society of the village, while the college boys and girls will enliven it and bring back the old days of life and color. The Hudson of the past is to be the Hudson of the future.

It is doubtful that a big gift to a community ever had less opposition than Mr. Ellsworth's. True, he has his enemies like all rich men, but they are so few that they need hardly be reckoned with. Every plan that he has made for the rehabilitation of the village has been indorsed by practically everyone, and nothing will stand in the way of his undertaking.

But, despite the fact that his plans are indorsed and he is well spoken of by nearly everyone in the village, very little is known about Mr. Ellsworth there. In fact, he is regarded as a man of mystery. He has a large estate about a mile and a half from the village, where he spends a few weeks each Summer, but he does not associate with anyone in the village and a high brick wall keeps the villagers off of his estate.

Although it is not generally known, the estate is one of the finest anywhere in northern Ohio. Mr. Ellsworth is English in his tastes and he has an estate which would not be out of place anywhere in Great Britain. A six-foot brick wall and long rows of high, well-trimmed hedges prevent curious eyes from looking in, and at the huge iron gate there is a porter's lodge with an iron knocker on the door, in true English style. The large house is built in the Queen Ann style of architecture, which, with the hedges and geometrical gardens, makes a picture that is

seldom seen outside of England. Large stables and greenhouses in the rear of the house complete the buildings on that part of the property.

One of the most striking things about the estate is the number of boxes for squirrels which have been built in the trees. Nearly every tree in the big grove near the house has a little box high up in its branches. More than 100 of them can be counted from the porter's lodge, and there must be fully three times that number in



THE OLD COLLEGE BUILDING, TO BE REMODELED.

all. All the trees on the estate are numbered, and, in fact, everything on the grounds is kept in fine shape by the score or more caretakers.

To this beautiful place Mr. Ellsworth comes perhaps a dozen times a year. His servants rarely know when he is coming, so everything is kept in readiness for his arrival. These visits rarely last longer than two or three days, and it is largely from their number and briefness that he has become to be regarded as a man of mystery.

He has a magnificent home on East Fifty-third street in New York City, but he spends a large share of his time in traveling around the world. He recently returned to New York from a brief trip to England and the continent, and his arrival in Hudson is looked for at any moment.

His mysterious movements, however, are not the only things which have caused him



OLD DORMITORY OF WESTERN RESERVE UNIVERSITY.

to be regarded by the majority of Hudsonites with a feeling that almost approaches awe. Weird tales are told of how he prowls about his big estate at night, and the fact that no one is permitted to enter the grounds has added to the general air of mystery about him.

The facts regarding this mysterious philanthropist are these: He is something over sixty years of age and was born on a small farm near his present estate. His father conducted a general store in the village, but never acquired more than a modest competence. "Jimmie," as the patron of Hudson was then known, found home distasteful, and when a young man moved to Chicago. He obtained employment there in the office of a big coal firm. After several years' hard work he started in the coal business for himself. He was singularly successful and in a few years became one of the largest independent coal operators in the country, doing business under the name of the James W. Ellsworth Coal Company. He also has other large coal interests.

Twice married, he is the father of two children, Lincoln and Claire. His first wife, who died many years ago, was Miss

Eva Lynn of Chicago. A few years ago he married Mrs. Julia Fincke of New York. She has two sons, William and Benjamin, by her first marriage, and at the time of her marriage was reputed to be worth several million dollars. Just how much Mr. Ellsworth is worth is not known, but that he is many times a millionaire is certain.

In Cleveland he is better known than in Hudson. He has offices in the Century building, but even his business associates do not know him intimately. He has not confided his plans to many; in fact, all his Hudson affairs are in the hands of A. A. Augustus of Cleveland, who is connected with him in the coal business, and A. H. Dittrick of Ellsworth, Pa. He is a very modest man and has strong dislike of publicity, especially publicity of the newspaper variety. When he first announced what he wanted to do for Hudson he stipulated that his name should not be used, but it leaked out and was published the following day. This publication nearly cost the village its gift, but of course when he made the proposition in writing his name was used in connection with it. He has repeatedly refused to dis-



OLD OBSERVATORY, TO BE RESTORED.

cuss it and has given orders to all of his business associates and employes not to give out any information. The caretakers on his estate keep a close watch, and newspaper men and photographers who are unfortunate enough to be caught on the premises are deported unceremoniously, to put it mildly.

But this is simply characteristic of the man. He gives large sums to charity every

year, but only in a few instances does anyone know where the gifts come from. One of his charities is a sum of money which is set aside every year to help worthy persons who meet with misfortune or disaster. It is distributed by a professional charity worker according to his own judgment. Mr. Ellsworth does not want public recognition of his good deeds.

Many people have wondered why he should want to do so much for Hudson, since he spends so little time there. Some have ascribed it to his English tastes. They think he wants to set himself up like an English country squire and become the patron of the town. His English estate and all his tastes would naturally bear that out. The fact of it is that, as he proposes to spend his declining years there, he naturally wants everything as he likes it, since he has the money to gratify every whim.

But that is not all. For many years it has been his ambition to establish a model town. After he became wealthy he tried to carry out his ideas in the town of Ellsworth, in Pennsylvania, which he owned part and parcel. He tried in every way to make it an ideal little city, but the element there was opposed to him and he finally gave it up in disgust. So disappointed was he, and so grieved that the inhabitants would not take kindly to his plans, that he sold the entire town to the Lackawanna Coal Company. He had piled up a considerable fortune through his coal

business, and, as he had a handsome estate at Hudson, he decided to carry out his plans there. Accordingly he made the offer of a gift of \$100,000 to that village, and the celerity with which it was accepted convinced him that there was the place to establish his dream city. Henceforth he will be the patron of the town.

No more motives actuate him. The welfare and prosperity of Hudson are in his



CLEARING A SITE FOR A NEW RECTORY TO BE BUILT BY MR. ELLSWORTH.

heart. He has issued orders that no outside men be employed on any of the improvement work until every man in Hudson has the opportunity of employment. When he retires from business he will settle down on his fine estate and live the life of an English country gentleman. When he dies, the model town of Hudson, the most beautiful spot in northern Ohio, will be his monument.



The Guarantee of Bank Deposits

By Hon. Myron T. Herrick

Former Governor of Ohio

On March 12th last, Former Governor Myron T. Herrick, by special invitation of the Ohio General Assembly, delivered before that body an address on "The Guarantee of Bank Deposits," as proposed by Hon. William J. Bryan and others. Mr. Herrick's address was partially in reply to one delivered by Mr. Bryan before the General Assembly, by invitation, on the 18th of February, on the same subject. In a form very slightly modified from the original and eliminating only the Ex-governor's allusions to his distinguished audience and matters of the moment, his address is here reproduced in full, as a timely and valuable contribution to THE OHIO MAGAZINE.



THE subject I am asked to discuss is an important sub-division of one of the most difficult and serious problems that have confronted our people for many years. How banking methods are to be brought into harmony with the needs of the country is an issue that demands and must have most thoughtful and careful consideration, if it is to be successfully determined. The immensity of the task is the better appreciated when we consider that what we are called upon to do is to adjust the machinery of that division of man's activity on which all other divisions ultimately rest—that factor which sets the pace for all industry and all commerce. But what greatly complicates the undertaking is the fact that banking facilities must be made to meet the needs not of a country fully developed, whose requirements for many years to come may be estimated with approximate accuracy, but of a country whose marvelous development it would be difficult to over-estimate, for, however much we may exaggerate the circumstances, our words are hardly spoken before fact coincides with fancy and fiction becomes the truth.

Inasmuch as the most impressive feature of a crisis is the partial break-down of financial machinery, it is natural that every panic should be followed by many proposals to improve fiscal methods. Some

of these suggested reforms have for their purpose the prevention of crises, others, not so pretentious, the alleviation of the hardship and loss that follow in the wake of such a financial disaster as that which has just swept over this country, and to stimulate the restoration of confidence and business activity. Some of these propositions are wise and should be enacted into law; others are unwise and should be discouraged. In any event the discussion involved is good, for it brings to the people a clearer knowledge of what constitutes sound banking and teaches them to discriminate between well and poorly managed institutions.

To form an intelligent opinion as to the merit of any specific reform, we must determine how and to what extent it would affect the cause of the difficulty. Commercial and financial crises, as we know them, are essentially modern. They are made possible by the development of credit in many forms which are peculiar to recent times, and especially to new countries like ours, where men in their mad rush for riches turn to speculation of all sorts. The regular recurrence of panics is a psychological phenomenon. Men capitalize their hope. They are swept along on a wave of optimism, over-discounting the future and over-valuing the present worth of enterprises whose development will require many years of patient waiting.

As new enterprises are launched and old ones extended, credit becomes more and more expanded, and the reserve of tangible marketable assets bears a constantly decreasing ratio to the burden it has to uphold. It is when the strain becomes too great that the weakest link in the chain breaks, and panics and disorder ensue. Credit, of course, exists in many forms, but it is the sort of credit that constitutes the basis of banking with which we are concerned—in other words, loans and deposits.

There is one point that I think many of us are apt to overlook, and that is that considerably more than half the volume of bank deposits have their origin in loans. It is by virtue of this fact that banks render their greatest service to the community, but it is also in this that the greatest danger lies. Until within a few weeks prior to last October, for practically ten years years past, deposits have constantly increased to the highest total in the history of the country, and at the same time the ratio of reserves has constantly declined. By far the greater part of these deposits resulted from the sale of their credit by the banks—that is to say, the deposit by borrowers of the amount of their loans. It is in this operation that the earning power of banks is largely centered.

In a period of rising prices assets of all sorts are over-valued, and loans come more and more to be made on a basis of fictitious valuation. It is obvious, of course, that such a process cannot go on forever; that the time must come when readjustment is not only necessary but inevitable. When this point is reached the framework of credit is so weakened and so sensitive that some slight disturbance, ordinarily of little moment, is sufficient to destroy confidence and to topple over the entire structure. Panic and disorder follow.

This was the situation and this was what happened last October. But suppose that at that time all bank deposits were guaranteed by the government. Would this have prevented the disaster? Not only would it not have done so, but it would have exaggerated the confusion and loss many fold. Suppose that depositors, secure in the government guarantee, had not asked for the return of their funds, and that the

process I have described, instead of being brought to an abrupt stop, had proceeded. Credit would have continued to expand, prices to rise, and men, their imagination fired by the seeming prospect of riches, would have plunged into ventures even more chimerical. But the crisis would have been postponed only for a short time, and when it did come, the disorder, loss and suffering would have been more widespread and more terrible.

Under modern industrial and financial methods crises are as certain as that night will follow day. When men in business affairs shall be guided by their judgment, rather than by their feelings, and when we shall return to a primitive system of barter, exchanging commodities for commodities without the intervention of credit, industrial and financial panics may disappear, but until then no legislation that man can devise will do more than enable a greater number of deserving institutions and individuals to weather the storm. The guarantee of bank deposits would no more prevent a panic than fire insurance a conflagration. On the contrary, it would intensify and prolong the disorder.

One of the striking revelations of the recent panic in New York City was the fact that one man, by buying control of one bank, using the stock thus acquired as collateral to a loan at another bank, and with the proceeds of the loan securing control of the second bank, etc., gathered together under his single direction a string of banks whose resources he used to further his own unwise if not improper schemes. What would have prevented this man from extending his system indefinitely, provided depositors, feeling secure by reason of the government's guarantee, had not called him to account by the withdrawal of their deposits? Men engaged in undertakings of this sort should heartily approve of deposit guarantee. It would be a material assistance to them in covering up the rottenness of the institutions under their control, but to the community any provision preventing or postponing the exposition of such methods as that above described would work incalculable harm—not only by way of direct financial loss, but because of the inducement to others to make similar attempts.

What of the aftermath of the panic, —what of those long troubled days when the country is slowly readjusting itself to changed conditions, when everyone is groping about among the ruins for a solid

age, more confidence, greater vigor—in short, does it possess the power to change pessimism into optimism? Mr. Bryan says that the guarantee of bank deposits would do all these things. He says that the busi-



MYRON T. HERRICK.

foundation on which to build anew? Would the fact that the government guaranteed bank deposits shorten the period intervening between prosperity and prosperity? Would it put new hope into men's hearts? Would it give them fresh cour-

ness of a country can be revived by such a measure, and that he knows of no way by which we can so surely start business again as to bring the money into the banks and enable them to discharge their legitimate functions. I do not agree with him.

The period of depression following a panic is a natural economic phenomenon, beyond the power of legislation to alter. Industry, commerce and finance must have time for readjustment after the strain of years of rising prices, inflated credit and fictitious values. It is absolutely necessary after a prolonged financial debauch like that of the past few years, for the people to have a time in which to sober up, for the country to have a period in which to take stock and separate the wise undertakings from the unwise. The people must have an opportunity to bring their standard of living once more within reasonable bounds. In every period of depression deposits pile up in the banks long before business revives. Six months after the panic of 1893 the Associated Banks of New York City reported the largest reserve in their history, and a like condition prevailed all over the country; yet it was several years before trade and industry exhibited sure signs of revival.

We apparently have the same experience before us now. The last report of the New York City National Bank shows a reserve fund \$30,000,000 above that required by law. Call money is loaning in New York at two per cent., and even sixty day paper can be discounted from five per cent. to six and one-half per cent. Funds are not yet as plentiful in other parts of the country as in New York City, but, unless every indication is in error, they soon will be. Deposits have slowly increased in the last few weeks, and if money is still hidden under the carpets because of distrust of banks, the amount is so insignificant that it may be ignored. It is safe to say that a deposit guarantee law passed today would not cause an appreciable increase of deposits. At times like the present, the close connection between industry and deposits is to a certain extent destroyed. The deposit liability of banks might be doubled or trebled without affecting the condition of industry. A large volume of bank deposits is as characteristic of hard times as of good; with this distinction, however, that in prosperous times deposits increase because of the credit operations above described, while in hard times the expansion of deposits represents idle funds for which the country has no use.

Just now the volume of deposits is growing because industry is slack and confidence in securities shaken. A farmer is not rich because his bins are overflowing with grain. Unless he can market his products he is not much better off than he would be with empty bins. A country is not prosperous simply because bank deposits are large. Unless the funds can be profitably employed, their accumulation means little. A very sick man cannot at once be restored to health, by feasting on sugar plums and honey. Unless he regulates his diet to accord with the slow stages of his convalescence, he is likely to suffer a relapse. Unless industry be permitted to revive gradually, it also will suffer a severe set-back. Simply because money is cheap and plentiful, manufacturers are not going to increase the production of goods for which there is no demand.

I most heartily agree with Mr. Bryan in his statement that "the situation is not what it was in 1893." Our currency was then in a most chaotic condition because of the coinage of silver under the Bland and Sherman acts. Even after these acts were repealed, the constant agitation for the free coinage of silver drove capital from the country and caused violent liquidation. At that time Mr. Bryan, for whom I have the highest personal regard, as the nominee for the presidency of a great party, advocated free coinage of silver at the ratio of 16 to 1 as a panacea for all financial ills, with the same insistency and with the same certainty that he now contends for the guarantee of bank deposits. The utter fallacy of free silver was long since exposed. The principles involved in the guarantee of bank deposits are just as fallacious as those behind the arguments for free silver. The guarantee of deposits is just as antagonistic to sound economics, and as abhorrent to the principles of justice, as the free coinage of silver. We escaped the calamity of free silver by a small margin. Shall we permit the subtle sophistry of this new cure-all to obtain a like hold on the people? It was not until the election of William McKinley, in 1896, that, relieved of the fear of repudiation, the country took heart and industry revived. Today the situation is very different. The currency of the country is safely on a gold

basis, and this should have a potent influence in hastening a new era of prosperity.

One of the most important considerations in connection with a question like that of the guarantee of bank deposits is its influence on the ethical standard of those to whom it applies. Bankers, as a rule, are men of integrity. A few prove faithless to their trust, but the great majority are numbered among the respected citizens of the community in which they live. Bank failures are due to three causes, first, acts criminal in intent and in law; second, acts morally wrong, but within the law; third, poor judgment. What would be the effect of a law guaranteeing bank deposits on each of these divisions? Careful and intelligent bank inspection is most desirable, and should be provided for by law, but no system of examination is possible that will reveal every irregularity. The bank officer, if it be his purpose to steal, has an immense advantage over any inspector, however conscientious or well-trained he may be. The real restraining force in the case of any one with criminal intent is fear of the law, but, as Mr. Bryan says, the true condition of banks is often not revealed until the bank suspends. The immediate cause of every suspension is suspicion on the part of depositors that all is not well with the bank, and that they had best withdraw their funds. It is this suspicion on the part of depositors that the criminal seeks to avoid.

If, however, the depositors felt perfectly secure as to the return of their funds, they would give little consideration to the conduct of the bank's affairs. There would exist no reason, so far as the depositor could see, for the withdrawal of deposits, thus exposing the irregularities of the management. The banker, knowing this, and appreciating that he has only inspection to fear, will feel that he can extend his operations with comparative safety. Of course, the end of such an institution is inevitable, and will come either because the rottenness is finally detected by inspection or because the bank is so thoroughly looted that further operation is impossible, but the loss will be much heavier than would have been the case had the end come sooner by reason of the watchfulness and suspicion of de-

positors. In the case of banks managed by those willing to commit acts morally wrong, provided they keep within the law, the restraining force is the desire for a good name in the community, but the effect of a law guaranteeing bank deposits would be practically the same as that just described—longer life for the institution and greater loss to the community when the end finally comes. Where a bank is managed by men of poor judgment, the situation is somewhat different, but it is evidently for the best interests of the community that such an institution be permitted to run its short course to failure and dissolution, rather than to bolster it up by a law that would quiet the questionings of depositors.

Of all industry banking is the most important division, because of its intimate relation to all other divisions. When properly conducted, banking is the fly-wheel for the entire machinery of industry. As the source of most of the credit, and as the middle-men in the employment of the great store of capital, banks occupy a peculiarly responsible position. To the extent that they correctly interpret and fulfill the duties imposed upon them, do banks rise to the high purpose of their existence. It is required of bank officers and directors that they shall not only conduct a successful business enterprise, but that they shall so influence the employment of the funds in their trust that the greatest possible economic benefit shall result. It should be clearly evidenced, then, that here is no place for the criminal, the moral pervert or the incompetent. If in all the field of human activity there is a place where the law of the survival of the fittest should have full sway, it is in banking. Not only should the operation of this law not be hampered by legislation like that guaranteeing deposits, shielding and protecting the undesirable, but its operation should be quickened by strict regulations covering organization and inspection. The injury to the community caused by the existence in banking of those unfit for the high responsibilities of their profession, far outweighs the financial loss to a few depositors.

What would be the effect on high-minded bankers of ability, of a law that

protected those who should be driven from the profession? It would undoubtedly be detrimental. There are two reasons why men live upright lives—one is because it is right, and the other because it pays. If, however, it appears that, by reason of a law guaranteeing deposits, lax and improper banking methods are not only safe but more remunerative than methods sanctioned by the highest ethical considerations, one reason why banks should live and act rightly is removed. There are always a number of people in any community, some bankers included, to whom the mercenary reason for morality appeals much more strongly than the ethical. So far as such bankers are concerned, the net result of any law making right conduct less remunerative would be to lower their standard. Mr. Bryan says that the guarantee of bank deposits would make all the banks equally good. I contend that such a law would make all banks equally bad. The tendency of such legislation is decidedly socialistic in that it levels down, not up. It would take away one of the rewards of that sort of ambition essential to progress, and which has been so potent in the industrial development of this country.

Looking at the question from a standpoint of justice as related to different interests, why should bank deposits be singled out for insurance under the direction of the states? Is there any better reason why a depositor should be guaranteed against the failure of the bank in which he has placed his funds than that the farmer should be insured against the failure of his crops, or the manufacturer against his failure to dispose of the output of his factory? Agricultural methods have so far advanced in this country that a crop failure is never universal. Why not tax those farmers who have reaped a bountiful harvest to make good the less fortunate ones? Not only would this tend to equalize prosperity, but it would obviate the need for much of the vigilance and the care that the farmer now thinks necessary for the success of his crops. Resting easy in the certainty that, whatever his loss, it would be made good by the contributions of his more conscientious neighbors, many a farmer would grow careless and lazy—the need for cutting out the weeds and killing the

insects would no longer appeal to him. All that would be required of him would be to plant the seed; Nature and his neighbors would do the rest.

So with a depositor; if he is assured that his funds will be returned to him in any event, why should he trouble himself to examine bank statements or take the precaution of making inquiry as to the character and standing of bank officers and directors? The relation between a bank and its depositors is not a one-sided affair. A man does not place his funds in a bank out of charity or good feeling for its officers and directors. He does so because he thinks it will prove a desirable and profitable transaction for himself. The depositor expects to receive an equivalent for the advantage which the use of his funds gives to the bank. The principal profit in banking arises from the sale by a bank of its credit. A man needs funds for use in his business. His credit is good, but not negotiable. Consequently, he goes to a bank, offers his note for the amount required, which the bank accepts, giving him credit on its books in the form of a deposit for the amount. The whole operation is simply an exchange of credit for credit. The business man gets what he wants and pays the bank therefor. If, however, the bank is satisfied that, because of the assurance given the depositor by the law guaranteeing bank deposits, it will not be called to account by the withdrawal of deposits, what is to prevent it from continuing this operation indefinitely, piling credit on credit? The process is profitable and it is also safe, as long as depositors do not withdraw their funds in any considerable amount. As I said before, it is by virtue of this operation that banks render their greatest service to the community, but its excessive use is one of the principal causes of a panic. The insurance of bank deposits by the state would undoubtedly stimulate the use of this credit operation to a very dangerous degree.

In a discussion of any subject like that before us, it is unfortunate not to be able to point out its operation in this place or that, and to show that it has failed here or succeeded there. Insurance of bank deposits has never been given a thorough trial under modern conditions, but there is suf-

ficient data bearing upon it indirectly to show that it would be impracticable, probably impossible, and certainly disastrous to many sound banks. Mr. Bryan says that it was the big banks that defeated his attempts at Washington and in Nebraska to secure the passage of such legislation. If such is the case, the big banks are to be commended in this instance, at least, and are deserving of the thanks of the little banks, for it is the smaller institutions that would suffer the most by the enactment of a law guaranteeing bank deposits. As a result of the October panic, banks in New York City alone have failed with liabilities aggregating over \$125,000,000. There probably were bank failures in other parts of the state, but, if so, they were insignificant as compared with the enormous total in New York City.

Suppose that all the banks of that State had been called upon for an immediate contribution to make up this loss—which would have felt the burden the most, the large banks of the city, or the small banks of the rural community? The sum paid by the large banks of the city would have remained there and would soon have been redeposited in the sound institutions of the city. But the amount contributed by the small banks without the city would have been transferred to the city, and this at a time when every bank in the State needed every dollar of its resources to supply the needs of its immediate neighborhood. Is it not altogether likely that this would have caused the suspension of great numbers of banks all over the State? It is the big banks of the city that fail for large amounts. Large institutions could meet with comparative ease payments made necessary by the failure of a considerable number of the small banks in rural communities, but the burden upon the small institutions, were they required to make good the deficiency caused by the failure of a single large bank, would be overwhelming.

In the six months ending May, 1893, out of the twenty-eight banks in Australia, with 1700 branches, thirteen of them, with eight or nine hundred branches, failed for the enormous sum of \$450,000,000. Inasmuch as every one of these banks practically guaranteed the deposits of each of its

branches, the situation was not dissimilar to what it would be here under a deposit guarantee law. If, in addition to guaranteeing the deposits of branches, these Australian banks had been called upon to make good the loss occasioned by the failure of the thirteen banks, it is probable that every bank in the country would have been obliged to close its doors.

So far as I can learn, the plan of guaranteeing deposits has had but a single trial. The result was sudden and disastrous. In 1829 the New York State Legislature passed an act permitting the incorporation of Safety Fund Banks, assessing one-half of one per cent. per annum on the capital stock of banks incorporated under it. In 1831 the first contributions to the fund were made by the banks. Until 1840 no failures took place. At that time the capital subject to the law was \$32,551,460, and there was in the fund \$861,000—the banks numbering ninety. In 1840-42 eleven banks failed, and the claims were too large to be satisfied out of the fund. As a matter of fact, the first three banks in the order of their failure exhausted the amount collected, and the State was obliged to issue \$900,828 in six per cent. bonds, with which the debts of the insolvent banks in excess of the fund were paid. In 1842 the law was so amended that the fund should be applied solely to the redemption of circulating notes, but to repay the State for the sum advanced the banks were obliged to continue the annual payment of the one-half per cent. tax on their capital for some twenty years. The original safety fund law also provided for the appointment of three commissioners to examine all the banks three times each year, or oftener if required to do so. Any three banks might call for a special examination of any bank in the system.

Commenting upon the effect of the law, John J. Knox, in his "History of Banking," says: "When it was found that all the debts of every description were to be paid from it (the fund) a fictitious credit seems to have been given to the chartered institutions, which was used by some of them in recklessly contracting debts for the emolument of their managers." The safety fund law in New York proved an absolute failure. It worked positive injury to the

business of the community by fostering fictitious credit, in spite of the fact that provision was made for what seems to have been thorough inspection. It would be difficult to imagine a more complete commentary of what may be expected from the operation in this State of a law guaranteeing bank deposits.

Contemporaneous with the safety fund banks in New York, there existed in New England what was known as the Suffolk Banking System. This system had its origin in the attempt to provide a bank note issue that should circulate at par. The Suffolk Bank, in Boston, was made a redemption agency for the notes of a chain of banks throughout New England. In 1858 the circulation of New England banks was not more than \$40,000,000, and the amount of redemption for that year approximated \$400,000,000. Every note, therefore, passed through the redemption agency on an average of ten times a year. The frequency with which the notes were returned to the bank of issue not only provided a constant test of every bank's solvency, but it kept the volume of the circulation adjusted to the needs of business.

The Suffolk Banking System was never regulated by law, but for many years it provided New England with a circulation at par with gold, and prevented losses larger than a small fraction of one per cent. of the total amount of circulation.

The notes of these banks constituted an asset currency in its purest form. The only security behind them was the loans made when the notes were issued. In studying the Suffolk Banking System it must be remembered that at that time notes did much of the work that deposits do now. During the greater part of the time that the system was in operation the note liabilities of the banks exceeded the deposit liabilities. The Suffolk Bank performed much the same service that clearing houses do today. In those days it was the frequent redemption of notes that proved a bank's solvency. Today it is the daily redemption of deposits, checks, drafts, etc., through the clearing houses, that establishes the soundness of any bank. Any law, therefore, such as that guaranteeing bank deposits, which gives to the holder of a check or draft assurance that he does not jeopard-

dize his interest by retaining these evidences of indebtedness in his possession instead of putting them through for redemption, would interfere with the constant test of the bank's solvency, and would permit many unsound, improperly managed institutions to continue in business long after they should have closed their doors.

The Suffolk Banking System is significant for many reasons. It shows the only way in which a bank's solvency can be absolutely determined. It indicates the proper lines along which a bank note currency for this country should be developed. The circulation of the Suffolk Banks responded quickly and accurately to the needs of business—expanded and contracted as the demand for the notes expanded or contracted. For many years the industry of the country has been severely handicapped by the inelasticity of our currency. It is time for us to cease the worship of the fetich of a bond-secured circulation. Some such system as that of New England sixty years ago is the only kind that can satisfy our needs for bank note circulation. Practically every progressive nation in the world, other than the United States, provides for bank notes whose volume fluctuates to meet the variation in trade activity. These countries, while they experience stagnation in business, are free from many of the distressing features of panics.

Mr. Bryan has said that he was informed that the recent crisis was the first time in the history of the country when the banks suspended specie payments. I should like to amend his statement by saying, first, that the suspension during the panic through which we have just passed was only partial, and, second, that my personal knowledge covers two other occasions—1873 and 1893—and history tells us that there have been still other times, when the banks found it impossible to meet the demands upon them for currency. Just what connection this has with the guarantee of deposits is not quite clear to me. As I see it, suspension occurred because depositors abruptly changed their demands for a circulating medium from deposit currency—checks, drafts, etc.,—to note currency. Inasmuch as, under our present system, banks can secure notes only after a considerable expense and delay, they were not in a posi-

tion to satisfy the unusual demand. Until we permit banks to quickly change their deposit liabilities into note liabilities we may expect the periodical recurrence of such suspensions:

I should like to quote Mr. Bryan once more. He says: "When this crisis came upon us * * * the banks exercised, I will not say the right, but the power that they possessed, to determine arbitrarily how much of a man's money the man himself would be permitted to use." It is safe to assume that what Mr. Bryan had in mind was the action of savings banks in asking that they be given notice of the intended withdrawal of deposits. I know of no other kind of banking institutions from which a depositor could not withdraw his funds in some form. So far as savings banks are concerned, they acted strictly within their rights. It is a part of the contract entered into between the savings bank and its depositors that the bank may, if it thinks it necessary, ask that it be given notice of the withdrawal. Not only is such a provision in the contract proper, but it is absolutely essential to the existence of the bank. If a savings bank was required to keep in its vaults sufficient funds to permit of the withdrawal at one time of a substantial part of its deposits, its earning power would be so severely curtailed that it could pay but little, if any, interest on the funds left with it. A very large part of savings bank deposits are loaned to people of small means, for use in home building. Does Mr. Bryan think that the short inconvenience caused depositors can be compared to the hardship and suffering that would have resulted from the sudden recall of these loans, that depositors might be paid immediately?

In every panic many solvent banks are unable to weather the storm. After the crisis is passed most of these institutions, through the co-operation of depositors and stockholders, are able to resume business. The report of the Comptroller of the Currency shows that of the 160 National Banks that suspended in 1893 all but 53 subsequently opened their doors. The Knickerbocker Trust Company, which was the first and largest of the financial institutions to go under as the result of the October panic, is to re-open for business on the 26th of

March, and the depositors, with a little delay, are to receive their funds in full. This result is possible only by reason of the hearty co-operation of stockholders and depositors. The stockholders have already paid in cash the amount of \$2,400,000, and the depositors have agreed not to ask at once for the repayment of the entire amount due them. The rehabilitation of this institution will have an excellent effect—even the anticipation is doing good. If, however, depositors through the operation of a deposit guarantee law were at once paid in full, they would have no interest in the reopening of these solvent but unfortunate institutions; and their assets would have to be liquidated by means of a long, costly receivership. The final loss to the community would be enormous.

In this State a law guaranteeing bank deposits is undoubtedly unconstitutional, and for that reason, if for no other, the measures proposed should be defeated. I have made a brief examination of the several bank inspection bills before the Ohio Legislature, and I am convinced that the Thomas Bill more nearly meets the demands of the situation than any other. The institution with which I am connected is examined three times each year, twice by a committee of its trustees, and once by examiners appointed by the Auditor of State. I have always consistently advocated an adequate bank inspection law. As a member of the Ohio Bankers' Association since its organization I have worked for the passage of such a law, and as Chief Executive of the State I urged its enactment in two messages. In considering such a measure, two things should be borne in mind: The law should provide for inspection sufficiently thorough to reveal the true condition of every banking institution in the State, and it should provide that the business of the banks should be conducted along certain general lines consistent with conservatism, but the law should not compel the revelation of those things by necessity confidential between the banks and their clients, and it should not so limit the action of the banks as to destroy individual initiative.

I am satisfied that a law guaranteeing bank deposits would be inimical to the best

interests of the citizens of this State. It would constitute a constant menace to the stability of our financial institutions. Such a measure violates sound economic principles. It is socialistic, in that it weakens

the incentive for individual initiative along proper lines. It is unconstitutional, and it is unjust. It would protect a class of men harmful to society, and it would stimulate improper methods in banking.

EASTERTIDE

By Florence C. Acton

Awake, weary hearts, to the beauty of springtime,
'T is the glad Eastertide that now greets us once more;
O'er mountain, in valley, earth teems with fresh verdure
While with worshipful glance, we breathe and adore.

Awake, barren cliffs to hosannas triumphant,
Send your echoes resounding through all this fair land;
Awake, Mother Earth, to the joys of creation—
Thy glories proclaim the Omnipotent hand.

In the humblest of hamlets, in mansions of splendor,
In cathedrals resounding with jubilant strain,
Where'er human hearts in their anguish are beating;
Lift them up, lift them up; fill with new life again!

The brooklet, released from its icy-bound fetters,
Once more flashes forth as though glad to be free;
On its banks, in green clusters, the soft, downy willows
Laugh and nod, as, reflected, their image they see.

Once more, oh, ye bells, sound your peans of gladness,
Proclaim to devout hearts this wondrous new birth;
With reverent mien, and with souls wrapt, uplifted,
Homage lend, all ye peoples, to Christ upon earth.

Commercial Floriculture

By Jessie M. Good

The vast floriculture enterprises of the city of Springfield, Ohio, constitute an industry as interesting as it is novel. In the present article this industry is exhibited in the true light of its immense proportions by a writer who is, herself, a successful floriculturist and a devoted lover of flowers and plants. Springfield is justly known among the flower growers as the floral center of the world, but comparatively few people are aware of its pre-eminence in this regard. The present article will, therefore, be illuminating to almost all readers. Incidentally it indicates the versatility of Ohio commercial enterprise, which leads the world, from steam shovels to roses.



HE thousands of people who buy their annual supply of house and out-door bedding plants from their favorite mail order house, little dream, perhaps, that a negro was the first man to devise the method of shipping small, well rooted plants by mail. Yet such was the case.

Festus C. Campbell, a colored man of Pittsfield, Massachusetts, about forty years ago had a number of greenhouses in which he grew plants and cut flowers for the local trade. He conceived the idea that plants might safely be shipped by mail for short distances, tried it and was successful. Soon after his discovery, for discovery it was, destined to create a new industry of wide importance, Mr. Campbell succumbed to the disease that carries off so many of his race and died from tuberculosis.

At the time Mr. Campbell made his discovery, greenhouses were few and plants were so dear that few but the wealthy could afford them. Owing to the high price the demand was so small that florists were accustomed to combine market gardening with plant growing. When planting time came, the florist loaded a wagon with plants and sent his man to market or hawked them along the streets. If one wished a certain variety of plant, it was necessary to visit the greenhouses, buy the plant and carry it home, or, if the order was sufficiently large, the florist would deliver it.

But the colored man's idea changed all that. Today you may select your plants from a catalogue illustrated from photo-

graphs, buy a postal order at your door, enclose it with the order, and soon as possible the postman or expressman leaves the plants at your home, no matter whether that home is ten miles from the shipping point, in the heart of Africa, or the frozen Klondike.

When Mr. Campbell died his property was sold, and if the new owner knew of the work started by his predecessor he made no use of it. But the former manager of the greenhouses, C. A. Reeser, realized the value of it, and, after trying several locations, came to Springfield, Ohio, and started business in a modest way. Seed catalogs there were a few. But Mr. Reeser was the first to publish a plant catalog, and to advertise through newspapers and magazines that plants could be safely shipped by mail.

His success was instantaneous, and almost phenomenal. Money flowed in from his advertisements in a manner to make the modern advertiser with his thousands for publicity envious. The public quickly learned the value of a small, vigorous, well rooted plant over plants several years old, that are often permanently stunted, or field-grown stock that too often form a strong root growth, which, when disturbed, checks it for several years. Money came fast, but went fast in developing lines outside his business, and Mr. Reeser failed and never resumed. But the mail order business was taken hold of by other firms in Springfield, and in fact all over the country.

John M. Good, who for several years

had been manager of Mr. Reese's establishment had a short while before the latter's failure started in business for himself. He brought to his own business all the knowledge gained in practical work, and ideas of his own as to improved methods of plant culture and of advertising them. He associated with him his brothers-in-law, who later were bought out by H. F. and F. E. Good, and the firm remains so today. Their tireless energy soon won for them a bountiful success, and today more plants are shipped by them in their wholesale and retail business than by any other florists in the world. Of the nearly four million catalogs issued annually from nine houses in Springfield, nearly one-half are mailed by the Good & Reese Co.

Springfield, that gave to the world its plant shipping industry, has seen it grow to mammoth proportions. Scarcely a city of any size in the country but has one or more plant mail order houses; and in Springfield alone about one million dollars is invested in land and equipment, while the plants grown annually are valued at half a million more. The safe arrival of plants to any part of the United States is guaranteed, while orders come from every part of the world. Plants that were forty-two days on their journey to Australia reached their destination with a few losses of soft wooded plants; while of eight *hibiscus* sent by a mother to her missionary daughter in the interior of Africa, only one plant died. Not an inhabited country, and but few of the islands of the seas, but send to Springfield for their plants. Small wonder, therefore that Springfield is called the floral center of the world. A heavy trade with Mexico and South America is growing up—a trade that is willing to pay a good price for the best plants that can be grown.

There are nine mail order greenhouses in Springfield and more than a dozen firms that cater to the local wholesale and retail trade, but the mail order houses all do business in much the same manner. Let us visit the largest of them, the Good & Reese Company.

Before the plants can be grown the soil must be prepared, and that takes two to three years. Alternate layers of sod and stable manure are heaped in huge piles convenient for wheeling into the greenhouses.

It must then be thoroughly blended with sand and whatever fertilizer is needed for the special plants to be potted. The cuttings, from selected stock, are rooted in clean sand, but, before they can be placed in the greenhouse, that house must have been cleaned and disinfected almost as carefully as a hospital operating room, for it is easier to keep out disease than to fight it under the glass. The cuttings, as fast as they are rooted, are lifted from the sand and carried to the potting shed, where they are quickly potted in thumb pots and as they grow are shifted from larger to larger sized pots, until they reach the proper size for shipping by mail and express.

When the postman brings the mail it is placed on long tables, and a force of girls expert at the work, each with her pencil, a rubber stamp and her number, take a pile of letters and run a knife along the edge of the envelope. Opening the letter, the contents are counted and a record is made telling just what was received in it—whether cash, check, money order, stamps or express order. If too much or too little, the discrepancy is checked with a mark to denote that it was noticed, and was not an error on the employe's part. It is then signed with her number and passed on to the addressing clerks.

Some years ago, when the Good & Reese Co. spent \$15,000 in advertising a cheap offer of roses, the mail that accrued almost overwhelmed them. A heavy storm, which for twenty-four hours delayed the mail service all over the country, brought to the firm on the following day 25,000 letters, requiring the services of thirty-five expert girls ten hours to open and check the contents. At this time there were two weeks' unopened mail in the vaults, and sixty girls were employed to open and address it. So great was the demand for these cheap roses that their own large stock was soon exhausted by the Good & Reese Company, and all available stock within a radius of a thousand miles was cleaned up, and finally money was returned. No more roses were to be bought for that year.

No one knows better than the mail order man the necessity for a fractional currency. Stamps must be sold at a discount, making a serious item in a large stock. Silver coins are sent in cardboard, sewed up in cloth.

rolled in paper, and they have come fastened to the order with chewing gum and jam. Each morning a basin of water is placed to wash sticky coins in.

I do not recall whether it was Thomas B. Reed or Mr. Blaine, who said there were three reasons why we do not have a parcels post in the United States. The first reason was the Wells-Fargo Express Company, the second the United States Express Company and the third the Adams Express Company. Whatever the reason, the mail order house prays for the day when the parcels post becomes a law in our land. It does not add to one's patriotism to be able to send an eleven pound package at a smaller rate through our postoffice to Europe or South America, than we can the four pound package to which we are limited in our own country.

After the mail is addressed and all orders that are to be held for a specified shipping date are filed, the mail for each day is placed in the huge fire-proof vault, to await its turn to be filled. It is then carried to the greenhouses and distributed to the order clerks. The order houses flank either side of a large shed, the large express plants on one side, the smaller mailing size on the other. Different sheds are used for packing the mail and express orders, and still another is reserved for the wholesale orders, and all pains are taken to prevent errors.

The plant to be shipped is picked up with the stem between the fingers, the pot reversed and a quick tap on the edge of a table leaves it with the ball of earth in the operator's hand. He dips it in a pail of water to wash off the soil, the roots are wrapped in damp moss and oiled paper, and it is ready to place in the box. The label is pasted on, it is weighed and stamped and is ready to send to the postoffice. The sphagnum moss in which the roots are wrapped is bought by the carload from Wisconsin. Numbers of girls and boys are kept busy labelling the plants for the order houses, and these labels are no small item of expense, for fully five million labels are constantly in stock. Nothing is done in this establishment on a small scale. Even the pins are bought in bulk by the hundred pounds and they are used to pin everything that come with an order to it, for, alas, the people who forget to give their names

and addresses are legion; often even the post mark is too dim to decipher, and there is no clue until a complaint follows the non-arrival of the order.

In the busy season about ten wagon loads of express and sixty bags of mail are sent each day, and even with a working force of one hundred and fifty people it is no unusual thing to fall far behind in filling orders. The work goes rushing on six days in the week, and it is no uncommon thing for the packers to work forty-eight hours at a stretch.

One wholesale order received by the Good & Reese Company for one firm was for five hundred and eighty-five thousand roses, five hundred and twenty-five thousand of which was for one variety, the "Baby Rambler" Rose. About two million roses are grown annually by this firm, and two million more are grown for them on contract and under their supervision. They also grow fully two million plants of other varieties. In addition to this they formed a stock company and bought nearly twelve hundred acres of land in the Mississippi Delta and are growing roses and a variety of nursery stock for the wholesale trade.

Another most interesting feature is the peony and phlox farm in which this company is interested. It lies about five miles from Springfield, in a rich and sheltered valley that has proven peculiarly well adapted to their culture. Starting about four years ago with the best stock to be bought at home and abroad, the owners have now about one quarter million plants of each. When in bloom these plants make a show that is dazzling. It is then the "roguing" takes place. Through each long line of bloom go the proprietors, and every plant, no matter how fine, that shows the faintest trace of reversion of type or variation of color, is discarded. Mr. Burbank does not more carefully "rogue" his seedlings than do the owners of the peonies and phloxes.

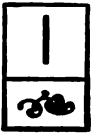
In addition to all that is grown by and for this company, much is imported from Europe and Japan. The azaleas, camellias and bulbs are all imported. It is an interesting life, but not a restful one. The expenses are appalling. In printing and postage alone not less than \$40,000 is spent

annually by this one firm, and all this expense is anticipatory. No man can foretell what the trade will be, but the plants must be grown and the catalogs mailed, the advertising contracted for, and the reaping of the harvest occupies about one-fourth

of the year. When the shipping season is on, the nerves are as tense as those of soldiers behind the battle line. But the life is a wholesome one. It is inspiring to be with living, growing things, and few ever leave the business.

THE LAST RITES

By Stella Breyfogle McDonald



IN a room upstairs the father is pacing aimlessly back and forth, with bowed head and a look in his eyes that bespeaks an indescribable heartache. To him there comes the mother, with her eyes red about the lids and her tender mouth trembling.

"George," she says, laying one arm fondly around his neck, "do not give 'way so. They tell me the minister has come and all is ready. It's hard for him, too, George, for just twenty-two years ago he christened Marion. Dear husband, we must not think of our Marion as lost to us—she will always be our sweet daughter, and, though gone from us, her influence will always be felt in this home her presence has so blessed. Come, dear, we must be brave, for we have the precious boys to think of."

"You are right, Kate, as you always are," returns her husband, clasping her in his arms. "Surely no sorrow is so great but that I can bear it so long as I have you by my side. It seems as though I can scarcely realize our lives without Marion. My heart fails me when I think of her sweet ways and the horrible blank of the years to come, when we shall miss her more and more every day. When Dr. Kimball broke it to us that we would lose her I wanted to curse him, though I am fond of him and have every confidence in him. There, now,

little woman, don't shiver. I am ready now to go through with it, and shall keep my emotions controlled for your sake and the boys."

* * * * *

In a den on the third floor, a manly boy of about seventeen is addressing two younger ones.

"Now see here, you kids," he says, "you do all your blubbering up here and get through with it before we go down. Great Scott! isn't it hard enough for the mater and dad without seeing us all broken up? We're all they've got left now, and we've got to make up a little for Marion. Come on down, fellows, and don't you dare let me catch you snivelling during the services."

A great sob tears itself out of his throat as he takes a brother by each arm and leads him away.

* * * * *

In the kitchen old Joseph, the coachman, is saying to Maggie, the cook, "Sure, 'tis a sad day for this family. I'm a-thinkin' the house won't be the same with Miss Marion gone."

"Shut up your croakin', Joe," says Maggie, "there be grievin' enough without your makin' us feel worse. Missus says as how me and you and Barbara can stand in the hall till it's all over. Oh, darlin' Miss

Marion," and Maggie, with apron to her eyes, rocks violently back and forth in the kitchen rocker.

Barbara comes in, tearless, but with a white, strained face as though grief had frozen each feature. She neither looks at or speaks to the other two, but fondles a white flower and mutters to herself, "Ah, she does look so beautiful, the precious lamb. All in white, with her hands full of white flowers. I dressed her, for the last time—I wouldn't let any one else touch her, for she has been my charge since she was six years old. I stole this flower" (she kisses it)" and it is all that is left to me of my dearie. Oh, I think poor Barbara's heart will break."

* * * * *

In the grounds surrounding the house, a beautiful greyhound moves dejectedly about. He knows there is something wrong in there. He has been put out of the house three times since morning—twice by Maggie and once by a strange man who was carrying chairs into the big hall. His mistress has never failed him before, and he cannot understand why he is relegated to the background in this heartless fashion.

* * * * *

A woman, standing with a man in the shelter of a bow-window, whispers, "Doesn't the Reverend Wood look like a

saint? There is Dr. Kimball next to him. Is it true that he is going to Australia to live?"

"Yes," answers the man, "there has been a fine scientific opening made for him and he is very enthusiastic over his prospects."

"Fancy going so far to live. If it were an indefinite stay now, but to *live*—"

"Hush-sh-sh," says the man, as a movement through the room warns them that the hour has arrived.

The minister raises his head, which has been somewhat drooped in thought, and clears his throat preparatory to his opening sentences. Dr. Kimball's gaze pierces through the room into the big hall, and his eyes grow dim with intensity of feeling as his heart goes out in sympathy to the parents who are so stricken with sorrow. He wishes there was some way he could comfort them, for he has always known Marion and loved her, and he can realize something of their anguish in losing their only daughter.

* * * * *

Somewhere, behind a screen of palms, an orchestra suddenly bursts forth joyously into the always beautiful Lohengrin. Then a vision in white appears in the doorway—a radiant, lovely Marion, in her cloudy veil and shimmering satin, and with a face full of the ecstasy of love, Dr. Kimball walks forth to meet his bride.



A Talk on Debt and Poverty

By Andrew L. Ralston



THE line of separation between wealth and poverty is not marked on any financial chart. Every man is poor in the estimation of him of larger possessions. While making ends meet, while asking neither subsistence nor shelter, except in return for an equivalent given by him, a man may be relatively poor, and bravely independent; but beneath the pauper there is nothing. Hope and energy are both gone from him. His one possession is his poverty, which, according to Solomon, is his sure destruction. He is a product of civilization, unknown to savage peoples, and, when once the type is developed, it does not disappear.

Science declares crime a disease or symptomatic of a diseased organism, and charitably urges that its treatment be of a character tending to restore health, physical and moral, to the criminal. In much the same light should poverty be considered. It is a disease. Its diagnosis shows an indifference to surroundings, a lack of energy resulting from frequent, ineffectual attempts on the part of its victims to better their condition — a heart sickness rather than marked physical decay; a want of interest in any plan of relief going beyond a supply of the necessities of the moment, symptoms which indicate an inability to rally, even though remedies are found to hold in check the disease. Poverty fully developed is incurable. Occasionally, some one sprung from its very dregs or from its too frequent criminal environment, is transplanted to healthful and prosperous surroundings, and loses the infection of pauperism, but this is contrary to rule.

The causes which conduce to poverty are many, and their existence must be shown by showing the evident compulsion which keeps the pauper a pauper. Given, however, a law of gravitation in things not

physical, a tendency to descend in the absence of continuous effort to the contrary; given competition in business and overpopulation as primary elements, and things accidental and unexpected will prove the start of many on the downward path to poverty. The most difficult thing to determine in each case is, at what point of the descent hope of better things failed, since from that point there is no return.

A person without financial resources is poor, but he whose assets are given in the thousands, with liabilities climbing to a like amount, is equally poor. The former may be in vigorous health, a willing worker, with simple tastes and steady employment and happy in the assurance of his experience that sufficient unto the day is the good as well as the evil thereof. The latter may be burdened with financial obligations which he meets with difficulty, borrowing from Peter to pay Paul, and assured only that for him the morrow will have its full share of evil. The chances are that, unless sickness or accident befall him, or a panic drive away employment for an unusually long time, the one will never know either poverty or riches; that sooner or later, the other will go to pieces financially before some over-due note, and despairingly sink to the depths of poverty. As small political successes unfit a man for useful activity when his party is out of power, or leave him without occupation or resource when too old for party service, so does a season of speculative prosperity, followed by financial collapse, destroy, as a rule, every element of manhood necessary to successful recovery from such disaster.

To set forth all the causes of poverty would require a treatise of many volumes, without making mention of vices, or things vicious in their character, among them, of which poverty is the natural, anticipated result. The most active and least blamed of

all the things which lead directly to poverty is debt. In this industrial age the ability to run in debt is counted an asset; the willingness to incur debt for speculative purposes is deemed a financial virtue. Ninety-five per cent of the world's business is based on credit, and debt is so well nigh universal that it is accepted, until default in payment is made, as a badge of the good financial standing of the debtor.

The pauper alone can not contract new debts. The youth is encouraged to burden himself with debt for the speedy acquisition of a liberal education, which otherwise could be obtained only after years of careful saving for that purpose. After the college, schools given to special studies encourage the student to run in debt for a professional education; and many a young clergyman, with an interest-bearing debt hanging over him, is ordained to preach a free gospel to people who interpret "free" to mean, without cost to them. Once out in the world, the youth finds that everything is his, so long as he keeps his credit good. The furniture dealer is ready to furnish his house, retaining only the title to the goods which are sold on monthly payments. Carpets and curtains can be had on the same terms, as may all things else—excepting such as immediately perish with the using, those which the buyer consumes. An easy way is thus provided for spending one's salary in advance, and a division of each month's wages is arranged, before its receipt, among the many creditors who by their kindness have put the man and his family in the immediate enjoyment of luxuries which could not have been theirs, free from debt, until after years of penurious saving.

But the result does not tally with the forecast. Expenses creep in which were not included in the schedule. A style of living beyond that which the actual income warrants brings with it expenses which can not be met. Payment to one or more creditors is not made at the time promised, and from that first default the debtor's way becomes difficult. Other defaults follow, creditors become importunate, and the title, innocently reserved by the dealer, leads back into his hands the goods for which the debt was contracted at a valua-

tion which leaves no balance to the debtor out of the many partial payments which he, from time to time, has made. Under conditions of sale, which the creditor has arranged beforehand should be favorable to himself and which he is not slow to enforce, only a few months are needed to complete the financial ruin of the man and to create the pauper. After one or two removes, because of unpaid rent, to cheaper and again cheaper houses and more unfavorable surroundings, with less and less of household goods to carry at each remove, the debtor's hope of recovering credit, financial position or profitable employment is lost forever.

Capital is of value only when employed, and new ways and means for its steady employment are daily devised, each and all of which encourage the going in debt. These schemes are so arranged that the gains of their promoters are increased in proportion to the increase in the number of forfeitures for default after one or more payments have been made. Life insurance companies, especially those dealing largely in industrial insurance, so called, reap their greatest gains from lapsed policies—policies which have been running for one or more years and which, because of the inability of the insured to pay some subsequent premium, are by their terms forfeited, and the issuing company relieved from liability because of them.

That this would be a source of great profit was early recognized by that father of life insurance, the Reverend Richard Price, who before 1770 laid down the maxim, "that the plan of a society (of life insurance), ought always to be such that the loss arising from discontinuance of payments should fall on the purchaser, and never on the society." This rule has never been violated willingly by any society. When the insured puts his entire savings into the payment of the first year's premium, the company can, with certainty almost, count the payment so made net gain, for the second premium will seldom be ready and the policy will lapse. It follows that the greater the amount of the insurance applied for and annual premium paid, the greater the gain to the company when forfeiture comes.

An encourager of debt, and one that comes with most bewitching allurements, is the building and loan association, or any organized body, with whatever name, to encourage home building. It blandly informs the would-be owner of a home that he has already paid or will within a few years pay, in rents, a sum sufficient to purchase a house, and that it has a scheme by which, while paying rent to the association, in the shape of interest and principal, the desired home can be paid for without burden to anyone; that the money to build a home of a plan designed by the builder's architect, will be furnished by the association, paid out upon the building as it progresses, and can be repaid in monthly installments, less perhaps than would be paid in rent otherwise, which will be credited, part to interest and expenses, and part on the principal loaned, until, without realizing that he has been struggling under a burden of debt, the borrower in a few years becomes the owner of a home. Can magic show anything more wonderful? The builder starts with nothing, and out of that nothing come home comforts and freedom from rent-paying.

But here again arises a difference between the promise and the fulfillment. Here, also, comes in this matter of forfeiture or lapse, an item of profit to the association, which is not shared by all who become members, but only by those who remain in the association until it becomes debtor to them. Theoretically, the association starts on nothing, except the first installment paid by its shareholders, and this it loans to a shareholder already in the association, or to some person, who, wanting money with which to build a home, subscribes for a number of shares and borrows money to an amount equal to the face value of his shares. This sets the ball rolling, and the payments of shareholders, both those who are known as investors and those known as borrowers, furnish the material for growth, until this rolling ball by natural accretion grows to a value equal to that of all outstanding shares. Then distribution of it is made among the shareholders, the borrowers debt is canceled, the investor's money is repaid to him with its gains, and the association is ended, be-

cause it has seemingly fulfilled the purpose of its creation.

Let us examine the practical workings of this scheme. The organizers and officers of these associations in every instance are persons who need not resort to the methods of these organizations for the purpose of borrowing money. They are there to invest money. The inference is not that they are dishonest in their dealings with the borrowing shareholders, but that they invest because they are assured of profit in excess of that derived from an ordinary mortgage loan. And this inference is a correct one. Whence, then, are these profits?

Every loan is hedged about with conditions, which impose fines and forfeitures for every default in the payment of dues, or violation of the rules of the association in any particular, all of them ending in a foreclosure of the mortgage securing the loan. These rules are enforced to the letter. Moreover, one of the features of the theoretical loan association is never present in the working association. The borrower is not allowed to start from nothing to develop a home. The directors well know that from nothing, nothing comes. The borrowing shareholder must, therefore, own a lot on which to build. To loan money, in a sum sufficient to purchase the lot and build a house upon it, would be loaning money without security and without the power to compel its return; and building associations are not intended to be charitable organizations. The unincumbered lot is a prerequisite to a loan and protects the association. When a forfeiture comes, as it will in a large percentage of cases, the association on foreclosure obtains not only the house built with the money loaned and the lot representing the prior savings of the borrower, but in times of panic it also has judgment against the borrower for a balance, representing the difference between the amount of its claim and the amount for which the property, because of depreciated values, sold. And this condition of affairs proves a source of great profit to the loan association.

Another item of profit is found in the fact that in the distribution of payments between principal and interest, interest gets

the lion's share of the earlier payments. This fact is important, since no more than ten per cent. of borrowers remain in the association, until their stock comes to par, and share in the final distribution. As a consequence, when a borrower is concluded by foreclosure, or, more fortunate, makes another loan from some other source, at a fixed rate of interest, and withdraws from the association, he has paid and the association has the benefit of usurious interest from the date of his loan.

It should be distinctly understood that every business which offers inducement to customers to run in debt, offers harm to them, and should be avoided. It is not offered in the interest of the customer, and it is better for the customer to learn this from the experience of others than from personal experience. From Solomon to Benjamin Franklin, much was said regarding debt for the purpose of preventing the man from running into it. Since Franklin's day, the subject has been tabooed, and it is more than possible that there are those now living, who never heard that "the borrower is servant to the lender." They may have learned this truth, but not theoretically.

Among all the things which lead to poverty, and which are not by nature criminal, none is so active, so effective as debt. Its ever present co-adjutor is interest, and interest never rests. In the days when usury was the synonym of our word interest, it was said that "the usurer is the greatest Sabbath-breaker, because his plow goeth every Sunday." While not railing at interest, it can not be denied that it is inseparable from debt, and principal and interest are the millstones between which the debtor is ground. If speculation proves successful, it may justify the borrowing of money and its repayment with interest; but who, at the time of making a speculative investment, can tell whether it will result in profit or loss? No legitimate business, no business limited in its profits to the usual percentage of the mercantile world, can hope to bear up long under like burdens, except in most prosperous times. And no person who works upon a salary and allows himself to be drawn into debt for any end, which he might have slowly gained without

debt, can hope to recover his lost freedom. He becomes a slave to debt, and poverty ever draws nearer and nearer to him, until he is driven to crime, or sinks in hopeless despair.

But for the poor, for those whose poverty is their destruction, what are we to do? The testimony of men whose financial success is most marked is to the effect that their great struggle ended when their first gains from investment were realized. This does not mean that their labor and anxieties then ceased; far from it. It means, however, that until then they had pulled against the tide; that until then they had only paid expenses; that then the tide set in their direction; that then they began to receive recognition and consideration from their competitors; that thenceforth, without adding to their expenses, the volume of their business so increased that profit was the certain result. There is a whole treatise on social economy in the fact that financial success was assured in the pocketing of those early, and apparently trifling gains. The road to wealth was then located, and the amount of wealth depended solely upon the cautious energy with which the indicated road was followed. The method was complete, and the only question to be studied was that of the relation of speed to safety.

We are apt to censure the poor and lay upon them the blame of that which their poverty forbids to be otherwise. They buy coal by the bushel at ruinous prices, but they can not at a single purchase pay for or obtain credit for a ton; they buy flour by the pound, but they are unable to pay even for a small sack; they pay five cents for a ride on the street car, when compelled to reach their labor in that way, while a laborer in better circumstances would expend a quarter-dollar for tickets and ride for a fraction over three cents a trip; they inhabit some hole of a cellar, or box of a room, until disease in the family claims the earnings which in a better atmosphere could be expended for food and clothing or saved. Perhaps sickness is followed by death, and a pardonable horror of the potter's field drives them, if they have thus far escaped him, to the loaner of money on chattel security, for the price of a burial

outfit, to whom they pay an interest at the rate of twenty-five per cent. a month, or two dollars per month for a loan of eight, until, after months of payment, there comes a default and their furniture and other chattels are taken for the satisfaction of an already overpaid debt, and they become paupers indeed. Their poverty has been their destruction.

The reader is ready, perhaps, to ask why do not these sufferers leave the city and these dens of lodgings, and seek comfort where land is plenty and no tax is laid upon the consumption of fresh air? The funereal truth, that "the destruction of the poor is their poverty," is the only reply to such an inquiry. Unaided, they cannot get away.

If this view of poverty is correct, and this utter helplessness, which has been described, is characteristic of it when chronic, its treatment must be simple, but heroic. In well marked cases it should have in view nothing more than a prevention of the spread of the disease. The example of the wanderer who will not accept employment, is most pernicious. The tramp always bears with him a theory of life which fails to distinguish between right and wrong; or, dropping all consideration of right, declares unjust every form of state interference with his migratory and predatory habits. The influence of such example upon all who are viciously surrounded, especially upon the youthful of this class, is evil always. To the list of vicious and afflicted beings, for whom the state provides without thought or expectation of reimbursement beyond the general good accomplished in so doing, must be added the pauper; not simply as a winter inmate of an infirmary, to be turned loose when spring makes life out of door endurable, but as one afflicted with a contagious disease, by quarantining to limit the spread of the infection. The tramp, and the idler who has not as yet severed all bondage to place, must be hedged about with restrictions, even to confinement upon a farm or in a home, where work will be compulsory to an extent to be determined by circumstances, and so prevent his associating with the young, or with those who have not reached the lower levels where poverty

and idleness unite—a home having no exit free from control, except to the grave.

A student of our social problems prophesies that within the first quarter of this century we in America will be driven to maintain a standing army, as large in proportion to our population as are the standing armies of Europe today, through sheer necessity of furnishing employment to the otherwise idle. If such a sorrowful prediction is possibly to be realized, we may delay its fulfillment and be justified in the expense of so doing, by furnishing employment to a number of willing workers in each state, sufficient to keep in confinement the pauper, whose atmosphere is pollution, and whose wandering spreads moral and physical contagion. However, this supposed control of paupers, as a class, must be undertaken by the state, or by the United States, and not by any of the minor organizations into which the state is divided. Questions of residence, and of responsibility in the matter of providing for those who are thus detained from wandering as they will, and of other petty matters, would too often arise between townships or counties, of which there are many, and the entire suppression of the tramp would not be accomplished. With state control, these questions could only arise between states and would be infrequent and comparatively easy of settlement.

In thus taking in charge and controlling those who refuse to care for themselves in an honest way, no personal rights would be destroyed, no constitutional pledges violated. It is true, poverty is not a crime, but it is no less true that poverty and an obstinate refusal to work, when combined in one able-bodied person, produce a character so hostile to the public welfare that the State would be justified in placing such an one under the closest surveillance and compelling him to work. Theft becomes a necessity to him who, having no income, refuses to labor for his own support. A continued failure or refusal to perform honest labor is the blossom, of which theft and its associated crimes are the ripe fruit, and that which inevitably leads to crime may be punished, under leg-

islative provision, with as much justice as actual crime itself.

Equally heroic but altogether different measures will be necessary in the prevention of this disease of poverty. To those who are being reared in want and idleness, who as yet are neither tainted with actual crime or disheartened by defeat, confinement simply as a quarantine measure does not apply. In fact, they are the ones to receive indirectly the most benefit from the measure above proposed. They should be taken in charge as well as the other and older poor, but for purposes of reformation and development. The children of those who are being destroyed by poverty must be taken away from their environment at an early age and placed in healthful homes, before hereditary taints are strengthened by intelligent contact with unthrift and hopelessness and crime. This may seem cruel, and may cause many a mother's heart to bleed, but it may prevent forever a like grief on the part of the child so taken from her. The state has recognized the truth that, in the physical world, prevention of infection is better than treatment of a fully developed disease, and the principle has wide application.

Each county has its infirmary, in which are gathered those who have been worsted in their life struggle and who would "unburthened crawl towards death," and they are cared for simply that they may not suffer. In other public institutions are gathered the young who, because of vicious or homeless surroundings, are brought to want and crime, but who, because of youth, are within the expectation that they may become useful citizens. Institutions of the character first mentioned can attempt nothing beyond the present comfort of their inmates; those which care for the young criminals, while their first object is the control of the vicious, must furnish further reason for their existence in the fact that they attempt to develop, in those for whom they care, characters which lead them to

be self-sustaining men and women; but none of them are fitted to receive the young, who are uncharged with crime, and to educate and make of them useful members of society. This want, in some states, is being met in part by homes for orphans and abandoned children. The institutions which were established at the close of our civil war, in many states, for the care of soldiers' orphans, have done a noble work, but they from the circumstances of their founding are not to be permanent. The county homes for children have all the essential elements for the work which we are considering, and by legislative enactment could be given power to accomplish the work.

They must, however, have authority to gather in any and all children whose surroundings are such as to shut out hope that they will become self-supporting, industrious citizens, if allowed to remain where found, and then keep them free from all contact and communication with degraded and indolent relatives. The education supplied should be as good as the state furnishes to its more fortunate youths, while the name and reputation of these homes should be such that the inmates would not be thought vicious or criminal; only unfortunate in birth, unfortunate in matters altogether beyond their control.

Farther than this the state, as parent and teacher, may not go. By universal consent, it is already burdened with many duties not its own; those of the church, for every almshouse has its inmate or inmates who are members in good standing of some Christian church; of the family, for every family has its pauper or criminal, for whom the state provides, or from whom it protects the public; and of the individual, for every individual is in duty bound to care for himself. The state has no religion, no family, no individuality; and practical statesmanship has reached its best results when the state has no pauper.



By Himself

THE reflections of a bachelor usually reflect upon him.

* * *

CHILDREN'S quarrels begin in play, and so do older folks'.

* * *

It is not so difficult to be honest as it is to be modest about it.

* * *

AMONG the other troubles of the rich are the newspaper reporters.

* * *

It takes several engagements to make a war, except in high society.

* * *

No man's salary ever tries to catch up with him when he lives beyond it.

* * *

ONLY little troubles drive people apart. The big ones bring them together.

* * *

GRATITUDE is most frequently exhibited in view of favors yet to be received.

* * *

No perfect man needs a wife, and no perfect woman can get a husband.

* * *

It may not pay to fret about nothing, but it affords a great deal of recreation.

* * *

THERE are too many good listeners who confine that excellence to their own talk.

NOBODY indorses marrying for money except those who have married without it.

* * *

YEARS ago woman was a mere chattel of man, but she has been getting even ever since.

* * *

AN editor is always able to make friends by not being too diligent in printing the news.

* * *

AFTER all, a woman's eye lashes are capable of doing more damage than her tongue lashes.

* * *

THE statement that it is more blessed to give than to receive applies most forcibly to advice.

* * *

ONE advantage of an elopement is that it prevents the society editor from handling the wedding.

* * *

PROHIBITION finds great favor among the reformers and others who keep whisky in the house.

* * *

THE only mistakes that women are likely to make in bargains are related to the matrimonial market.

* * *

HORTICULTURE and religion are dissimilar in the fact that the church that grafts will gather no fruit.

PEOPLE should never marry for money or beauty alone. It is more customary to do it together.

* * *

WHEN everybody admits that virtue is its own reward, it seems strange that so few people apply for it.

* * *

A CLUB is a place where men go to imagine that they are independent of their wives until they get home.

* * *

THE seeker after higher education must be content to measure it by its distance from a substantial income.

* * *

IT is not true that a poor man has no show in this world. His only trouble is with the price of admission.

* * *

CHOICE fiction is becoming popular in the newspapers, but most of it still appears in the advertisements.

* * *

CLIMBING the social scale is an arduous job, and yet it attracts less attention than sliding down it at one fall.

* * *

THE good things people say in this world are often handed down, but the bad things are invariably handed around.

* * *

THE worst thing about many family skeletons is that they are usually on dress parade, instead of in the closet.

* * *

AMERICANS begin to study the science of government early, but a good many of them study it too late at night.

* * *

THE only time when any human being can take in everything at a glance is when one woman sizes up another's gown.

* * *

IT would seem that a big trust should be able to get trusted, if anybody can, and yet it never gets credit for anything.

* * *

A CAREFUL person has a place for everything and everything in its place; and then all he has to do is to find the place.

IT is noteworthy that, whenever a rich American woman and her husband fall out at home, one of them takes a trip abroad.

* * *

QUITE often the assertion that absence makes the heart grow fonder requires demonstration in order to make us believe in it.

* * *

THE Shakespearean drama of the future will picture Richard Third in an automobile, because he offered his kingdom for a horse.

* * *

THE elevation of a woman's nose does not increase the height of her ideals. It merely indicates that she thinks she has them.

* * *

A WOMAN will go to the back door with her front hair down, but no woman will go to the front door with her back hair down.

* * *

THE literary genius who aspires to write something that will live forever only needs to attach his signature to a promissory note.

* * *

THIS would be a better generation, if some people would exhibit as much concern about their descendants as they do about their ancestors.

* * *

SCIENTISTS have long affirmed the reality of things unseen, but a little study of false forms in a dry goods store window would make most of them give it up.

* * *

IT is well enough to joke about the size of the feminine hat, but it is worthy of note that fair woman doesn't have to wear a larger size in the morning than she wore the night before.

* * *

A MAN will sometimes try to make himself think he is a martyr because he has no money, when his patient wife will considerably overlook the fact that she is one because her husband has no sense.



EDITORIAL

Professor Kellerman

THE death of William A. Kellerman, professor of botany in the Ohio State university, while on a botanical expedition in Guatemala, is an event which must be regarded from every human standpoint as most deplorable. A true reading of it can only be obtained by the aid of more light than is shed upon the destinies of this world.

Professor Kellerman was in the prime of life and had attained high reputation in his special science. He was a most devoted investigator, and the works which he has contributed to the literature of botany will live long after him. Others which he had in preparation will never be completed. This was his fourth expedition to Guatemala and other Central American states, but he entered this foreign field of investigation only after having exhausted the study of plants in Ohio, his native State, which he so signally honored in his high character, charming personality and useful life.

In the current number of THE OHIO MAGAZINE appears an article from Professor Kellerman's pen describing "A Bullfight in Guatemala," which he was inspired to write some time ago, out of good will to this periodical, in the success of which he always manifested a deep interest. This light-hearted little sketch shows the devoted botanist in one of his moments of relaxation. The article was in type for the current number of this magazine when the news of its author's death was received in this country.

We are fond of saying that this is a commercial age and that society is now dedicated only to selfish pursuits. How far this judgment is from being correct we can only appreciate to the fullest extent when we consider the careers of men like Profess-

or Kellerman. That type of man is in almost every community in America and is well exemplified in the intellectual life of Ohio. Men of great natural abilities and high attainments devote their lives to the pursuit of science, art, investigation or invention, with small pecuniary reward, and make no boast of it. Their work is done quietly but with results that long survive them, and when they fall by the wayside, dying in the harness, the reward that can best compensate them is the fruition of their labors in the coming years. Why do they do this? First, because they love the work; second, because they love humanity, and, third, because they love Nature. This is true greatness and true usefulness. The sacrifice of this life which Professor Kellerman rendered to science in the fever-stricken tropics is only one evidence of this greatness, which is not uncommon in this country and which disproves the libels so often uttered regarding our materialism and selfishness.

Too Much Law.

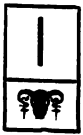
THE modern lawmaker seems to think it his chief duty to introduce new legislation. It does not seem to occur to him that the power to repeal is almost as frequently advisable to be put into effect as the power to enact, nor does he realize the dangers and inconveniences of a cumbersome legal system. Usually he fails utterly to comprehend the fact that in a republic the best government is that one which is operated by the aid of the least law.

One prolific cause of too much legislation is the disposition of legislators to assist one another by a trade of votes. Representative Jones votes for Representative Smith's bill, regardless of its merits, on the understanding that Smith will vote for Jones' bill.

This is an everyday practice in all parliamentary bodies of this country.

A remedy might be found, if we ceased designating bills introduced by the names of their authors. It flatters Representative Jones to have his name attached to a bill, and if his introduction of it did not cause that name to go thundering down the corridors of time, very often he would not introduce it. We confess that we do not see how this reform is to be brought about in view of the common practice of these times, but it is a fact that there would be a great deal less legislation than there is now, if the names of statesmen were not attached to their pet measures. Under present conditions it is probable that the legislator who votes "no" on every proposition, will be right a little more than half of the time.

Anarchists in America



IN his letter to the mayor of Paterson, New Jersey, President Roosevelt never exhibited the big stick to better effect than in denouncing the publication of an anarchist newspaper in that city and stating that he had advised the postoffice department to deny it the privileges of the mails. The President's letter is a lengthy one, but he sums up the whole case in these closing words: "No law should require the postmaster general to become an accessory to murder by circulating literature of this kind."

That is good doctrine. We have a boasted liberty of the press in this country which too often degenerates into license, but there should be no difference of opinion as to the proposition that the printed mouthpieces of anarchy, arson and organized murder should be exterminated. The atmosphere of Paterson, New Jersey, is bad enough, without having it further polluted by the public ravings of an anarchist sheet; and, even if the law-abiding people of Paterson were not to receive protection in this regard, the remainder of the country must at least be spared the pain and humiliation of a widespread anarchist propaganda circulated from that hotbed of revolutionary crimes.

The press of the United States will not

regard with disfavor any steps taken by the postoffice department to suppress a publication like the one complained of by President Roosevelt. Indeed, the stability and the liberty of the press, like that of all our institutions, is dependent upon the elimination of the literature of murder.

Mrs. Elkins and the Duke



NOBODY can afford to scoff at the popular interest manifested in the love affair of Miss Katherine Elkins and the Duke of Abruzzi. The newspapers are full of the doings and goings and comings of this couple, simply because the newspapers reflect public interest. They are to a large extent what their readers make them, and they pay due attention to the case of the duke and the probable duchess because the people sincerely have the affairs of that romantic pair at heart.

The attitude of the public in this matter rests upon two considerations. In the first place, we can never take away from the human intelligence its natural veneration for, or interest in, the doings of royalty or others who, by blood or achievement, represent power. That is the reason that there is so much gossip over titles and millionaires. While this interest may lead to snobbery at times, it is fundamentally right. Our men and women who represent something tangible in the great world of affairs bear the same relation to the remainder of the race, in the common estimation, as the more perfect specimens or flowers bear to the common order of vegetation. We look up to the human specimen because of our natural and laudable desire to emulate its example. This is entirely justifiable, because it is natural.

But, more significant still, we all bow at the shrine of romance. The saying that "all the world loves a lover" has always held good, and its philosophy is prevalent today. Some degree of the same interest would be manifested over the romance of a peasant, but with the duke and Miss Elkins we have our constitutional respect for greatness, though it be only of the titled kind, added to our inborn love of the romantic. The world will wish this couple

well, because their attachment in a measure interprets the deepest aspiration of every life, from the cradle to the grave.

The Art of Marrying



MARRIAGE is an institution, but marrying is an art.

A prominent eastern clergyman of the Episcopal faith recently surprised his congregation by denouncing fashionable weddings. "The slow march usually played at these weddings," he said, "is not to make the occasion more dignified, but to give the guests a longer time to survey the bride's wedding gown." For this and various other alleged reasons the aforesaid clerical authority held the formal wedding in contempt.

Nevertheless, the subject is worthy of serious consideration before arriving at a definite conclusion regarding it. The art of marrying is perhaps the oldest in the whole artistic catalogue, and it has always involved formality. If it did not, it would not be an art. All races celebrate their weddings with some show of tinsel and noise. From the cannibal to the philosopher, in all climes and through all the ages, marrying has been attended by fuss and feathers. The art of marrying involves a sacrament, but it also signalizes a festival; and it has been ever thus, from the beginning.

Why should not the guests at a modern wedding have ample time in which to survey the bride's wedding gown? There can be no logical objection to that. The Episcopal clergyman himself would be less impressive, and the wedding ceremony solemnized by him would lose something of its significance, if he wore no gown. The savage bride bedecks herself in a necklace of shells, and perhaps rings for both the ears and nose, and she is the center of attraction at the ceremony. The civilized bride does not differ from her, for human nature in all elementary respects is the same in the savage as it is in enlightened man. The modern bride of Christendom has a right to her fine wedding gown, and the guests at her wedding have a right to regard it critically, so be it they do so with-

out impudence. In no intelligent mind do these things subtract anything from the sacredness of the moment in which the marriage vow is taken.

Shakespeare might have had these thoughts in mind when he gave this admonition: "Costly thy raiment as thy purse can buy, but not expressed in phantasy." That is the modern wedding in a nut shell. Let those who have money to spend lavish it on the young bride and her gown, as long as they do not make vulgarity of display.

Capital Punishment



THE bill providing for the abolition of capital punishment in Ohio has passed the senate and will presently come upon its fate in the house. Meanwhile it is still evident that there is and always will be a radical difference of opinion among intelligent men relative to the infliction of the death penalty.

The commonest argument in favor of its abolition advanced by the advocates of that alleged reform, is that the state has no right to take from any person that which it cannot restore to him, in this case meaning life. The argument loses some force, however, when we consider that the state takes to itself many things that it cannot restore. It cannot restore the years of servitude and disgrace suffered by an innocent man cast into prison by legal process. It cannot restore the lives it demands for its own perpetuation when war is in progress and legalized murder is regarded as heroism. There are therefore many things which the state may take from the citizen without intention or ability to restore them, and if the proposed abolition of capital punishment must rest upon this question of taking away and giving back, it has no ground to stand upon.

It may be, also, that the opponents of capital punishment hold life too dear a thing for men who anticipate immortality. It is yet to be proven that death is not a beneficence to many human creatures. It is well known that it is often preferred to hopeless imprisonment, to sorrow, and even the loss of material things. In these days, when it has been very nearly established

that crime is the result of disease or malformation, there is reason for those who believe in immortality to hold that the only cure for one or the other is death. Viewed in that light, capital punishment does not seem so terrible or so cruel. Surely the state, when it takes life, does more than restore it, if by taking it this life is advanced to another and a higher form.

And it should be remembered that we are taking life all the time—that is, we are changing its form. We cannot open our mouths to breathe or tread upon the soft carpet of the forest, without killing, without changing some form of life. To many people it must always seem that what we are required to do by Nature we can authorize ourselves to do by law.

Great Men



R. JOHNSON said of the teachers of morality: "They discourse like angels, but they live like men."

That is a fair estimate of the individuals in this world whom men call great. We often hear the ex-

pression, "He is a great man," or "He is one of the greatest men," etc. But who is great? Certain it is that public office is not an evidence of greatness in the incumbent. Statesmen are made of clay, like ordinary mortals. In a republic like America the holders of public office represent no more than the average man. They have the virtues and the faults of the common people, and, taken as a whole, they do not rise above them.

Men of special talent or even of genius are not necessarily great. They are rare, but so are idiots. Association with the so-called great is a swift destroyer of the impression of greatness. Few men are great to their wives. The fact is that the wisest and best in the human race are so steeped in ignorance and so slavish to environment that they cannot distinguish themselves from the common herd, except by the manifestation of some special trait or ability that makes them exceptional in only one or two particulars.

A man who is good and helpful is great enough for all practical purposes. The need of our public life is not great men, but honest men who possess common sense.



With Our Correspondents

THE OHIO MAGAZINE invites for this department brief communications from its readers on interesting current topics, facts of general or local history and timely opinions. Especially desirable are letters pertaining to the objects of the magazine, containing suggestions for increasing its usefulness and any views of readers pertaining to its special field.

Sheridan at Winchester

To the Editor:—

IN your February number one Lieutenant Charles Lloyd Wyman essays on General Washington in a very entertaining manner—logistically, a la Henry Cabot Lodge.

You say the article took a prize from the Ohio Society Sons of the American Revolution. I think the prize was probably well bestowed, but I think that as a prize military essayist the gentleman's attention should be called to his participation in quite a common error relative to Sheridan's Shenandoah Valley campaign in 1864.

Page 15, foot of first column, Lieutenant Wyman says: "Sheridan will be forever famous * * * for so skillfully extricating his army from the confusion of the disgraceful retreat from Winchester."

The army did not retreat from Winchester, to be later in the day reformed by Sheridan. The Eighth and Nineteenth corps were, front and flank, hit and forced back from the lines of Cedar Creek, twenty miles south of Winchester. These corps were somewhat rattled, and their fugitives were spread out pretty thin, several miles north of Middletown, when Sheridan met them and encouraged them to return. The old Sixth corps—Sheridan's pet—was in rock formation just west of Middletown and the pike, and so was the fine corps of cavalry which General Wright had brought over from the right to the left when the Eighth and Nineteenth corps were trying to stem the tidal wave of Early and Gordon.

If the Rebs had kept their formation and attacked the Sixth corps and the cavalry—"kept going," as Gordon wanted them to—it is questionable if they would not have been checked; but, once in the Federal camps, they

began to loot, and then discipline for a time was at an end. Early—"that bad old man," as Lee called him—indulged his boys. Standing on the road in Middletown, Gordon was heard to say to Early, "Shall we not keep 'em going, General?" "Oh, no," said Early, "let the boys get breakfast; we've had glory enough for one day."

But while they were getting breakfast a chap named Phil was "getting mad." A surgeon in the Nineteenth corps, who lived after the war in Newport, Vermont, related an incident of the battle that always seemed to me to illustrate the buoyant hope and certainty of success that were characteristic of Sheridan under the most adverse conditions.

"I had stampeded with others that morning," he said, "but had stopped to rest by the roadside some distance north of Middletown. Looking down the road toward Winchester, I saw a horseman coming in the uniform of a major general. At another glance I saw it was Sheridan. He reined in his horse aside of me, with the greeting, 'Well, doctor, how goes it?' I replied that the Sixth corps was intact and that the cavalry seemed to be well in hand. Without another word to me, he turned to a signal corps officer whom he saw standing near, and exclaimed: 'Officer, you take your flags over on that hill, and I'll show you the damndest licked army by four o'clock that you ever saw!' Then, wheeling about, he spurred Rienzi on the line of the Sixth corps"—and Sheridan with that corps and the cavalry of Torbet and Custer was a tough proposition for a pretty numerous enemy.

The retreat that morning was unfortunate but not 'disgraceful.'

Soldiers, kicked out of bed at 5 o'clock in the morning by a resolute enemy, don't emu-

late "Casibianca" and linger on the burning deck, but stampede with a celerity commensurate, of course, with whatever dignity the law of self-preservation demands.

Respectfully yours,

CHARLES M. THOMAS.

U. S. House of Representatives,
Washington, D. C.

* * *

Some Old Families

To the Editor:—

SOME recent genealogical facts stated in correspondence to THE OHIO MAGAZINE prompts me to offer the following regarding two old families of Virginia and Ohio:

THE HOGE FAMILY.

Near Winchester, Va., lived William Hoge and wife, (Miss Hume), after emigrating from Scotland to New Jersey, thence to Delaware, to Pennsylvania, finally to Opeckon Creek, Virginia, becoming the first settlers there. Their son James was born in Pennsylvania, and went to Virginia in 1735, and died June 2nd, 1795. Their grandson Moses Hoge, attended Liberty Hall, now Washington and Lee University, in 1778, received from it jointly with the Rev. William Wilson and others, the degree of A. B., in 1785, and was made President of Hampden-Sidney College, Virginia, 1807. He married twice: First, to Elizabeth Poage, August 23rd, 1783, daughter of John Poage. She died June 18th, 1802; second, to Mrs. Susannah Hunt, October 23rd, 1803, daughter of Joel Watkins. In 1787 he moved to Sheperdstown, Va. There were three sons by the first wife, all ministers: Rev. James Hoge of Columbus, Ohio; John Blair Hoge, who died early and was buried at Martinsburg, Va., and Samuel Davies Hoge, who died young, the father of Rev. Moses D. Hoge, D. D., of Richmond, Va.

THE POAGES.

Three miles north of the site of Staunton, Va., then called Beverly's Mill Place, lived Robert Poage, his wife and nine children, emigrants, May 22nd, 1740. They located on the pike on 772 acres; his will was proved March 6th, 1774. One daughter married Robert Breckinridge, son of Alexander Breckinridge, and was his first wife; they had

two sons—Robert and Alexander, both prominent in Kentucky. His second wife was Lettice, daughter of John Preston, emigrant. The two, Robert Breckinridge, and John Preston, were the ancestors of the renowned families of those names in the South and West. Robert Poage's son, John, was the father of Elizabeth Poage, first wife of Rev. Moses Hoge, whose descendants are famous in the Presbyterian pulpit. Thomas Poage, another son, had two daughters who married brothers named Wilson. Elizabeth married Rev. William Wilson, born 1751, graduate and A. B., tutor, and trustee for twenty-five years of Washington college, Va.; pastor, 1780-1811, of Augusta Church, organized 1737, eight miles north of the site of Staunton, Va. Polly Poage married the Hon. Thomas Wilson, M. C., of Morgantown, Va. Their son, Edgar Campbell Wilson was a member of congress in 1832, and their grandson, Eugene M. Wilson, in 1868. Bishop Alpheus Wilson of Baltimore, is a grandson. Rev. Norval Wilson was a son, prominent in Alexandria in 1832; and a daughter, Mrs. Louisa Ann Lowrie, whose letters were published, was a second cousin of Rev. James Hoge. She died in 1833, a missionary, in Calcutta, India, the wife of Rev. John C. Lowrie, sixty years connected as secretary, etc., with the Presbyterian Board of Foreign Missions, moderator of the General Assembly, 1865, son of U. S. Senator, Hon. Walter Lowrie, of Pennsylvania. The Wilson Scotch ancestor located in Ulster, Ireland; a son, James, born 1715, emigrated very young, to Philadelphia; 1771, moved to Rock Bridge county, Virginia, and was an elder in New Providence Church; appointed 1775 with Captain Charles Campbell by Hanover Presbytery to solicit funds to establish Augusta Academy, the germ of Washington and Lee University, on James Wilson's lands on Mount Pleasant, afterwards inherited by his son, Moses Wilson. Elizabeth, daughter of James, sister of Hon. Thomas Wilson, born 1758, married (1775) Wm. Campbell, and they were the grand parents of John Campbell of Ironton, Ohio, and were located five miles north of Staunton, Va., on the pike.

The two first cousins were named John Wilson Campbell—one a Federal judge at Columbus, Ohio, who died in 1833, and the other a graduate of Washington College, and a historian of Virginia. He died in 1842. The first married Eleanor, daughter of Col.

Robert Doak, who in 1740 secured in Presbytery the services of Rev. John Craig, the first minister of the Valley of Virginia, the predecessor of Rev. William Wilson in Augusta Church. The second, John Wilson Campbell of Petersburg, Va., bookseller and publisher, married Mildred Walker Moore, the great grand-daughter of Governor Alexander Spotswood, of Virginia. His brother, Dr. Samuel L. Campbell, was the second President of Washington College, in 1798, now Washington and Lee University. He married Sally, the sister of Rev. Dr. Archibald Alexander, President of Hampden-Sidney College, whose memory is dear to the Presbyterian Church as its exponent and profound theologian, who won the hearts of men. Dr. Campbell, an able writer, is quoted at length by Foot and others. His pen to the Mount Pleasant location of Augusta Academy has not been successfully imitated. Charles Campbell, Historian of Virginia (1860) son of John W. Campbell and Mildred Walker Moore, was the second cousin of John Campbell of Ironton, Ohio. All the families mentioned were Scotch-Irish, all were Presbyterians up to 1800, and very few have changed since.

Rev. John Poage Campbell was my grandfather Charles' second cousin. Rev. Campbell died at Chillicothe in 1814. He was a very brilliant man, of whom Dr. Timothy Dwight spoke as being "a remarkably accomplished scholar and divine." He was born in 1767 in Augusta County, Va., graduated in 1790 from Hampden-Sidney college and his theological studies were under the Rev. Dr. William Graham at Liberty Hall, and under the Rev. Dr. Moses Hoage, then of Shepards-town, Va. He was licensed to preach in 1792. His life was spent in Kentucky and Ohio and he was a physician and naturalist. His second wife was Miss Poage of Kentucky and he was named for Rev. Thomas Poage, brother-in-law of Rev. Moses Hoge. His essays were published between 1800 and 1812. There is a copious notice of him in "Sprague's Annals of the American Pulpit" (vol. 111, p. 626), and also in Green's "Historic Families of Kentucky." His grandfather, John Campbell, emigrated in 1730 from near Newry Carlingford Bay on the east coast of Ireland. He married, 1721, Elizabeth Walker, descendant of Samuel Rutherford, one of the members of the "Westminster Assembly" and author of "Rutherford's Letters." Her father,

John Walker, married Catharine Rutherford and the latter's mother, whose maiden name was Isabel Allein, was a descendant of Rev. Joseph Allein, who wrote "Allein's Alarm." The Rev. John Poage Campbell had therefore a truly noble heritage in the church.

Respectfully,

CHARLES CAMPBELL

Ironton, Ohio.

* * *

Ohioans in Binghampton

To the Editor:—

INCLOSED find my subscription to THE OHIO MAGAZINE. I take very much interest and pleasure in reading your valuable periodical. There has recently been organized in this city a new society called the "Sons and Daughters of Ohio," and its members will find THE OHIO MAGAZINE a source of entertainment and instruction at their meetings. We wish you the greatest success.

Respectfully yours,

(MRS.) M. E. B. CROCKER.

Binghampton, N. Y.

* * *

A Buckeye Always

To the Editor:—

I JUST recently came across a copy of THE OHIO MAGAZINE on a news stand in this city and was greatly pleased with it. First, last and always I am a Buckeye. That is the reason I am sending you the inclosed subscription. With my best wishes, I am

Yours truly,

DARIUS E. MASTON.

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* * *

An Appreciative Oregonian

To the Editor:—

I INCLOSE one dollar for which please send me one more copy of THE OHIO MAGAZINE for February and four extra copies for next month. The magazine is superb. Everyone is better for reading it, I am sure. May its power increase.

Yours truly,

MRS. PATRICIA ROBISON.

Bonneville, Oregon.

White Woman's River

To the Editor:—

THE OHIO MAGAZINE recently pictured "White Woman's Rock" on the Walhonding river, and the Rev. Stokeley S. Fisher also contributed some admirable poetic lines dedicated to the same picturesque spot. It therefore occurs to me that perhaps readers of THE OHIO MAGAZINE would be interested in the historic facts regarding the name and pioneer associations of this valley.

The White Woman's River, or the Walhonding, obtained its name from a white woman who resided there at a very early date as a squaw to "Eagle Feathers," a noted Indian. It was simply a case of a white "out-injuning" an Indian.

White Woman's River forms a junction with the Tuscarawas at Coshocton. Captain Gist mentions it in his notes in 1751 as being "five miles west of the Muskingdom."

Captain Gist visited this woman in "White Woman's Town," in 1751 and talked with her. She was at that time upwards of fifty years old. She was captured in New England when only ten years old, and taken West by the French Indians. According to this, she must have been born about the year 1700, and have been captured in 1710. Her name was Mary Harris; she stated that she remembered they were very religious in New England and wondered how the white men could be so

wicked as she had seen them in the woods.

At the time of Captain Gist's visit she had an Indian husband and several Indian children. "Eagle Feathers" was a drunken dog and much given to excesses. He thought if one white woman was a good thing, two ought to be twice as good, so while away on an expedition one time, he brought home another white woman as wife number two. This second wife Mary dubbed "Newcomer." "Eagle Feathers'" polygamous plans did not succeed very well, as the two women became jealous and, as Gist expressed it, "the devil was to pay."

"Eagle Feathers" did not get up one morning, and he had good reasons for it too; a tomahawk was found sticking in his skull and "Newcomer" did not answer to roll call; in fact she was missing. As the Indians did not believe in a woman pounding sense in a buck's head with a hatchet, they immediately set out in pursuit. She was finally overtaken at a place that goes by her name, "Newcomers-town," Tuscarawas county. She was brought back to White Woman's Town while Captain Gist was stopping in that place. After being brought back she was publicly killed on December 26, 1761, and the White Woman of White Woman's Town, on White Woman's River, was left a white woman widow.

P. P. CHERRY,

Akron, Ohio.



The Trend of Opinion

Secrecy Begets Trouble

From the Cleveland News.

STANDARD OIL shows symptoms of voluntary, if belated, adoption of that publicity which President Roosevelt urges as a potent remedy for corporate obliquity. John D. Archbold, the Standard's vice president, recently wrote a defense of the trust for publication in a weekly journal. Now Virgil P. Kline, local counsel for the Standard and a participant in the litigation which has attended the trust's progress in this state, has published in *THE OHIO MAGAZINE* of this month an article called "The Other Side of the Standard Oil Controversy."

The paper is a reply to a previous article by Attorney General Wade H. Ellis. Attorney Kline addresses himself in the main to an effort to show that the Standard Oil Company of Ohio, as well as other Standard ramifications, has endeavored to keep within the existing laws and to obey court mandates, as implicitly as circumstances permitted, in the one particular of corporate organization. As to the abusive use of rebates and other methods of trade restriction so widely charged against the oil trust—and even now sought to be proved in the local hearing—he has little to say, except that the rebate and drawback system was universal and not confined to oil when the Standard was organized.

"Doubtless in early years," writes Kline, "when every large business made its own separate contracts with transportation companies and there were no fixed transportation rates, the Standard offended with the others." Doubtless it did. But, its apologist insists, since rebates have become more widely understood as odious and have been made the subject of interstate commerce legislation, the Standard "has rigorously and honestly sought to obey all the requirements of that legislation." This contention will seem to many not quite so "doubtless," in view of the disclosure in the Chicago trial.

The writer maintains that most of the Standard's troubles have been brought upon it by the magnitude of its operations and profits.

"Success begets envy; envy, hatred; and hatred, all manner of misrepresentations and falsehoods," he says. The trust's attitude, he maintains, is not that of defiance to the law. It believes its present form of organization, precisely the same as that of the United States Steel Corporation and of other large combinations, is fully authorized by law. Yet the oil trust is the only one of these similar combinations singled out as an object of prejudice and attack.

Right there Kline is on the verge of a discovery. The steel trust is every bit as big in its way as the oil trust in its. Yet the steel trust, despite its almost monopolistic control of its industry and despite its enormous profits, is not an object of constant suspicion, unjust prejudice or malicious persecution. Why? The steel trust practices real publicity. It publishes the most exhaustive reports of its operations, industrially and financially. Its published figures are not questioned as to accuracy and are available to anybody. Standard Oil, on the other hand, has long been known as a fine example of corporate secretiveness. Who ever saw an official statement of Standard Oil earnings?

The steel trust disarms suspicion by taking the public into its confidence. It seeks to qualify in the ranks of Roosevelt's good trusts. The oil trust has never betrayed any such disposition to conciliate public opinion—at least, never until Judge Landis fined it \$29,000,000 and costs. If Standard Oil now realizes that in ignoring the public it overlooked something important, the steel trust's example is open to imitation. Other precedent is not lacking. Even the sugar trust within a few days has made public facts and figures of its business that were formerly kept secret.

The Standard Talks

From the Toledo Times.

HON. VIRGIL P. KLINE of Cleveland, chief counsel of the Standard Oil Company, contributes to the current number of *THE OHIO MAGAZINE* a notable article en-

titled, "The Other Side of the Standard Oil Controversy." It is the first formal answer which the Standard Oil Company has made to the many criticisms of its business and policy that have been prevalent in current literature during the past few years.

Naturally Mr. Kline's article is a defense, and it contains many statements of fact, hitherto unpublished, that entitle it to the careful consideration of intelligent people who are willing to admit the possibility of two sides to every argument. But it is not with the material of Mr. Kline's article that we have to deal at the present time. The chief significance of it consists in the fact that any defense was made at all.

For a long time the corporate interests of the United States have exhibited a contempt for public opinion that has been inimical to their legitimate welfare. They have withstood attacks with indifference and have refused to answer proper inquiries. Their silence under assault has created public sentiment against them where it might have existed, if they had been candid and responsive in their dealings with the reading public. The people of this country are as a rule fair minded and willing to listen to both sides of a controversy when there is a free and open hearing; but whenever one side withdraws itself like a turtle in its shell and refuses to bear its just burden of public debate, the people necessarily incline in their inferences to the side that takes them into its confidence, even though by doing so an injustice ensues.

Mr. Kline's article in the OHIO MAGAZINE at the present time is an indication that the greatest corporation in the world now realizes the false position in which it has been placed by its former unwillingness to present its side of the case made against it by public criticism. This is a good sign of the times. If the great interests of the country have now determined to deal with the public in a frank and friendly spirit, resting their welfare upon its judgment and depending upon public opinion for their vindication, they have arrived at the most sensible conclusion they could possibly reach. The people will be fair with them as long as they are fair with the people, but they cannot expect a favorable sentiment to exist toward them while they refuse to speak their minds candidly. It is proper that the Standard Oil Company should lead the way in the new dispensation of publicity for

all the other corporations. It is the greatest of the lot, and it is to be hoped that its example in the present instance will be followed by others whose interests are involved.

'The Other Side of the Wirz Controversy

From the New Orleans Picayune.

THE Bookman, making note of a movement undertaken in the south to erect a monument to Captain Henry Wirz, the Confederate commander of the prison at Andersonville, S. C., who was put to death by the federal authorities for alleged cruelties to federal prisoners under his command, charges that when one-third of fifty thousand prisoners under his control died of starvation and brutal treatment he gloated over their misery, and declared: "I am killing more Yankees here than Lee is killing at the front," and denounces any undertaking to erect a monument to such a man.

There are two sides to the prisoner business in the Civil War. The official returns show the following:

Number of Federals in Confederate prisons	270,000
Number of Confederates in Federal prisons	220,000
Excess of Federal prisoners.....	50,000
Confederates died in Federal prisons...	26,436
Federals died in Confederate prisons...	22,570
Excess of Confederate deaths.....	3,866

Thus the death rate of Confederates in Federal prisons was over twelve per cent., while that of Federal prisoners was under nine per cent. An act of the Confederate congress provided that all prisoners of war should have the same rations as to quantity and quality as were issued to the Confederate soldiers in the field, while prison hospitals were put on the same footing with Confederate army hospitals.

In the South in the latter part of the war the soldiers lived on half rations, and were not always able to get them. Federal prisoners could expect no better fare than that served to the soldiers in the field. Captain Wirz was a brave and honest soldier, and he did his duty to the prisoners to the best of his ability under the circumstances.

The "Watson's Magazine" was taken away from its editor by an up-to-date reorganization scheme which froze Mr. Watson out.

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ALSTON ELLIS, President Ohio University, Athens, Ohio

The Cold Realities of Marrying a Title

From the Washington Post.

THOSE unsophisticated American girls who looked with envy upon the "good luck" of that New York heiress whose alliance with a Hungarian nobleman was supposed to have brought her a splendid title, the highest luxuries of European life, and association with royal personages in surroundings which the envious ones probably thought of as "gorgeous" need no longer nourish that envy. Let them, rather, give its place to pity, and let them hug themselves with joy because it was she and not they to whom has come the bitter moments of disillusionment. The "ancestral castle" has turned out to be a commonplace and crumbling old farmhouse, not more imposing than some American barns; in lieu of the superb bathing appointments of modern American houses, this delicately reared New York girl will find a wooden vat, into which she will have to climb with the aid of a ladder, when she finds its use necessary. There is no piped water in the house. It is all "toted" from a well by servants. There are no gas or electric lights, no telephone communications with the outside world. The luxuries to which she was accustomed in her American home will be superseded by a rudeness of life and primitiveness of appointments in some respects beyond that of the commonest tenants on her own home estates.

And she will probably find the exterior surroundings of her new life in close analogy with the interior. She will not any longer be a queen, mistress of the homage of all the men of her acquaintance. She will not any longer be the untrammelled, independent American girl whom American men have permitted to encircle them with social chains. She will be merely—a woman. There are many parts of Europe in which a woman is still something less than a man-servant, except in rank. Her husband is her master and holds his dominion over her, land and body and will. She will no longer be an individual with equal rights and superior privileges to the male members of her social acquaintance; she will be but a woman, the wife of her titled lord.

The truth is that American ideals, American standards of living and the material comforts of American life have not yet reached very far into certain of the kingdoms of Europe. The well-nurtured, luxurious reared

American girl who is plunged from the refinements of her western home into a civilization foreign to every ideal which she has known is not to be envied. She is to be pitied. She is entitled to the sympathy of all her countrywomen.

Capital Punishment

From the Columbus Ohio Sun.

FOR a long number of years sentiment in Ohio has been crystallizing against capital punishment. It is a mooted question yet, but is better understood by the people than formerly.

It has been the favorite argument against the "eye for an eye and tooth for a tooth" theory of punishment that it is a relic of barbarism. The people of Ohio, however, are as far advanced as any people, yet they have had misgivings on this subject. Criminologists insist that capital punishment does not lessen the number of murders. They point to states in which capital punishment has been abolished to prove their theory.

That the taking of life is repulsive to the public mind cannot be denied. The trouble in getting the law repealed has been that about the time the legislature was to act upon it a particularly atrocious murder took place which seemed to demand that the perpetrator be put to death.

Whether the majority of the people want capital punishment abolished cannot be known without a vote on the subject. The opinion is sometimes formed by those who feel the public pulse that the time is ripe for the abolition of the death chair, yet in a recent instance in Franklin county a mighty protest went up when an effort was made to have the death sentence commuted to a life sentence in the case of a Franklin county murderer. The deed had been done while burglary was being committed and the circumstances surrounding the deed stamped the killing as one of the most cold-blooded in the annals of the county. The man whose case attracted the most attention had not been in the house when the murder was done. He had been outside holding the horse while his confederates went in to rob the aged couple, one of whom was shot down. The man on the outside had, in fact, counseled his fellows against the commission of any foul play. This was brought out at the trial, yet the people of the community



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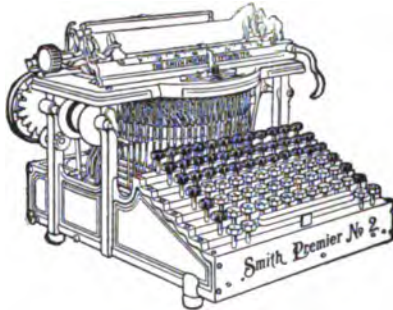
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demanding his blood and he was electrocuted.

So it is difficult to diagnose the state of the public mind on this subject from the taking of the public pulse, as the pulsations change in the face of circumstances.

Then Comes the Millennium

From the Mansfield News.

SOME of these days it may be there will be no whisky, no tobacco, no cigarettes, no horse racing, no theaters, no card playing, no dancing, no gambling and no Sunday base ball playing, excursions or amusements of any kind.

And then after all these sinful things have been abolished it may be there will come a time when there will be no intolerance, no inconsistency, no hypocrisy, no lying, no cheating, no inhumanity to man, no uncharitable or unkind deed, word or thought, no intemperance in act or speech, no bigotry, prejudice or passion, no fanatics, no fake reformers, no red-nosed angels and no wearing of the stolen livery of heaven to serve the devil in.

But about the time all this happens the millennium will be here and a great many people may be in heaven getting acquainted with and associating with people they never spoke to here and whom they never expected to see in the celestial city.

The Herrick Administration in Review

From the Columbus Dispatch.

THE coming of former Governor Herrick to address the Ohio legislature on the banking bills now pending recalls the splendid service that he rendered the state while he sat in the executive chair. He came to the office a successful business man, and he gave to the state a business man's administration, the virtue of which has been fully demonstrated. Upon the policies that he advocated and, as far as he could, put in force, we can all now look with a better realization than ever before of the clear, comprehensive, far-seeing and right-minded view that he took of public affairs.

Mr. Herrick in his inaugural address urged the passage of a law for the inspection of state banks and trust companies. He held

that, as the state grants bank charters and thereby invites the confidence of the people, it should protect those whose confidence is thus secured. He early advocated the abolition of the fee system of compensating county officers; he stood for the nomination of all county, city and other local officers at primaries; he urged an appropriation for a state tuberculosis hospital and a more generous provision for good roads; he inveighed against the corrupt lobby and made what was, perhaps, the most businesslike proposition with regard to the future of the canals that was ever made by any governor.

Throughout his administration, Mr. Herrick's business acumen served the state admirably. He instituted business reform at the penitentiary which has placed that institution on a self-sustaining basis. He urged and promoted the purchase of state supplies by competitive bidding. He advocated, and the legislature passed, the state depository law by which the idle money in the treasury was put at work earning other money for the state. He administered the finances of the state so that the per capita cost of the several charitable and reformatory institutions was reduced. The state levy was lowered during his term of office and, when he retired, the state had in available cash more than \$6,000,000 and no debts to pay.

The record that Mr. Herrick made as governor was exceptional, and it is growing brighter as the months pass. Now, with many of his policies put into law and others backed by a public opinion that will soon force their enactment, we are bound to give to the businesslike administration of Governor Herrick a rank surpassed by none, before or since.

Salen On Opportunities

From the Columbus Press Post.

A MOST remarkable contribution to current political literature of Ohio appears in the March number of THE OHIO MAGAZINE, by Charles P. Salen of Cleveland, sometimes a lieutenant and sometimes an antagonist of Mayor Tom L. Johnson.

Mr. Salen's ability to diagnose and discuss the characteristics of Mayor Johnson will not be questioned, arising as it does from years of close political intimacy, which is reported to have been restored after a brief estrangement

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resulting from personal differences of a political nature.

In his extensive survey of Democratic opportunities, from his viewpoint, Mr. Salen gives special attention to various men proposed for the Democratic nomination for Governor of Ohio, the presidential outlook, and incidental details. He also favors the proposition to refer the nomination of the Democratic candidate for senator to a popular vote to be taken election day.

Much of Mr. Salen's article deals with the successful career of Mr. Johnson as mayor of Cleveland, in the course of which he asserts intimate knowledge of his chief in these words: "In party matters he at times appears overbearing and despotic, and he insists upon his commands being obeyed and will generally try to crush the man who dares to dispute him."

Thus we have an analysis of Mr. Johnson's political propensities by one who knows him well enough to write or speak as one having authority, the purpose of which, however, is somewhat obscure.

Whether light is thrown upon that point by another part of his commentary Mr. Salen leaves to the deduction of the reader. He puts this query: "But among those of us who had

the courage to take an open part in the brave tempestuous struggle of 1896 there is constantly arising the question, Hasn't the power of Bryan waned? Hasn't the halo vanished from the crown of thorns and the cross of gold?"

Tribute is paid to Mr. Bryan as a defender of popular rights and the advocate of all that is good in public and private life, with a BUT—again interrogatory: "But can he as the nominee win? Aren't his issues—the great living truths of real Democracy—more likely to be victorious with another nominee, who will stand squarely on them, but will not arouse the insane dread which the name of Bryan seems to engender in so many minds?"

This leaves the reader in doubt as to whether Mr. Salen is trying to make it appear that the Democracy of Ohio is less loyal to Mr. Bryan than in the past. His interrogatory references to Mr. Bryan lack something of that spirit of loyalty which animated those "who had the courage to take an open part in the brave and tempestuous struggle of 1896." As Mr. Salen is once more in alliance with Mayor Johnson, Ohio Democrats will naturally wonder whether he is speaking for himself or whether he also voices the views of Mayor Johnson, who has professed such ardent and loyal friendship to Mr. Bryan since 1896.



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It is the phonograph that gives you all the sound vibrations. It has not only two horns, but two vibrating diaphragms in sound box. Other phonographs have one diaphragm and one horn. The Duplex gets all the volume of music; other phonographs get the half. The Duplex gives you a better tone—clearer, sweeter, more like the original. Our

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will explain fully the superiority of The Duplex. Don't allow any one to persuade you to buy any other make without first sending for our catalogue. The Duplex is not sold by dealers or in stores. We are **Actual Manufacturers**, not jobbers, and sell **only direct from our factory to the user**, eliminating all middlemen's profits.



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That is why we are able to manufacture and deliver the best phonograph made for less than one-third what dealers ask for other makes not as good.

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We allow seven days' free trial in your own home in which to decide whether you wish to keep it. If the machine does not make good our every claim—volume, quality, saving, satisfaction—just send it back. We'll pay all freight charges both ways.

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The Duplex is equipped with a mechanical feed that relieves the record of all the destructive work of propelling the reproducer across its surface. The needle point is held in continuous contact with the inner (which is more accurate) wall of the sound wave groove, thus reproducing more perfectly whatever music was put into the record when it was made. The Duplex has a device by which the weight regulated to suit the needs of the occasion, thus greatly preserving the life and durability of the records. These are exclusive features of the Duplex and can not be had on any other make of phonograph.

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The Ohio Magazine

To Advertisers

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in each town to ride and exhibit sample 1907 model. Write for Special Offer
Finest Guaranteed
1907 Models \$10 to \$27
with Coaster-Brakes and Puncture Proof tires,
1905 & 1906 Models
all of best makes \$7 to \$12
500 Second-Hand Wheels
All Makes and Models, good as new \$3 to \$8
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We Ship on Approval without a cent deposit, pay the freight and allow
TEN DAYS' FREE TRIAL.
Tires, coaster-brakes, sundries, etc.,
half usual prices. Do not buy till
you get our catalogs. Write at once.
MEAD CYCLE CO., Dept. Chicago

THE SEATS WERE SAFE.

"It would please me mightily, Miss Stout," said Mr. Mugley, "to have you go to the theater with me this evening."

"Have you secured the seats?" asked Miss Vera Stout.

"Oh, come now!" he protested; "you are not so heavy as all that."—*Catholic Standard and Times.*

THE BACHELOR'S SCRIPT.

Life's little ironies generally wear petticoats. Politics is a masculine game, but the first boss was a woman.

The woman who is no spring chicken will usually lay for you.

The husband's day: Eight hours for sleep, eight hours for work, and eight hours for explanations.—*Harper's Weekly.*

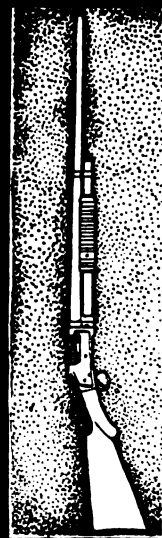
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Habits, is the only sure and rational treatment for those addicted to DRINK or DRUGS. Send for Free Booklet and terms. 1087 North Dennison Ave.,

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ACCOUNTED FOR.

"Is it true that heat ascends?"

"Oh, yes; that is why so many hotheaded men get cold feet."—*Yonkers Statesman*.

WHY HE ASKED IT OF HER.

"Miss Edith," asked a young man, "may I ask you, please, not to call me Mr. Durand?"

"But," said Miss Edith, with great coyness, "our acquaintance is so short, you know. Why should I not call you that?"

"Well," said the young man, "chiefly because my name is Dupont."—*Ladies Home Journal*.

'08.—Who is that awful old frump over there?

'09.—That sir, is my mother.

'08.—Er—ah—oh, yes—um. Well,—ahem—you just ought to see mine!—*Harvard Lampoon*.

MRS. PETTIBONE was very much shocked the other morning to find her darling dragging into the house with masterful hand a ragged-looking cat, dead as the proverbial door-nail.

"Oh, look, mother," the little hopeful called out, "look at the perfectly good cat some one has throwed-away!"—*The Delineator*.

Wit and Wisdom with Scissors and Paste

"THE population of China," announced the school teacher impressively, "is so vast that two Chinamen die at every breath we take."

The small boy was an Imperialist, and his father had pronounced views on the question of alien immigration, so this piece of news impressed him hugely.

Shortly afterwards, he was observed to be turning purple in the face, and puffing like an overburdened steam engine.

"What's the matter? What are you doing?" asked the inadequately paid instructor of youth, anxiously.

"Killin' Chinamen," grunted the patriot.—*Sporting Times*.

FOR THE WAKE.

Pat was nearing the end of all earthly things. He had been sick a long time, and the doctor had advised him that he had but a short time to live.

As he lay stretched upon his bed a savory smell was wafted to his nostrils, and, sniffing feebly, he called to his wife.

"Oi say, Bridget; phat is thot Oi smell?"

"Carn bafe an' cabbage, Patsy; carn bafe an' cabbage."

"Plase let me hov a bit av it, Bridget, darlin'. Oi've only a short toime t' live now, an' a little av th' carn bafe an' cabbage won't make anny difference."

"Hush, Patsy!" warned Bridget as she stood by her husband's bedside. "Thot's fer th' wake."—*Sis Hopkins*.

A PHILANTHROPIC Cleveland man heard the other day of a family down in the flats that was in extreme need of financial aid.

He made a trip down to the poor, miserably furnished home and found that the family was, indeed, having a struggle to get enough to eat.

He pulled three five-dollar bills out of his wallet and handed them to the gaunt, half-starved-looking mother and told her to take it and spend it as she thought best.

A few days later he returned to see how the family were getting along. All the members in sight looked poorly fed.

"Did you buy some groceries with that fifteen dollars," he asked.

"Well, no," said the woman, with some hesi-

tation, "you see it was the first time we had so much money all at once, and it looked like such a good chance that we each went up and had a dozen cabinet photographs taken."—*Cleveland Plain Dealer*.

NO TROUBLE AT ALL.

One day last summer a German entered the establishment of a photographer in a Southern town, and after several glances about the place, observed mournfully that the photographer did not seem to have the properties essential to the taking of a picture he desired.

"I should like a bicture of meself veepin' peside my wife's grafe," he said. "Maype you fix a grafe here in de shop for me?"

"I am afraid I haven't the necessary accessories," said the photographer. Then, with an attempt at facetiousness, he suggested: "Couldn't we arrange to have the portrait made at the grave itself?"

"Dot's in Bennisylvania," sighed the German. "It would be too exbensive to go there. Yust you fix up some kind of a grafe here in de shop. I could veep on dot. It's no trouble for me to veep anyvere."—*Harper's Weekly*.

"CROSSING the Atlantic with Mark Twain last summer," said a W. C. T. U. woman, "I asked his opinion of the prohibition law. His reply was very characteristic, very humorous.

"I am a friend of temperance, and want it to succeed," he said, "but I don't think prohibition is practical. The Germans, you see, prevent it. Look at them. I am sorry to learn that they have just invented a method of making brandy out of sawdust. Now what chance will prohibition have when a man can take a rip saw and go out and get drunk with a fence rail? What is the good of prohibition if a man is able to make brandy smashes out of the shingles on his roof, or if he can get delirium tremens by drinking the legs off the kitchen chairs?"—*Rochester Herald*.

TIME IS MONEY.

Nodd—There was to be a meeting of my creditors today.

Todd—Well, wasn't there?

"No. They unanimously agreed that they couldn't afford to spend the time."—*Life*.

I-L-L-U-S-T-R-A-T-I-O-N-S

¶ The discriminating gentlemen who conduct THE OHIO MAGAZINE say that the growing popularity of that excellent periodical is largely due to the use of engravings made by the Bucher Engraving Company.

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Wit and Wisdom with Scissors and Paste

A COOL ONE.

Stranger (in Yaphank)—That show to be given here next week ought to be suppressed. Would you be willing to start a crusade against it?

Local Minister—Who are you, may I ask?

Stranger—I'm the advance agent.—*Puck*.

AN OMISSION.

Mrs. Cumup—"See here, Mister Architect, you hain't got this here plan right."

Architect—"What's wrong with it?"

Mrs. Cumup—"Well it says in th' fashion magazine that all the finest houses has skeletons in the closet. Now you hain't made no closet for ourn and we can afford a skeleton just as well as anybody."—*Toledo Blade*.

RELIEF AT LAST.

Housekeeper—I hear your brother, who died in California, left you a thousand dollars, Dinah. That will be a great help to you.

Wash Lady—Deedy it will, Missus! Ah's been needin' a pianner, an' a phonograf, an' a oil paintin' ob mahsaif in a gilt frame fo yeahs, an' now, bress de good Lord, Ah kin hab 'em!—*Puck*.

PLATT'S POLITICAL ECONOMY.

A rather cynical joke has been recently credited to Senator Platt.

The senator on his last visit to the Manhattan Beach hotel, allowed a pretty little girl, a western millionaire's daughter, to be presented to him.

"Tell me, won't you, senator, what political economy is?"

"Political economy, my dear child," Senator Platt is said to have replied, "is the art of never buying more votes than you actually need."—*New York Tribune*.

A DIFFUSIVE HEN.

What's this? "Five hundred persons in Ohio made ill by eating a chicken at a church sociable." Unless the miracle of the loaves and fishes was duplicated, we can't quite understand this phenomenal diffusiveness of one fowl, even at a church sociable.—*Milwaukee Sentinel*.

SLIGHT SORROW.

Irishman (to salesman)—"I want some-thin' for mournin' wear, but I don't know exactly what the coostom is. What do they be wearin' now for mournin'?"

Salesman—"It depends a little on how near the relative is for whom you wish to show this mark of respect. For a very near relative you should have a black suit, a black band on your hat, and black gloves. For some one not so near and dear you may have a broad band of black on the left arm, or a somewhat narrower one for a slighter exhibition of sorrow."

Irishman—"Och, is that it? Well, then, gimme a shoestring. It's me rich uncle."—*Judge*.

A GOOD BOY.

Mr. Ryley—Why are yez decoratin', Mrs. Murphy?

Mrs. Murphy—Me b'y Denny is comin' home the day.

"I t'ought it wuz for foive years he wuz sint up?"

"He wuz; but he got a year off for good behayvure."

"An' sure, it must be a great comfort for ye to have a good b'y loike that!"—*Tit-Bits*.

"You can't imagine," said the musical young woman, "how distressing it is when a singer realizes that she has lost her voice."

"Perhaps not," replied the plain man, "But I've got a fair idea how distressing it is when she doesn't realize it."—*Catholic Standard and Times*.

DOMESTIC PROBLEM.

He asked: "How much did Romeo?

I always do forget."

She answered, "That depends, you know,

On what fair Juliet."

—*New York Press*.

WOULDN'T HE THOUGH!

Judge (to prisoner just condemned to death) —"You have the legal right to express a last wish, and if it is possible it will be granted."

Prisoner (a barber)—"I should like just once more to be allowed to shave the district attorney."—*Boston Globe*.

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Finest Guaranteed **\$10 to \$27**
1907 Models
with Coaster-Brakes and Puncture Proof tires.
1905 & 1906 Models **\$7 to \$12**
all of best makes
500 Second-Hand Wheels
All Makes and Models, good as new **\$3 to \$8**
Great Factory Clearing Sale.
We Ship on Approval without a cent deposit, pay the freight and allow
TEN DAYS' FREE TRIAL.
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Wit and Wisdom with Scissors and Paste

NOT HIS JOB.

At Atlantic City a woman bather had gotten beyond her reach and was struggling helplessly in the water. A boat was soon put out, and just as the man was reaching over to grasp the lady, a sassy wave separated her from her wig, whereupon she instantly cried, "Oh, save my hair! Save my hair!" "Madam," responded the guard with dignity, "I may be a lifesaver, but I am not a hair-restorer."—*Judge*.

CHANGED HIS MIND.

Reform Advocate—"You'll vote for our bill, won't you, Senator?"

Senator Deplat—"O, yes."

Reform Advocate—"I'm glad to hear you say so. The opposition is going to put a heap of money in the fight and—"

Senator Deplat—"Wait a minute, I guess I was thinking of another measure. I'll let you know later about votin' for your bill."—*Toledo Blade*.

IN ROOSEVELT TOWNSHIP.

Mrs. Haymow—"Great goodness, so they must be a heap o' children in the caecounty after all."

Si Haymow—"How's that?"

Mrs. Haymow—"Wall I swan ef th' Poseyville railroad haint sellin' twin tickets. Who'd a thought it ud ever come to that?"—*Toledo Blade*.

HIS COUNTRY.

An Irishman was returning to his own country after a long absence, and as the green hills and valleys hove in sight, he became very enthusiastic.

"Hurrah for Ireland!" he cried.

An Englishman, passing, exclaimed sarcastically:

"Hurrah for hell!"

"That's roight," said Pat, "ivery mon for his own country!"—*Judge*.

MISLEADING RESEMBLANCE.

"You are drunk!"

"M' dear—hic—wine f-f-flowed like—hic—wazzer!"

"Well, what if it did?"

"M' dear, I—hic—shposed t-twash—hic—wazzer!"

DE MORTUIS.

"I met a fellow to-day," said Gaddie, "who was simply dotty about a buried treasure; couldn't talk of anything else."

"That reminds me of my wife," said Peckham.

"Why, does she talk of a buried treasure?"

"Almost constantly. I am her second husband, you know."—*Judge*.

"THE weather used to be in four acts—spring, summer, autumn and winter."

"Well?"

"But now nature seems to have gone into vaudeville."—*Louisville Courier-Journal*.

NEEDED PROFANE AID.

Vicar—"John, do you—er—ever use strong language?"

John (guardedly)—"Well, sir, I—I may be a little bit keardless like in my speech at times."

Vicar—"Ah, I'm sorry, John. But we will converse about that some other time. Just now I want you to go to the plumber's and settle this bill for four pounds ten for thawing out a water-pipe. And you might just talk to the man in a careless sort of way, as if it were your own bill."—*Punch*.

IN DOUBT.

A clergyman was recently telling a marvelous story, when his little girl said:

"Now, pa, is that really true or is it just preaching?"—*The Tatler*.

"LIFE at best is but a gloomy prison," said the moralizing bachelor.

"So much the worse for men who deliberately choose solitary confinement," remarked the girl who had her trap set.—*Bohemian*.

ON the way to the office of his publishers one crisp fall morning, James Whitcomb Riley met an unusually large number of acquaintances who commented conventionally upon the fine weather. This unremitting applause amused him. When greeted at the office with "Nice day, Mr. Riley," he smiled broadly.

"Yes," he agreed. "Yes, I've heard it very highly spoken of."—*Everybody's*.

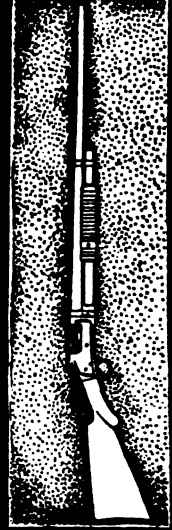
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Wit and Wisdom with Scissors and Paste

A BALTIMORE man had until recently a dinky in his employ—about as shiftless and worthless a dinky as ever he came across. One day the employer, his patience exhausted, called Sam into his office and told him to look for another job. "Will yo give me a letter of recommendation?" asked Sam, piteously. Although he felt that he could not conscientiously comply with this request, the Baltimore man's heart was touched by the appeal. So he sat down to his desk to write a non-committal letter of character for the negro. His effort resulted as follows: "This man, Sam Harkins, has worked for me one week, and I am satisfied."—*Argonaut*.

PROGRESS OF SCIENCE.

Fair Patient—I suffer greatly from insomnia, doctor.

Doctor—You should eat something just before retiring.

"But you once told me never to eat anything before going to bed."

"Oh, that was a year ago. Science has made rapid strides since then."—*Chicago News*.

OVER OATH AND UNDER.

J. Thomas Heflin, a distinguished member of the Alabama delegation in Congress, maintains that his state is the most chivalrous in the country. "Nowhere," he recently remarked, "is this more to be observed than in those least chivalrous of places, the courts of law. Not long ago one of our best known judges, famed for his severity and his uncompromising loyalty to the traditions of procedure, had to try a case in which one of the witnesses happened to be an actress of no small popularity in the South. It chanced that the nature of her evidence was such that the usual question about her age was not likely to be omitted, so when she came to the stand his honor told the court clerk to suspend action for a moment, then, turning to the actress, he demanded:

"Madam, how old are you?"

"Twenty-six," replied the witness, who is thirty-six if she is a day.

"Very well," said the judge, politely. I asked you that question because, if I hadn't, it would surely have been asked you when the attorney for the defense across examined you.

And, now that you have told us your age, do you swear to tell the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth?"—*Saturday Evening Post*.

HIS LUMINOUS VIEWS.

The statesman leans back in his chair,

Looks out across the park,

And, weighing every word with care,

Delivers this remark:

"The tariff is a meaty nut;

I think it should be altered, BUT"—

The statesman fumbles with his pen,

Debating means and ways,

Looks out across the park again

And sapiently says:

"The ship of state is not a skiff;

The tariff will be altered, IF"—

—*Louisville Courier-Journal*.

A QUAIN COMPLAINT.

On Mark Twain's seventy-second birthday a Hartford clergyman said of him:

"No wonder he finds happiness in old age. All the aged would be happy if they were as sympathetic and as kind as he. He is constantly going out of his way to please others, and the result is that he is continually pleasing himself.

"Listen, for instance, to the quaint compliment he paid me the last time he came to hear me preach. He waited for me at the church door at the end of the service and, shaking me by the hand, said gravely:

"I mean no offense, but I feel obliged to tell you that the preaching this morning has been of a kind that I can spare. I go to church, sir, to pursue my own train of thought. But today I couldn't do it. You interfered with me. You forced me to attend to you, and lost me a full half hour. I beg that this may not occur again."—*New York Tribune*.

Dad—"I wish I could be a little boy again, like you, Willie."

Willie—"I wish you could, dad—only littler, of course."—*Judge*.

"How we have changed since the old days?"

"What do you mean?"

"Why, to-day it isn't half so blessed to give as it is to be a receiver."—*Judge*.

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By HOLLIS KIGHT

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They are absolutely hardy everywhere; even up to the Arctic Circle they grow and flourish, blooming profusely in the remotest corners of the American Continent. They have no insect enemies and live and grow into greater beauty each year. They are handsome garden ornaments, blooming in the springtime when flowers are scarce, and nothing excels them as cut flowers. Cut the stems as the buds first show color, placing them in water in a cool place, and see them open and develop. Nothing in the whole range of the floral kingdom is so gorgeous and beautiful.

I Offer Six Varieties. Festiva Maxima, snow-white. Felix Crousse, ruby-red. L'Esperance, vivid rose, fragrant. Mont Blanc, white with sulphur yellow center. Paganini, pale rose, fragrant. Asa Gray, salmon-flesh color. 60c each, any three for \$1.50, or the six for \$2.75.



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